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FROM COVENTRY TO CHESTER ON WHEELS.

In the Coventry of these days, the tricycle is on its native heath. The city of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom and of the three spires is to the three-wheeler what China is to opium or Florida to oranges. Nine firms are occupied wholly, and some half dozen others partly, in manufacturing tricycles, and three cycling papers are published in this one town. It was therefore appropriate that I should start for my first tricycle run from Coventry. I was led there, however, not so much by a sense of the fitness of things, as by my desire to get a good machine. But a tricycle "warranted to be the very best" cannot, it seems, be had at once, like a more common article; and the immediate consequence of my order was a detention of three or four days. This was inconvenient, but I found plenty to do in wandering along the crooked, closely built streets, stopping now and then to look at a moss-covered house, with its quaintly carved imp or flower decoration; at the rain-splashed, mud-stained, broken gates, and crumbling red-brick walls; at the fantastic gables and old Gothic archways, or else at the three towers, whose weather-vanes were apparently made with intent to deceive. Then there were walks up and down light-and-shadow-flecked lanes, where I pretended to sketch the timbered and chimney-potted cottages, or the bridge, where bare-legged boys were chasing swans from out the reeds and rushes of the river below. And again, I watched with lazy interest the romps of the Charity boys, who, with their Henry VIII. caps, long blue gowns tied around their waists, and yellow breeches, looked as if they belonged to another age; and the games of the girls who, though

"Brought up on charity,
Have plenty hilarity."

I saw them once enjoying a hearty laugh as an awkward cyclist took a header into the blackberry hedge at their feet. One afternoon, to vary my amusements, I hired a tricycle, and worked my way slowly through the town, trying to look as if I were not an expert bicyclist unused to the third wheel. But I am afraid my narrow escapes from running over people and into carriages betrayed me. I was not sorry, therefore, when on Friday morning, the 27th of August, a post-office order and my new machine arrived simultaneously.

A bicyclist happened to be going my way. There is a freemasonry among all knights of the wheel, and so, without further introduction, we rode off together. He was a "good fellow," and in the course of two days we became very friendly. It is, perhaps, characteristic of cycling intimacies that, though we each of us had plenty to say about roads and wheels, gears and time, all I knew about his personal affairs when we parted was that he was an American and had never heard of Tom Brown. From which fact it may be concluded that cycling has a moral value as an antidote to idle gossip.

We dodged the carriages to the end of town, and then, turning to the right, took the broad road to Birmingham. It was full of cyclers, whose bells were ringing merrily. There were bicycles and tricycles, single machines, double machines, and tandems. Some riders were alone, others were in parties of two or three, or even as many as a dozen; and, to my surprise, a large part were women, whose skill showed that they were no mere novices in the art. One young girl on a three-wheeler was attended by a youth on a bicycle, who wheeled attentively by her side. I would lay any wager that cycling was not their only ground of sympathy, and that their

conversation turned upon other subjects than records and wheels. Not only around Coventry, but throughout my ride, I met more cycles than carriages, and saw a dozen wheelmen where I would have seen one at home. It is probably because the English, as a nation, care more for exercise and athletics of all kinds than we do that the cycle has become so much more popular with them than it has with us. Its popularity, however, is not less astonishing because of this national tendency. The love of the Briton for boating, riding, and cricket is, as it were, bred in the bone; but his fondness for the cycle originated with the present generation.

The bicycle in its present form, as is very generally known, only dates back to about 1870. It is a development of the hobby- or dandy-horse, accelerator, or *clérisfère*—a cumbrous machine in limited vogue toward the beginning of this century, its chief use being to supply grist for the mill of the wits of the day. The coming bicycle did not cast its shadow before to silence their sarcasm.

From the three-wheeled velocipede for juvenile recreation has been evolved the tricycle with its rubber-tired, ball-bearing suspension wheels. The plaything of children is now a machine for men. Here is a subject made to the hand of the evolutionist! When it was first seen on the road in 1880, in competition with the bicycle, it was looked upon askance. It seemed like a resource of old age

or timidity. But before long a few practical road-riding cyclers tried it, and did not find it wanting. Their example was speedily followed, with the result that in Great Britain, if not elsewhere, it has become a formidable rival of the bicycle, and is fast gaining ground.

For convenience, the three-wheeler unquestionably bears off the palm. I carried with me from Coventry two suits of clothes, a stick, umbrella, sketching-stool and sketch-books, with painting materials innumerable, weighing in all twenty-five pounds—a feat I could never have accomplished had I ridden a bicycle. Nor did this load interfere with my pleasure or my speed. Whithersoever my friend the bicyclist went, there I went also, and often the lead was mine. Of course the carrying capacity of the tricycle is no advantage when a short run is taken for exercise or relaxation; but it is an important consideration in an extended tour. Man, as he knows to his infinite inconvenience, is a clothed animal. He may reduce his needs to the finest point; he may adopt a uniform which resists rain and sun alike, and which dispenses with starched, easily tumbled linen; but there are other articles of clothing and certain toilet accessories which he must have. The machine is now so constructed as to meet the demands of the tourist. One tricycle has a basket attached in front, which the rider can open without moving from his seat. As much as one hundred and fifty pounds can be so



A PROMENADE ON WHEELS.



A SPIN ON A SHADY LANE.

carried. In Coventry I saw the postmen going their rounds on the Carrier, and its wheels, painted red by way of uniform, are as well known in the lanes there as the wagons of our letter-carriers in the streets of Philadelphia. Insurance agents, venders of yeast, photographers, and even physicians, have learned to make use of the tricycle in their daily rounds.

My recollection of the first day of my ride is of many steep hills and much rain. It poured in torrents as at noon my fellow-traveler and myself rode through a long green tunnel of leaves into Coleshill. It poured even harder when, after our luncheon, we went to examine the church belonging to the high steeple which marks the town, and which is ornamented on the outside by little devilish gargoyles. These were all we could see, as the door was locked against us. But we crossed to the other side of the street and inspected the whipping-post, to which vines now cling

tenderly, the pillory, black with age, and the stocks, whose gaping mouths are full of daisies, all three eloquent reminders of the days when Englishmen were still in leading-strings, and government was in the maternal stage. The pour settled into a damp drizzle, which lasted all the afternoon, as we wheeled over roads of concentrated vileness, and were misled by lying sign-boards. The misery of those long hills no tongue can tell. Each new one was steeper than the last. It was still drizzling when we reached Lichfield and the end of our tether at one and the same time. Neither of us looked at the many-chimneyed alms-houses, nor even at the statue of Dr. Johnson, erected on the very spot where, as a man, he stood to do penance for his boyish sin. But we turned in at the hotel of the Cyclists' Touring Club, returning thanks that we were enrolled among the members of that organization, hurried into dry clothes and down with the other guests to tea.

Over our cold meat and bread and butter, we listened silently to a chorus of admiration for the church, for the sleeping children, beautiful in profile, and for everything and everybody connected with the place, broken by a gentle ripple of "deceased wife's sister," which was gradually stirred to a tempest by a clergyman of the muscular Christian type and an American woman. The latter, despite persuasion and entreaty, files of parliamentary reports and

Continent, it economizes for its members, their patronage being guaranteed upon specified terms — about a third less than regular rates. As wheelmen nowadays so greatly abound, the landlords profit by this arrangement no less than their favored guests. No matter how covered they may be with the mud and dust of the roads, their tickets of membership at once distinguish them from common tramps. In this connection I re-

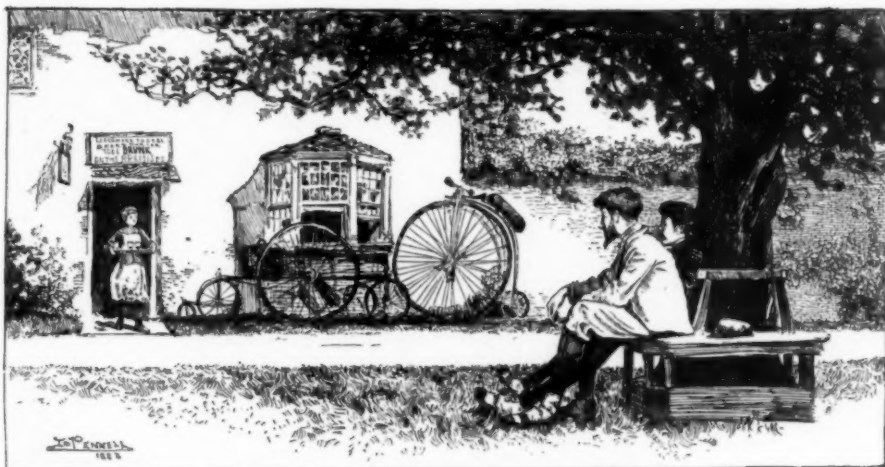


"WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS PLACE?"

letters from the lights of the church, held her ground until an extremely late hour.

The Cyclists' Touring Club in England is a powerful organization, very unlike its branch in the United States, having a large and imposing office in London and many salaried officials to manage its affairs. To its efforts in several directions wheelmen in England are indebted for many of the comforts which they enjoy when on the road. In the capital it has shown its strength by compelling the city officials to change the position of the sewer-grating at the street-crossings because these were dangerous to cyclers. In the country it endeavors to keep the highways in order; sometimes it mends the roads at its own expense, and when this is impossible it puts up danger signals to warn unwary travelers. Moreover, by compact with certain hotel-keepers in Great Britain and on the

member very pleasantly my hostess at Ashbourne. I felt a little uncertainty as to my reception as I wheeled up to her inn, which bore the attractive sign of "The Turk's Head and Green Man." It was a very imposing establishment, and when I passed under the great black archway I found the court-yard filled with wagons, carriages, and carts, while a small army of impatient drivers were shouting in chorus for the hostler. Chambermaids were by turns chiding and cajoling; hot dinners were going upstairs, and dined and wine farmers coming down; a young countryman and his bride were seated in a corner in loving proximity, utterly indifferent to the outside world; and jockeys, professional and amateur, were holding forth on "horsy" subjects for the benefit of bagmen and stable-boys. But I need not have feared my fate. I was received with as much kindness and



RESTFUL AND REFRESHING.

was as sumptuously feasted as if I had been a prodigal son. The landlady in her best Sunday cap came and discussed with me the weather and cycling topics. Often, she said, she had had as many as twenty wheelmen in her house at once, and she added: "I know'd they were ladies and gentlemen, if they were spattered and dirty, a-stopping 'ere, and then they goes on through the Dale and so to Matlock." Long experience of our ways and customs had made her discriminating. Landlords at home are not as yet so keen-eyed. They do not understand that men and women of leisure and means can find amusement in putting on rough clothes and tramping or wheeling it up hill and down dale. I knew a pleasure party who, in a few days' tramp from Philadelphia to Wilmington, were mistaken for strolling players, and all but mobbed in a hotel of the last-named city because they would not give a performance.

My experience at Ashbourne was not exceptional. It was repeated almost daily. Indeed, it has not entered into the mind of the man who has not known them to conceive the delights of English inns. One other stands out with special distinctness in my memory of this trip. This ideal inn was on the road between Burton and Derby, and I stopped there for lunch on the second day of my run. It was midday when I reached it, and the sun was shining in an interval between two showers. Instead of going inside, I sat under the wide-spreading oak-tree opposite. Birds sang a subdued noontide melody. A perfume, compounded of the sweetest flowers that blow, came from the garden near by. A pretty barmaid—why, by the way, are the bar-maids

of these inns always pretty?—brought me my luncheon. I studied the sign hanging over the inn-door, "Refreshment for Men and Beasts," and, Pharisee-like, I returned thanks that I was not as those other men of olden time, who had to attend to the comforts of their beasts before they could think of their own. My trustworthy wheel, knowing nothing of hunger or thirst, increased a hundred-fold in my estimation.

It was just after I had taken my ease at this inn that I was joined by two bicyclers on their way to the races at Derby. They were overflowing with enthusiasm, and mistook me for a fellow-enthusiast. "Was I making a record, eh? How far could I go? How many miles had I made that day? Was my machine geared up or down? Level! Well, who would have thought it? Ball-bearings all over? Must have cost a pot o' money! Was I going to the Derby races? No? Well, then, good-bye!" And with a pitiful look, such as a professional artist might cast upon an aspiring amateur, they wheeled away and were seen by me no more.

Record-making, indeed! What are races and records when weighed in the balance against moments of ease, against unexpected turns into unbeaten tracks, and long rests with one's cycle by one's side, waiting for the heavy rain to cease, or sketching a characteristic feature in the landscape? There must be record-makers, of course. All tests of the possible speed or endurance of the cyclist and the machines are gains. Through those made in the past cycling has become an exact science. The construction of the machines has been improved as it would prob-



AT THE FINISH.

ably never have been had all riders been indifferent in these matters. Besides, it is a pleasure to know what one might do if one had the mind to. The cyclist who attaches a secondary value to the time he makes, or the distance he goes, feels some pride when he hears, for example, of Dr. Herbert L. Cortis, who rode one mile on a race-course in 2 minutes and $41\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; or of Mr. F. R. Fry, who, on the Crystal Palace track, rode 100 miles in 5 hours, 50 minutes, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; or of Mr. Sutton, who, on the high-road, made the record of 260 miles in 24 hours; and of Mr. Bird, who showed what could be done with the tricycle by riding over 200 miles on one in a day. These are statistics to be preserved in the history of cycling.

I went to the bicycle races at Derby alone, and arrived just in time for the finish. It was late in the afternoon, the rain was taking a much-needed rest, and the west was glowing and golden. There was the usual English crowd, such as Mr. Frith has painted in his "Derby Day." The cockney was everywhere, and with him was the girl he admires, who belongs to a type as well known, but not yet classified by name. Romany-looking men lingered in the background. Small boys were in the majority. Policemen maintained an

imposing presence, but the disorderly, whom they had been sent to watch, were for the time being quiet. The all-exciting moment had come. The four racers were making their last round of the course, and the lookers-on were breathless. I found a vacant corner near the grand stand, from which I had a capital view. It was exciting, as these scenes must always be. But then, how tired three of the men looked! One, the "bicycle stoop" aggravated to its utmost possibility, was leaning with his face almost on the wheel. Another, bent as far back in the other direction, was pulling hard on the handles. The third was wobbling unsteadily from one side of the track to the other. The leader alone sat straight on his wheel, with his head erect, casting swift glances over his shoulder at the others. He had reserved his forces until the end, and with a final spurt on the home-stretch had easily distanced them. I have never seen a bicycle look as tall as his did that afternoon. What with this effect of great height, and the rushing speed with which he was coming, he seemed more like the genius of the wind than a mere human being, like those around him. When he was still nearer, I saw that his face was pale, his eyes drawn, and his lips tightly compressed. The appar-



TOO DEEP TO FORD.

ent ease of his triumph had been gained by an exhausting strain upon his nervous system. For a few minutes not a sound was heard but the whirring of the wheels. Then, as the victor went over the line, there rose from the assembled spectators a mighty shout, and amidst howls and yells of applause, and while the judges were still pronouncing their decision, the hero of the hour was carried off on the shoulders of his friends. I did not even stay to ask what time he had made or what his name was. But I carried away with me the memory of his pale, nervous face as it looked with the sunlight streaming full upon it. It seemed to me his victory had been bought at too dear a price.

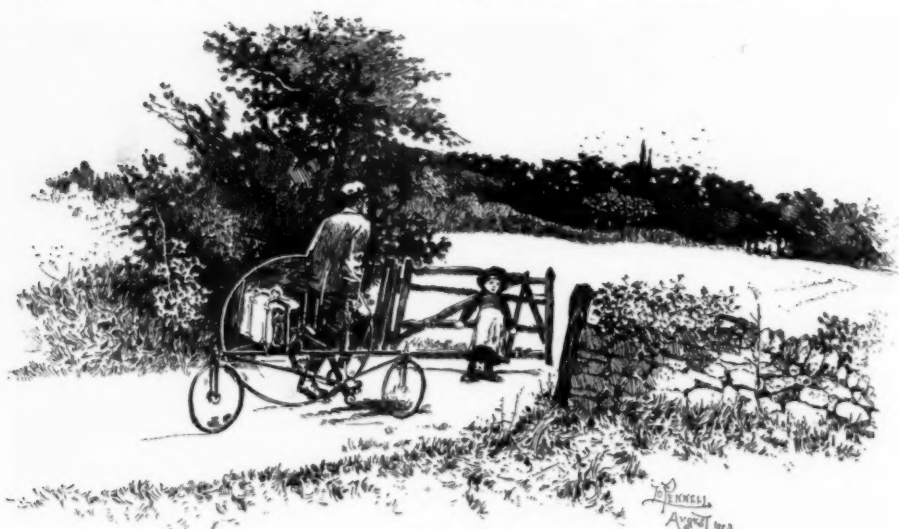
There is, I suppose, a pleasure in being praised and fêted which counterbalances the physical pain by which it is won. Probably the

champion cyclist I was commiserating would have pitied me had he seen me, alone and unobserved, riding at an ordinary pace through the narrow streets of Derby, over the railroad tracks, and out into the stony road beyond.

The roads are very rough about Derby. Even the Touring Club cannot do much for them. The country grows rougher and barer and more stony; the rolling hills are dotted over with manor-houses. Through an occasional break in the high hedges I saw smooth lawns, prosperous kitchen-gardens, and fields of waving wheat. By the roadside I passed little, old-fashioned inns with swinging signs and lavender in the windows. For this is Izaak Walton's ground. As one feels bound to be solemn at Stratford or sad at Juliet's grave, so I sought to become peaceful as befits the haunts of the "Complete Angler." I pedaled



A CARELESS RIVER.



A ROAD ACROSS THE FIELDS.

slowly along, now enjoying the outlook over the breezy moors, with glimpses of the distant peak country, blue against the whitish-gray sky, and again watching the long shadows chase each other over the hill-sides. Then I looked about me for the good company which was to shorten my way. It was Saturday afternoon, and many people were out for their half-holiday. There were pedestrians and equestrians, cyclers and wagoners. But the spirit of the race-course was abroad. All wanted to race with me, which meant to leave me behind or to be left behind themselves, or anything rather than to bear me company. And as for goodly discourse! Well, they spoke and looked cheerfully enough; but their cheerfulness was like that of the clown of the circus, who only laughs at the expense of others. At least, so I concluded from the samples they gave me of it. Once, while I was riding slower than ever, moralizing in kindly fashion on the passers-by, the milk of human kindness was suddenly but effectually soured within me by this rough salutation, shouted in my ear by a workman:

"No-o let's see ho-ow fa-ast thee kin go-o!"

It was followed by a shout of laughter from admiring friends. In a moment the philosopher on wheels became as cynical as the philosopher in a tub. But the taunt did not pique me into speed. I even dismounted and, to rest myself, walked up a little hill.

"Why don't thee roide? Thee aint go-ot no-o pluck!" was the greeting of a second facetious workman. Derbyshire manners are not pleasant.

But, indeed, all through England the lower classes are fond of chaff. Their fun is somewhat ponderous, being seldom, if ever, deemed by the wit of the French *gamin* or the humor of the American rough. I remember one British workman, with cap awry, flaming red choker, and corduroys and leggings, whom I met at a later stage of my trip. I asked him if he knew the way to the next village.

"Ess, oi du!" was his answer.

"Can you tell me how to reach it?"

"Ess, oi kin!" And, with a roar of laughter, he turned away in the other direction.

I was a wet, disreputable-looking object at the time, and the joke against me was too exquisite to be sacrificed to even a show of politeness. Another day, when I passed a mill just as the mill-hands were coming out, I was catechised after this fashion:

"Wot carawan is a-travelin'?"

"Where's you a-moverin' to?"

"Hard work, aint it?"

Each of which witticisms, in theatrical language, brought down the house. I was not especially honored because of my tricycle. I merely received my share of the favors these people bestow so liberally upon the public. The wheel is too much a matter-of-course on English roads to rouse the curiosity of the natives. It has long outgrown the nine days when it was a wonder. The only person in whom mine excited any surprise was a small ragged boy. I had stopped to make one or two inquiries of him. When

I moved on he asked, with open-eyed amazement, "Who's staarted hit?" Here, thought I to myself, is a philosopher or a prophet in embryo.

If man in Derbyshire has changed since the days when Venator learned to call the sage Walton "Master," Nature has not. Summer showers are as many and as lasting as in the days when master and pupil sought shelter from them under the sycamore-tree and by the honeysuckle hedge. The rain, which had held up for several hours, came down again just as I began to descend the hill where the road is "foulest," and where Mr. Viator, of angling fame, was seized with sore misgivings for his safety. There is a legend current in certain parts of the world that when it rains the angels are crying over the wickedness that is going on here below. Men's backslidings that day and the next must have been appalling. The angels still wept when I reached Ashbourne. All through the night I heard the rain beating against the window-panes, while the wind wailed an accompaniment. The next morning the sun showed himself for a little while. Truly the light was sweet, and a pleasant thing it was for my eyes to behold the sun! But the pleasure was short-lived. Before ten the flood-gates had reopened. I went "skidding" over the road. My wheel splashed mud upon my back, my eyes were filled with tears of rain, I slid about on my saddle, and every minute or two my feet came off the pedals. This lasted all day. As through a veil, I saw the hills and the long stretches of heather in bloom, the moors and the woods. The only human beings I met for miles were, first a man carrying two jingling milk-pails, who suddenly emerged from the mist to be as quickly lost in it again; and then a little girl who, as I came to a gated road, ran and opened the gate and dropped a pretty curtsy for her penny. The weather was altogether so atrocious that at the "Dog and Partridge" inn I deliberately turned my back upon Dovedale, but half a mile distant, and turned my tricycle Matlockward. Into this town I wheeled — a dejected mass of mud. One old gentleman paused in a struggle with his umbrella to stare at me, and a pretty young lady, in jaunty ulster and cap, laughed in my very face. The Chinese say it is a good sign when women laugh; but I did not covet a repetition of this favorable omen. I went quickly to the hotel, and then to the room appointed me. When I left the latter, a dry suit had restored me to my normal condition. I was once more

"As a reed with the reeds in the river!"

My ride from Matlock to Chester was in-

terrupted by many halts and rests and turnings from the straight road; and so, though I left the first-named town on Monday morning, I did not arrive at the latter until Wednesday evening. There is really very much to see in this part of the country. Matlock itself is a charming specimen of an English spa, and abounds with dowagers and eligible young women and ineligible young men. An aristocratic tone is given to the



WHEELING INTO MATLOCK SUNDAY MORNING.

neighborhood by the fact that the caverns, bottomless pits, and other natural horrors, which are its most plentiful product, having been at various times visited by royalty, are now adorned with signs to commemorate their greatness of a day. These are a curious contrast to the democratic advertising placards which too often occupy corresponding posts of honor in the United States. I went to Rowsley, and was entertained at its restored ancient inn, the "Peacock," where furniture and windows, and everything but the price, are modeled after the fashion of olden times; and to Haddon Hall, the home of the Vernons, through which I was shown by a golden-haired guide, the most honest of the sisterhood, who ingenuously said "I don't know" when I asked her questions for which her studied story held no answer. I visited Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and there saw a couple of Salvador Rosas, some Holbeins, a Teniers, and one of Sir Joshua's masterly sketches. I passed through Hathersage, where Little John belies his name by occupying a grave quite ten feet in length; and through Barlow, to find the brown, foam-covered, rain-swollen river too deep to ford, and so to be obliged to wait



A REMBRANDT BEGGAR.

patiently for the ferry — one of those relics of the past which grow fewer every year, and before long will have disappeared entirely. And I spent a night in Buxton, famous now, as it was in the days of Piscator, Jr., for its warm bath. It seemed very pleasant and gay in the Pavilion, where I listened to a concert and watched the dowagers and invalids being wheeled about in Bath chairs, and where I was, in the end, ignominiously hissed for inadvertently keeping on my hat when the band played "God Save the Queen."

But none of these places interested me so much as Eyam. The way to it led me up a hill which, for that day, at least, was a running torrent of water, mud, and stones. One of the villagers, who was homeward bound, walked near me, and we talked together as we toiled upward. His village, he said, was seldom visited by tourists. Cyclers sometimes came there, and occasionally tramps. It is six miles from a railway, and is hidden among the hills, and so it is forgotten by most travelers. It is not difficult to understand how, two hundred years ago, it was cut off from communication with the world beyond, and had to stand alone one of the most terrible sieges of which history hath any record. For it was then laid desolate by the plague. While the evil lasted neither man nor woman passed the fatal boundary line drawn under the hills, save when the dead were carried out to be buried. The people of the neighboring towns looked down from the hill-tops through the heavy mist on the fearful life-and-death struggle. There were giants of heroism in those days; but who outside of Eyam ever heard of Mampson, the rector, who, during long, weary months, tended the plague-stricken and comforted the weary watchers? Not until the end of the second year, after two hundred and fifty-nine out of three hundred and fifty

inhabitants had perished, and when thistles and king-cups grew in mockery in the middle of the silent streets, and wild flowers and grasses waved on the thresholds and in the windows of the tenantless houses, was the plague conquered. From the same windows and doorways I saw smiling, rosy children pelting each other with blossoms of a happier growth. But the villagers talk of the scourge as though it had ended but yesterday, and they still show the tailor's shop to which the death-bearing package was brought

from far-away London.

Eyam belongs to the England of the past. Customs and superstitions of respectable antiquity are maintained in all their original purity. I heard the curfew ring, and the sexton toll on his bell the day of the month. I learned from the landlord of the inn where I staid over night how children are baptized with May-dew, and how, when a young girl dies,—"as my Jessie did,"—she is carried to her grave by her friends, and a wreath with her gloves attached is hung in her memory in the church porch, as is also the custom in Italy. I myself saw

"The low beams with paper garlands hung,
The gloves suspended by the garlands' side."

Then he told me how, after the dead are buried, there is a feast of funeral baked meats. "Oh, they be foine feasts sometimes!" he added, appreciatively. Then the good man recalled the days gone by when he and his



A CONCERT AT BUXTON.

fellow-villagers took turns in guarding, not the gates, for there were none, but the steep, narrow walled way leading up into the town, which one man might keep against an army. The sentinel of a night, armed with

wooden halberd, watched from curfew till cock-crow, and as he went home he placed his spear against the door of him who was next to serve. "And many toime o'ive stud me turn. But it's all doone noo!" he concluded. Then his wife, seeing I had a sympathetic ear to lend, came and poured into it stories of the white cricket, whose coming is sure death; of the Gabriel hounds, which still tear through the streets and over the hills on windy nights, and of the Willy-o'-the-Wisp, who never ceases playing his pranks on the moor. I could almost imagine myself another Rip Van Winkle, but one during whose sleep the world had lost, not gained, a hundred years.

Eyam lives in the past; Castleton, Peveril's town, is all absorbed in the present. At least, so it was when I came to it the next day at noon. A "wake," not for the dead, but for the living, was in full blast. What particularly impressed me was the philosophy with which the merry-makers accepted weather calculated in every sense to dampen their enjoyment. It was raining with as much vigor as if it had never rained before. The booths and peep-shows set up along the one long street of the village, over which towers Peveril's castle, were soaked, but they were crowded. The seats in the merry-go-round—the name seemed a mockery—were flooded, but they were filled with children in mackintoshes and goloshes, as if pneumonia and sore throats were unknown evils; and the great organ ground out noise and water. In the shooting-gallery the paper young ladies were peeling off their original boards, and the paper drummer-boy was reduced to a mass of pulp; but champion riflers were cruelly rifling the hearts of the target lassies, and setting the drummer to drumming. The cricket-field near by was half under water; but cricketers were cricketing with unabated ardor, though they had to wade after the balls. Continual rain has made the English stoical. However, I noticed that the tap-rooms were well patronized, and this could hardly have been due to the "violinist and pianist," so called by courtesy, who filled them with discord.

What a climb I had up a steep hill on the other side of the town, a head-wind blowing all the way! I finally had to walk. But I was well repaid for my labors, for there was a splendid three-

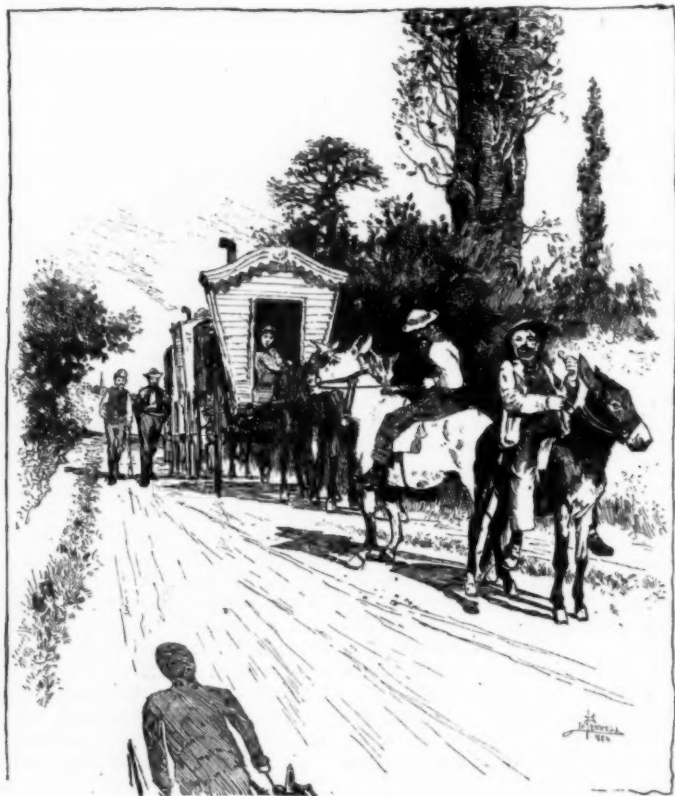
mile coast down the other side through the woods and over the moors, and all the time I had great views of the country, away across into Wales. But that was nothing to the ride of twelve miles I took from Buxton to Macclesfield; six miles up hill to the "Cat and Fiddle," without a dismount, and six miles coasting afterward, with my feet up nearly all the way. What cyclist will not sympathize with my enjoyment?

The road from Castleton was very gay with wagons, drags, and omnibuses, full of people going to the "wake." There were farmers from the country and young fellows from the towns, fakirs, trickers, and tramps, who are always to be met with on such occasions. The beggars, too, were out in full force. I almost ran into a one-legged suppliant who leaned on his crutches by the roadside in statuesque repose. He looked as if he might have stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. "Here," said I, "we have the two extremes—a tripod and a tricycle," and I gave him sixpence to let me sketch him. I have no doubt it was the first money he had legitimately earned since his crippled leg had become his capital in trade. A "wake," or country fair, is always the signal for the traveling population of England to begin or to resume their travels. Where they hide themselves when they are not on the roads is as much a mystery as is the whereabouts of flies in winter. But, like the flies, once they leave their hiding-place they appear in swarms.

It was not until the last day of my run, however, that I met a detachment of the travelers *par éminence*. I was only a few miles from Chester at the time, and was feeling tired, as the day before I had made sixty miles. Riding at a reasonable pace down a



THE TAILOR'S SHOP IN EYAM.



THE GYPSY TRAIN.

shady lane, I overtook three or four gypsy girls, walking behind what I thought was one van. They, in their pleasant Egyptian fashion, chaffed me. There was something about my stockings and knee-breeches which did not quite satisfy their fastidious eyes; but I held my peace. I wanted to reconnoiter the entire family before acknowledging myself a pal from over the seas. I wheeled by the van. It was gorgeous with red and yellow decorations, and in shape unlike any I had ever seen. It was a small house on wheels. An old woman sat inside, and with her were many children. But lo! there was another van, and yet another and another, and more women and children without end. In front of the wagons was a long string of donkeys and ponies. The first carried a bell and was ridden by a small boy. Here was a whole tribe on the march! The children of Egypt with folded tents were journeying to a new land of promise. The picture they made was too good to lose. I hurried by the procession,

and, turning suddenly around, prepared to make a rapid sketch; but the ponies objected. With one accord they broke rank and scampered off in every direction. A cry of indignation came from the first wagon.

"*Dikko at o bango mush! The grais se atrash of lester*" ["Look at the awkward man; the horses are afraid of him"], an old hag-like creature, who was crouched on the floor, explained to the men who ran up to see what was the matter; and she gave me a look of scorn intended to humiliate me into immediate flight or silvered apology.

"*Parraco, Dye!*" ["Thank you, mother!"] I retorted with easy politeness; and in a minute the donkeys were forgotten, and I became the center of attraction.

"Oh, *dordi, dordi*, but you're the first Romany Rye I ever *dikked* [saw] *prasterin* [riding] on a velocity!"

"And wot's the cove a-stoppin' of the 'igh-way for?" a man, who had just come from the last wagon, asked savagely. He was tall

and powerful-looking, and his black hair was combed forward in two ringlets over his ears. He wore a fur cap and a brilliant red neckerchief. He had missed the scene of introduction, and was prepared for a fight; but he got rather the worst of it.

"*Tool yer chiv*" ["Hold your tongue"], a gypsy brother answered, "or I'll let you have it aside the *mui* [mouth]. *O Rye acai jius more Romanis* [this gentleman here knows more Gypsy] than you and all the *foki* [people] in yer *tan* [tent]."

I had said but two words; but they were an open sesame to the hearts and good graces of the Romanies.

My friends were going to turn off at the next lane. Would I come with them to tea, they asked, and were there many Egyptians in America, and did I know Walter Lovel, and old Dye Hearne, and Rhody? Then I told how I had drawn their pictures for a Romany *Rye* and *Rani* across the water, and how they had been put into a book, and all

the world had seen them. And are the *Rye* and *Rani tacho Roms* [real gypsies], and could they *dukker* [tell fortunes]? they asked. Could they, indeed? Well—rather!

And so we talked, and when we came to the camping-place the tents were pitched, and we sat down to tea. The twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars were out, before I had finished telling them about the country where wood is still plentiful, and where the gypsy wanderer can always find a *tan* to hatch [a corner to settle in].

"*Kushto bak!*" ["Good luck to you!"] they all called out after me; and, loaded with the choicest blessings of Egypt, I departed from them and went on my way to Chester.

The next day, clothed in the conventional tweed suit, and my tricycle committed to a cycle agent for repairs, I returned to civilization, to railroads, tennis-courts, windmill-crowned Birkenhead, and thence to commonplace Liverpool.



IN SERVITUDE.

* * * And served with him yet seven other years.—Genesis, XXIX., 30.

ALL-LOVELY Art, stern Labor's fair-haired child,
Long have I served thy sullen sire for thee,
Among the mountains watching faithfully
His flocks in summer, and in autumn mild
On the wide plain I saw the sheaves up-piled,
Shining in sunset like a golden sea;
While in the distance, on the flowery lea,
From your white tent you beckoned and you smiled.

Ah, seven years more will find me old and gray,
A lover wearied with a vigil long,
A singer crying in a later day
The wand'ring echoes of forgotten song,—
But tho' the wrinkles gather on my brow,
Thou wilt be lovely then, as thou art now!

E. J. McPhelim.

PANCHA: A STORY OF MONTEREY.



"SHE BURIED HER LITTLE FACE IN TIO TADEO'S FUDGY SHOULDER."

WHEN the Conde de Monterey, being then Viceroy of this gracious realm of New Spain, sent his viceregal commissioners, attended by holy priests, up into the northern country to choose a site for an outpost city, there was found no spot more beautiful, none more worthy to be crowned, than this where the city of Monterey stands to-day. And so the commissioners halted beside the noble spring, the *ojo de agua*, that gushes out from its tangle of white pebbles in what now is the very heart of the town; and the priests set up the sacred cross and sang a sweet song of praise and thankfulness to the good God who had so well guided them to where they would be; and the colonists entered in and possessed the land.

This all happened upon a fair day now close upon three hundred years gone by. From century to century the city has grown, yet always in accord with the lines established by its founders. The houses a-building now are as the houses built three hundred years ago; and, going yet farther into the past, as the houses which were built by the Moors when they came into the Gothic peninsula, bringing with them the life and customs of a land

that even then was old. So it has come to pass* that the traveler who sojourns here—having happily left behind him on the farther side of the Rio Grande the bustle and confusion and hurtful toil of this overpowering nineteenth century—very well can believe himself transported back to that blessed time and country in which the picturesque was ranked above the practical, and in which not the least of human virtues was the virtue of repose.

Very beautiful is the site of Monterey: its noble flanking mountains, the Silla and the Mitras, are east and west of it; its grand rampart, the Sierra Madre, sweeps majestically from flank to flank to the southward, and its outlying breastwork, a range of far-away blue peaks, is seen mistily off in the north. And the city is in keeping with its setting. The quaint, mysterious houses, inclosing sunny gardens and tree-planted court-yards; the great cathedral where, in the dusk of evening, at vespers, one may see each night new wonders, Rembrandt-like, beautiful, in light and shade; the church of St. Francis, and the old ruined church beside it—built, first of all, in honor of the saint who had guided the

Viceroy's commissioners so well; the bowery *plaza*, with the great dolphin-fountain in its center, and the *plazuelas*, also with fountains and tree-clad; the narrow streets; the old-time market-place, alive with groups of buyers and sellers fit to make glad a painter's heart—all these picturesque glories, together with many more, unite to make the perfect picturesqueness of Monterey.

Yet Pancha, who had been born in Monterey, and who never had been but a league away from it in the whole seventeen years of her life-time, did not know that the city in which she lived was picturesque at all. She did know, though, that she loved it very dearly. Quite the saddest time that she had ever passed through was the week that she had spent once at the Villa de Guadalupe—a league away to the eastward, at the Silla's foot—with her Aunt Antonia. It was not that *tia* Antonia was not good to her, nor that life at the Villa de Guadalupe—as well conducted a little town, be it said, with as quaint a little church, as you will find in the whole State of Nuevo Leon—was not pleasant in its way; but it was that she longed for her own home. And when, coming back at last to the city, perched on the forward portion of *tio* Tadeo's *burro*, she peeped over the *burro's* long ears—at the place where the road turns suddenly just before it dips to cross the valley—and caught sight once more of the dome of the cathedral, and the clock-tower of the market-house, and the old Bishop's palace on its hill in the far background, with the Mitras rising beyond, and a flame of red and gold above the Sierra left when the sun went down,—when Pancha's longing eyes rested once more on all these dear sights of home, she buried her little face in *tio* Tadeo's pudgy shoulder and fairly sobbed for joy.

Many a person, though, coming a stranger and with a stranger's prejudices into this gentle, lovely Mexican land, would have thought Pancha's love of home quite incomprehensible; for her home, the house in which she dwelt, was not lovely to eyes brought up with a rigorous faith in right angles and the monotonous regularity of American city walls. In point of fact, persons of this sort might have held—and, after their light, with some show of justice—that Pancha's home was not a house at all.

Crossing the city of Monterey from west to east is a little valley, the *arroyo* of Santa Lucia, into which, midway in its passage, comes through another *arroyo* of a few hundred yards in length the water from the *ojo de agua*—the great spring whereat the Conde's commissioners paused content, and beside which the holy fathers sang songs of praise. Along

both banks of these two little valleys grow trees, and canebrakes, and banana groves, and all manner of bushes and most pleasant grass; and in among the bushes and trees, here and there, are little huts of wattled golden cane overlaid with a thatch of brown. And it was in one of these *jacals*, standing a stone's throw below the causeway that crosses the *arroyo* of the *ojo de agua*, upon the point of land that juts out between the two valleys before they become one, that Pancha was born, and where most contentedly she lived. Over the *jacal* towered a great pecan-tree; and a banana grew graciously beside it, and back of it was a huddle of feathery, waving canes. Truly it was not a grand home, but Pancha loved it; nor would she have exchanged it even for one of the fine houses whose stone walls you could see above and beyond it, showing grayly through the green of the trees.

For nearly all the years of her little life the love of the beautiful city of Monterey, of her poor little home that yet was so dear to her, of the good father and mother who had cared for her so well since she came to them from the kind God who sends beautiful children into the world, for her little brother and sister, the twins Antonio and Antonia, who gave a world of trouble,—for they were sad pickles,—but who repaid her by a world of childish lovingness for her care: for nearly all her life long these loves had sufficed to fill and to satisfy Pancha's heart. But within a year now a new love, a love that was stronger and deeper than all of these put together, had come to her and had grown to be a part of her life. And Pancha knew, down in the depths of her heart, that this love had begun on the very first day that her eyes had rested upon Pepe's gallant figure and handsome face—the day when Pepe, having been made captain of a brave company of *contrabandistas*, had come up to Monterey to partake of the Holy Sacrament at Easter, and to be blessed by his old father, and to receive the congratulations of his friends.

Pancha's father, Cristóbal, a worthy *cargador* who never in the whole twenty years that he had discharged the responsible duties of his calling had lost or injured a single article confided to his care, and old Manuel, who held the honorable position of *sereno*—a member of the night-watch—in the city of Monterey, had known each other from a time long before Pancha was born; and from a full understanding of each other's good qualities, and from certain affinities and common tastes, the two old fellows had come in the course of years to be the closest friends. Cristóbal the *cargador*—better known, being a little bandy-legged man, as Tobalito—was

scarcely less delighted than was Manuel himself when Pepe—a motherless lad who had grown to manhood in the care of a good aunt—came up from his home in Tamaulipas that Easter-tide to tell of his good fortune. The boy was a gallant boy, they both agreed,—as they drank his health more times than was quite good for them in Paras brandy of the best, on which never a *flaco* of duty had been paid,—and before him had opened now a magnificent future. Being a captain of *contrabandistas* at twenty-two, what might he not be at thirty? His fortune was assured! And old Catalina shared in this joy of her husband's and of her husband's friend, and drank also, relishingly, a little mug of brandy to Pepe's good fortune—present and to come. Even the twins, Antonio and Antonia, entered into the spirit of the festive occasion, and manifested their appreciation of it by refraining from signal mischief for the space of a whole hour: at the end of which period Pancha, perceiving that they were engaged in imitating the process of washing clothes in the stream, and judging rightly that the earnestness of their operations boded no good, was just in time to rescue the yellow cat from a watery grave.

And it was on this happy day, as Pancha knew afterward, that her love for Pepe first began.

This was a year past, now; and for many months Pancha had been gladdened by the knowledge that her love was returned—though, as yet, this sweet certainty had not come to her in words. Indeed, during the past twelvemonth Pepe had been but little in Monterey. As became a young captain of *contrabandistas* who longed to prove that he deserved to wear his spurs, his time had been passed for the most part in making handsome dashes from the Zona Libre into the interior. Already the fame of his brilliant exploits was great along the frontier; already to the luckless officers of the *contraresguardo* his name was a mocking and a reproach. What with his knowledge of the mountain paths and hiding-places, his boldness and his prudence, his information—coming it might be treason to say from where, but always exact and trustworthy—of where the revenue people would be at any hour of any day or night, the *contraresguardo* seemed to have no more chance of catching him than they had of catching the wind of heaven or the moon itself.

Once, indeed, Pepe had a narrow escape. At the outskirts of Lampazos word came to him that the customs guard was at his very heels. There was no hiding-place near; to run for it with a train of heavily laden *burros*

was of no earthly use at all; to run for it without the *burros* would have been a disgrace. And Pepe did not attempt to run. As fast as they could be driven he drove the *burros* into the town, and halted them in squads of three and four at friendly houses; spoke a word or two at each door, and then galloped off with his men into the outer wilderness of *chaparral*. And when, ten minutes later, the men of the *contraresguardo* came flourishing into Lampazos, certain of victory at last, not a vestige of the *contrabando* could they find! True, in the *patios* of a dozen houses were certain weary-looking *burros* whose backs were warm, and near them were pack-saddles which were warm also; but what had been upon those pack-saddles no man could surely say. The explanation vouchsafed that the lading had been fire-wood was not, all things considered, wholly satisfactory; but it could not be disproved. And as the possession of warm pack-saddles and warm-backed *burros* is not an indictable offense even in Mexico, the *contraresguardo* could do nothing better in the premises than swear with much heartiness and ride sullenly away. And to the honor of Lampazos be it said that when, in due course of time, Pepe returned and withdrew his *burro*-train from the town, not a single package of the *contrabando* had been stolen or lost!

So Pepe, by his genius and his good luck, proved his right to wear his spurs. And the merchants of the interior held him in high esteem; and people generally looked upon him as a rising young man; and Pancha, who read aright the story told by his bold yet tender brown eyes, suffered herself to love this gallant captain of *contrabandistas* with all her heart.

Yet while this was the first time that Pancha had loved, it was not the first time that love had been given her. A dozen young fellows, as everybody knew, and as even she, though quite to herself, demurely acknowledged, were in love with her to their very ears. One or two of them had gone so far, indeed, as to open communications, through proper representatives, for the rare favor of her hand. The most earnest, though the least demonstrative of these, was a certain captain in the *contraresguardo*, by name Pedro; a good fellow in his way, but quite shut out beyond the pale of reputable society, of course, by his unfortunate calling.

Naturally Pancha never was likely to think very seriously of loving Pedro; yet pity for him, acting on her gentle heart, had made her in some sort his friend. It was not altogether his fault that he was an officer of the *contraresguardo*, and other people besides Pan-

cha believed that but for this blight upon him a good career might have been his. But luck had been against Pedro from the very day of his birth; for when he was born his mother died, and a little later his father died also. Being thus left lonely in the world, he fell into the keeping of his uncle, Padre Juan, a grim priest who, having lost all happiness in life himself, saw little reason why he should seek to make the lives of others glad. Dismally the boy grew up in this narrow, cheerless home. The Padre fain would have made of him a priest also; but against this fate Pedro rebelled, and accepted, while yet a boy, the alternative means of livelihood that his uncle offered him in the service of the *contrasguardo*.

As his rebellion against his proposed induction into the priesthood showed, the boy had strong stuff in him. He had a mighty will of his own. And there was this in common between him and his grim uncle: a stern resolve, when duty was clear, to do duty and nothing else. Therefore it came to pass that Pedro, being entered into the hateful service of the customs preventive force, presently was recognized by his superiors as one of the very few men of the corps who, in all ways, were trustworthy; and as trustworthiness is the rarest of virtues in the *contrasguardo*,—a service so hated that usually only men of poor spirit will enter it at all,—his constant loyalty brought him quick promotion as its just reward. Yet Pedro had no happiness in his advancement. Each step upward, as he very well knew, was earned at the cost of greater hatred and contempt. Those who would have been his friends, had the lines of his life fallen differently, were his enemies. Nowhere could he hope to find kindness and love. Therefore he grew yet more stern and silent, and yet more earnestly gave himself to the full discharge of the duty that was sacred to him because it was his duty, but that in his heart he abhorred. Nor did he ever waver in his faithfulness until, coming to know Pancha, his chilled heart was warmed by her sweet looks of friendliness, the first that ever he had known; and, as fate decreed, the force of duty found arrayed against it the force of love.

Pancha had a tender, gentle nature, in which was great kindness; and before she knew Pepe there was some little chance, perhaps, that in sheer pity of his forlornness she might have given Pedro her love. This, of course, showed how weak and how thoughtless Pancha was; how ignorant of the feelings of society; how careless of the good opinion of the world. To be sure, the possibility of her loving Pedro never passed beyond a possibility;

but that it went so far counted for a great deal to him, to whom, in all his life, no single gleam nor even faintest hope of love had ever come. The gentle glance or two which she had cast him in her compassionate sorrow for his friendlessness sank down into the depths of Pedro's heart, and bred there for her that great love—tender, yet almost stern in its fierce intensity—to which only a passionate, repressed nature can give birth. And through the year that passed after Pepe had gained his captaincy, and at the same time Pancha's favor, Pedro's love had grown yet stronger and deeper,—growing the more, perhaps, because it was so hopeless and so deeply hid; but Pancha, whose very life was wrapped in Pepe's now, had almost ceased to remember that such a person as this rueful captain of the *contrasguardo* lived.

Still another life-thread was interwoven with the life-threads of these three. Dearest of Pancha's girl-friends was Chona,—for so was shortened and softened her stately name, Ascencion,—daughter of a *leñador* whose *jacal* was near by, and with whom her father had long been on friendly terms.

A grand creature was this Chona, daughter of the *leñador*. The simple folk among whom she lived called her "La Reina," and her majestic beauty made her look indeed a queen. Yet was she not loved by those among whom she lived. Her nature was as imperious as her beauty was imperial, and, save only Pancha, there was none who called her friend. Because of their very unlikeness, these two were drawn together. Pancha had for Chona an enthusiastic devotion; and Chona graciously accepted the homage rendered as her queenly right. In the past year, though, since Pepe's triumphal visit to Monterey, a change had come over Chona that was beyond the understanding of Pancha's simple, loving heart. She no longer responded—even in the fitful fashion that had been her wont—to Pancha's lovingness. She was moody; at times she was even harsh. More than once Pancha, chancing to turn upon her suddenly, had surprised in her eyes a look that seemed born of hate itself. This change was grievous and strange to Pancha; but it troubled her less than it would have done a year before. For now her whole heart was bright with gladness in her love of Pepe, and with the glad hope that his love was given her in return.

So, for Pancha at least, the time passed blithely on. Her mood of compassion for Pedro was forgotten, and her loss of Chona's friendship—if ever she had possessed it—caused her no great sorrow; and all because

her love for Pepe filled to overflowing her loving heart.

THIS was the way that matters stood the next Easter, when Pepe again came up to Monterey to take part in the blessed services of the church, to see again his old father, and again to receive graciously the congratulations of his friends.

And this time Pepe told his love to Pancha in words. In the warm twilight of the spring evening—being followed, as custom in Mexico prescribes, by the discreet *tía* Antonia, also come into Monterey for the Easter festival—they walked slowly among the bushes and trees lining the bank of the *ojo de agua*, passed beneath the arch of the causeway, and stood beside the broad, clear pool where the water of the great spring pauses a little before it flows outward to the stream. It was on this very spot, say the legends of the town, that the good Franciscan fathers, three hundred years ago, set up the holy cross and sang their song of thankfulness and praise.

And here it was—while the discreet *tía* Antonia manifested her discretion by standing where she could watch closely, yet could not hear—that to Pancha were whispered the sweetest words that ever she had heard, that ever she was to hear. In her memory dwelt for a little while joyously the picture of the dark water at her feet that, a little beyond, grew duskily green with aquatic plants; the massive stone causeway that cast a shadow upon them in the waning light reflected from the red sky beyond the Mitras crest; the trees beside the spring swaying a little in the gentle evening wind; the hush over all of the departing day. Very dear to Pancha was the memory of this picture—until, in the same setting, came another picture, ghastly, terrible, that made the place more horrible to her than the crazing horror of a dream. But the future was closed to her, happily, and in her heart that Easter evening was only a perfect happiness and a perfect love.

Later, when they went back to the *jacal* of wattled cane, there was great rejoicing among the older folk that Pepe's suit had sped so well. It was not, of course, a surprise to anybody, this suit of his. In point of fact, it all had been duly settled beforehand between the two old men,—as a well-conducted love affair in Mexico properly must be,—and this dramatic climax to it was a mere nominal concession to Pepe's foreign tastes, acquired through much association with *Americanos* upon the frontier. So, the result being satisfactory, the Paras brandy was brought forth again, and toasts were drunk to Pepe's and Pancha's long happiness. And these were

followed by toasts to the success—though that was assured in advance, of course—of a great venture in which Pepe was about to engage; a venture that infallibly was to make him a rich man.

The scheme that Pepe had devised was worthy of himself. Its basis was an arrangement—made who shall say how?—that all the forces of the *contrasguardo* and *rurales* should be sent on a wild-goose chase into the mountains, and sent far enough to make sure that they should stay in the mountains for a whole night and a whole day. And, the coast being thus cleared, it was the purpose of this daring captain of *contrabandistas* to come up from the Zona Libre with not one, but with three great trains of *burros* laden with *contrabando*, and to bring these trains, in sections and under cover of darkness, actually into the city of Monterey! Further, to make quite sure that in the city he should meet with no hindrance to the execution of his plans, he had arranged that at the hour his trains were to enter from the east, a *jacal* should be set on fire over in the western suburb. Fires occur but rarely in Monterey, and when one does occur all the town flocks to see it: it is better than a *fiesta*. It was a stroke of genius on Pepe's part to think of this diversion; and the man who owned the doomed *jacal*—one of Pepe's band who himself had a share in the venture—was eager to put so brilliant a plan into execution. Indeed, to insure success a dozen *jacals* might have been profitably consumed, for the *contrabando* was to be exceptionally rich in quality as well as great in quantity, and the profit upon it would be something that to such simple-minded folk as Manuel and Tobalito and Catalina seemed almost fabulous.

The very risk of the venture, as Pepe pointed out, constituted its safety. In the mountains there was a chance at any time of a fight, but in the city streets there was literally nobody to fear—"unless the *serenos* should turn *contrasguardo*!" he suggested; whereat there was much cheerful laughter, that of the honest *sereno* Manuel being loudest of all.

The *leñador*, Tobalito's trusted friend, hearing the sounds of festivity and snuffing the Paras brandy from afar off, came in to join them; and being informed of the happy issue of Pepe's love affair, and of Pepe's noble project, he gladly joined in drinking the double toast and in adding his good wishes to theirs. So they made merry over their hopeful prospects; and even when the twins, Antonio and Antonia, succeeded in an unwatched moment in possessing themselves of the precious bottle of Paras brandy, and thereafter, to their great

joy, emptied a considerable portion of it over the unfortunate yellow cat, a mere desultory spanking was deemed to be a meet atonement for the act.

So Pepe rode lightly out from Monterey, and behind him rode not black care, but brightest joy, and after him went good wishes and great love. When he came again he would be rich, and—dearer than all other riches—Pancha would be his. Truly, a young fellow of three and twenty, who had carved his own way to so brave a fortune, might well rejoice within himself; and Pepe did rejoice with all his heart. As he rode down the valley—the valley that is scarred by the railroad now—his thoughts ran back pleasantly over the past few years of hard work in his profession; over his many successes tarnished by not a single serious failure; and still more pleasantly his thoughts ran forward into the future, when all his toil was to receive, over and above a liberal compensation, a most sweet reward. One more deal in the game that he knew so well how to play, and all the stakes would be his. No wonder that Pepe's heart was glad within him; that his soul was filled with joy.

Yet Pancha, left behind in Monterey to wait while Pepe worked, was sorrowful. As sometimes happens to us when we are confronted by the certainty of great happiness, she was possessed by a gloomy sadness that came of dark forebodings in her mind. The very greatness and sureness of this happiness awed her into doubt. She knew that to take her good fortune in this faint-hearted way was not wise in itself, and was not what Pepe would approve; and that she might please Pepe she berated herself roundly and tried to laugh away her fears—though they scarcely amounted to fears, being but shadowy doubts and unshaped thoughts in which always was a tinge of nameless dread. But scolding herself and laughing at herself were equally unavailing; therefore she betook herself to that refuge which is dear to women the world over, but which especially is dear to women in Roman Catholic lands—the refuge of prayer.

A placid, holy place is the church of San Francisco in Monterey. It stands upon a quiet street, the Calle de San Francisco, where little travel or noise of traffic ever comes, and about it always is an atmosphere of sacred rest. On one side of it is the ruin of the old, old church where, near three hundred years ago, the colonists sent northward by the Conde de Monterey first met within church walls to offer up to God their sacrifice of praise and prayer for the grace shown to them in bringing them within so fair a land.

On the other side is the old convent, where long the good Franciscans dwelt, and whence they went forth to save poor heathen souls. The convent is deserted now, but holy memories live on in it, and sanctify its silent, sunny cloister and its still, shady cells. And close beside the convent grows a single stately palm, larger and more beautiful than any other palm in all the country round. The old church is shadowy within, and a faint smell of incense hangs always in the dusky air. The floor is laid in panels of heavy wood, worn smooth by the knees of the five generations which have worshipped there, and beneath each panel is a grave. Reverently do the Mexicans believe that thrice blessed is the rest in death of him who sleeps within the earth made consecrate by bearing on its breast the house of God.

So it was to this old church, the church of her patron saint, whose name she bore, that Pancha came to pray that Pepe might prosper in his gallant adventure, and that the happiness in store for both of them might not be wrecked by evil chance. To pass from the heat and glare of the April sunshine into the cool, dark church was in itself a refreshment and a rest. Save an old woman or two, slowly and wearily moving from station to station and slowly and wearily at each station repeating her form of prayer, the church was deserted; and in the quiet corner near the chancel rail where Pancha knelt, far away from the mumbling old women, there was a perfect quiet, a holy peace. Her prayer was a little simple prayer: only that the good Saint Francis would keep Pepe safe from all harm, and that the *contrabando* might not be captured, and that she and Pepe might be married as they had planned to be, and might live on in happiness together to a good old age. When she had made her prayer she knelt on for a long while, dreamily thinking of the Saint's goodness and of his mighty power to guard and save. And, as she knelt there, gradually faith and hope came back again into her heart, and the conviction grew strong within her that the blessed saint had heard her prayer and had sent to her this comforting for assurance that it should be granted to the full. So at last, heartened and quieted, she came out once more into the April sunshine. Yet, even as she left the church there passed before the sun a cloud. Pancha, whose mind was full of happy thoughts, did not perceive this cloud.

THAT day in Monterey one other heart was troubled, but to it came not peace nor rest. Much to her surprise, Pancha—standing near the causeway over which Pepe gallantly

had ridden forth upon his brave adventure, her heart full of love and hope and fear—had felt an arm about her neck, and turning had found Chona by her side. In her tender mood this mark of affection from the friend whom she had deemed lost had moved her greatly, and with little urging she told to Chona the sweet happiness that at last certainly was hers; and wondered to see the look of hate—there could be no mistaking it now—that came flashing into Chona's eyes.

"And he loves a pitiful thing like *you*! Loves *you*, when he might—go! you are no friend of mine!"

In Chona's voice there was a ring of bitter contempt that lost itself, with the abrupt change, in yet more bitter rage. With an angry push that almost threw Pancha into the water, she turned, sprang up the bank, and disappeared among the trees. So was Pancha made yet more sorrowful, and yet more gladly turned to the holy church for rest and comfort in prayer.

For Chona there was no comfort. Her brain was in a whirl, and in her heart was only wretchedness. The fate had come to her that for months past she had known must be hers; yet now that it actually had overtaken her, she resented it as though it were a sudden and unexpected blow. Against hope she had hoped to win Pepe's love—and now all hope was dead, and she knew that her chance of having him for her very own was lost forever. Still worse was it that the love which she longed for so hungrily should go to another. This was more than she could bear. Pepe's death, she felt, would have caused her a pain far less poignant—for she herself easily could have died, too. But Pepe lost to her arms, and won to the arms of such a poor, spiritless creature as this Pancha, was an insult that made greater the injury done her a thousand-fold. Her fierce love was turned in a moment to fiercer hate; and from hate is but a single step to revenge.

That night, when the *leñador* came home, —and in good spirits, for he had sold his wood well,—he told Chona gleefully of the grand project that Pepe had on foot; of the clever scheme by which the customs people were to be tricked; of the fine fortune that surely was coming to the captain of *contrabandistas* now as a fitting culmination of his gallant career.

After her father, with a prodigious yawn, had ended his narration and had betaken himself to sleep, for a long while Chona sat there in the open space before the *jacal* alone with her own thoughts. In the darkness and stillness—for only the low, soft rippling of the water broke in upon the peacefulness of night

—the longing for revenge that possessed her slowly took form in her mind. The hours passed swiftly as she brooded upon her wrong and upon the means that she had chosen to compass vengeance. When at last she arose and went into the *jacal*, the morning star shone bright above the twin peaks of the Silla, and the whole mountain stood out sharply, a huge black mass, against the clear, pale light of the eastern sky.

Yet the morning still was young when Chona—her father meanwhile having started with the *burro* for the mountains—went down to the barracks of the *contraresguardo* and asked of the sentinel on duty permission to see the *capitan*, Pedro. The sentinel smiled as he dispatched a messenger with her request, and thought what a lucky fellow the *capitan* Pedro was, to be sure.

"Come to me quickly in the Alameda," said Chona, when Pedro had joined her. "I can tell you of a great plan that the smugglers have on foot—and also of a matter very near to your own heart." Without waiting for an answer, she turned sharply and walked rapidly away.

Perceiving that she was much excited, Pedro did not doubt that Chona had information of importance to give him; and his experience had taught him that the treachery of jealous woman was not a thing that the customs preventive service could afford to despise. To the personal part of her address he did not give a second thought. Without returning to the barracks, he set off at once for the Alameda. The sentinel, lazily watching the two retreating figures, smiled again, and said to himself, "Aha! my little captain is a lucky man to-day!"

It is a good mile from the barracks to the Alameda. Chona covered the distance rapidly. As she entered the ragged pleasure-ground, she turned to make sure that Pedro was following her, and then crossed it quickly and disappeared through a gap in a hedge beyond. When Pedro passed through the gap he found her seated on the ground between the bushy screen and the cane-field that it inclosed. They were remote from all houses, from all curious ears; for the Alameda, being but a forlorn place, has few visitors.

She motioned him to a seat beside her, and said, hurriedly:

"The *capitan* Pepe will bring three great trains of *contrabando* on Friday night into Monterey."

"Yes. He is your lover?"

She flashed her glittering black eyes on him savagely. "It is no affair of yours who my lover may be. But I will tell you this: Pepe

is the lover of Tobalito's Pancha—the girl whom you love."

She marked with satisfaction how he winced under her words, the gleam of anger that came into his eyes. But, without giving him time to speak, she went on rapidly to tell of Pepe's plan, and with a clearness and precision that left no room for doubting that she told the truth. Her excitement increased as she spoke. Her black eyes grew blacker as the pupils dilated; her breath came short as her bosom rose and fell tremblingly; twice or thrice she pressed her hand upon her heart. As she ended she sprang to her feet and held erect her superb form. Her eyes gleamed with the anger of hate, her hands were clinched, her guardedly low voice quivered with a passionate energy.

"I have betrayed him into your hands, even as he has betrayed my offered love. Take him! Kill him! He has only my hate. And remember, it is he who has won from you Pancha's love. He must die!" In an instant she had plunged into the thicket of canes. For a few moments the rustling of the leaves sounded hissing as she fleetly pushed her way between them; the sound grew fainter; presently it faded out of hearing, and all was still.

Pedro stood for awhile motionless, vacant staring at the place in the cane-thicket, still marked by the swaying leaves, where she had disappeared. Then slowly he passed through the gap in the hedge, and slowly walked across the Alameda. When he came to the circle of stone benches he sat down wearily. He did not in the least particular doubt the truth of what Chona had told him; and because he knew so surely that it all was true a great sorrow weighed upon him, a cruel conflict arose in his heart. Chona had told him too much. Had she told him only of Pepe's plans, her purpose would have been easily gained; for in a strictly professional and matter-of-course way he would have crushed the smugglers' scheme effectually, and probably the smugglers with it. Chona, judging his nature by her own, had overshot her mark. The very fact that Pepe was Pancha's lover, that his ruin would be her misery, that his death might also be her death, made Pedro—for the first and last time in his life—regard his duty falteringly. For his love for Pancha was so loyal, so utterly unselfish, that even this very love he was ready to sacrifice for her; ready, for her happiness' sake, to yield her to another's arms. The question that now confronted him was whether or not he could sacrifice for Pancha his honor.

What made this cruel strait in which Pedro found himself crueler still was the certainty

that should he save his honor no one at all (yet it was only Pancha of whom he thought) would believe that in capturing Pepe he had been prompted by any higher motive than revenge. Should Pepe be harmed, Pancha would hate him; should Pepe be killed,—and the chances favored this issue, for Pepe was a man who far rather would die than surrender,—Pancha would turn from him in horror, as a loathsome creature too base even to die. These thoughts went whirlingly through Pedro's mind, and there came to him no safe issue from his perplexity. Toward whichever of the two paths before him he turned, he saw standing a figure with a drawn sword: Love barred the way of Honor; Honor barred the way of Love.

At last, the conflict still continuing in his breast, he slowly arose from his seat on the stone bench, and slowly walked back into the town; but he took the streets by the hospital and the market-place, thus leaving the *arroyo* of the *ojo de agua* far out of his path. As he entered the barracks the sentinel looked at him curiously. "Oho! there has been a quarrel," he thought. "To quarrel with 'La Reina,' my little captain must be a very great fool!"

The noise and confusion, the loud talking and coarse laughter of the barracks jarred on Pedro, and presently he went out again. Walking without purpose, he retraced unconsciously his steps toward the Alameda. Then, finding of a sudden an object, he walked on rapidly until the shady lanes beyond the Alameda were traversed and he stood at the gate of the Campo Santo. Reverently he entered between the stone pillars of the gate-way and stood in the presence of the holy dead.

In a shady corner of the old grave-yard he seated himself upon a stone that had fallen from the wall, and took up again resolutely the problem that he had to solve. There in the perfect peace and stillness, with only the dead about him for witnesses, the great battle of his life was fought and won. His own faith in his manhood came back to him and gave him strength; the doubt and trouble were cast out of his soul; a steadfast light shone clearly upon the way that he must go. And the silent counselors around him confirmed his choice. By the very utterness of their silence, as it seemed to him, they were as strong voices declaring that Love is but the dying daughter of Time, while Honor is the deathless son of Eternity.

When he stood up, the fight ended, he was very pale, and sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead; but in every line of his figure was firmness. Erect and steadily—with something of the feeling, as he bethought him, that had upheld him once when leading

his men upon a most desperate charge — he marched between the graves and out again through the gate-way. His resolute step was in keeping with his resolute purpose. Love lowered her sword and fell back, conquered. The path of Honor was clear.

BEING cheered by her prayer and by the good saint's promise that it should be granted, Pancha went home blithely and with a heart at rest. And further cheer came to her from her mother, the excellent Catalina. By profession, this good Catalina was a *lavandera*. Hers was a vicarious virtue, for while her washing was endless, its visible results rarely had any perceptible connection with herself. Indeed, it is a fact that the washer-women of Mexico are upheld by so lofty a sense of their duty to their employers that only by the operation of some extraordinary law of chance is it that their own garments ever get washed at all.

Down by the edge of the clear stream, in company with many other washer-women, Catalina practiced her honorable vocation, squatted upon the ground and having in front of her a broad, flat stone. On this stone she soaped and rubbed and squeezed each separate garment until her fine knowledge of her art told her that cleanliness had been achieved, and that for the perfecting of her work was needed only copious rinsing in the running stream. Close beside her, always, was a little fire, whereon rested a little boiler; and thence smoke and steam curled up together amidst the branches of the overhanging trees. On the low bushes near by were spread the drying clothes; in the middle distance stood out the straw-thatched hut; and beyond, for background, were trees and bushes and huts and half-hidden stone walls. And as near her as their perverse spirits would permit them to come were the twins, Antonio and Antonia, scantily clad or not clad at all, usually engaged in some small evil, or else basking like two little brown lizards in the sun. Some day an artist will come to Monterey who will paint Catalina at her work with all her picturesque surroundings; and if he paints the picture well, he will thereafter awake to find himself famous.

Pancha, joining this group, and perfecting it by standing erect beside the bubbling boiler, was further cheered by Catalina's confident talk concerning the certainty of Pepe's success. Manuel had stopped at the *jacal* on his way homeward — coming sleepily back from his vigilant duties on the city watch — to leave the good news that a detachment of the *contraresguardo* really had been sent away early that morning toward Garcia — quite in

the opposite direction from that whence Pepe would come. There could be no doubt about this assuring fact, for one of his fellow *serenos*, being on duty near the barracks, actually had seen the force depart. So it was clear that the most important part of the promise made to Pepe by his employers had been fulfilled. The other part, the massing of the *rurales* in the wrong place at the critical moment, might now confidently be counted upon — and this made sure that Pepe would accomplish safely his unostentatious yet triumphal entry into Monterey. As became the prospective mother-in-law of the hero of this noble adventure, Catalina greatly rejoiced; and Pancha, listening to such heartening news, was still more firmly convinced that the good Saint Francis had heard her prayer.

BUT even while these comforting thoughts upheld the hopes of the watchers in Monterey, Chona's treachery was doing its work. In the early morning of the third day after Pepe's departure there had been a tough fight south of Lampazos — and the end of it was the capture by the *contraresguardo* of one of Pepe's three trains. Broken by a sudden charge, the guard of smugglers was overcome; one or two were killed, half a dozen were captured, and the rest saved themselves by the speed of their horses and their knowledge of the mountain paths. The men of the *contraresguardo* were jubilant. But there was no joy in the heart of their captain. He had but the cold satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty — and bitter he had found that duty to do.

When the scattered *burros* had been driven together, and their packs made fast again, the convoy set off southward; for the capture had been made in the State of Nuevo Leon, and the *contrabando* would be turned into the custom-house at Monterey. Under the hot sun the train moved slowly along the valley; so slowly that Pedro's horse, outwalking the short-stepping *burros*, carried him far in advance of his command. He was too deeply buried in his own thoughts to perceive his loneliness, and it was only when he reached the town of Salinas that he roused himself and found that his convoy was almost out of sight down the dusty, winding road. On the bluff above the Salinas River he tethered his horse to a tree, and sat down in the shade of the ferry-man's hut to wait for his men to overtake him. The *barquero* speedily slunk away; but Pedro, heavy with his own heavy thoughts, took slight notice of his movements, save that he was glad to be left alone.

A quarter of a mile from where he sat the road dipped into a recess behind a shoulder

of the mountain, and for a little space was lost to view. He watched the train until it entered this recess, and then, while waiting for it to reappear, he bowed his head upon his hand. His heart was very full of bitter-

four times as many men came out from behind the shoulder of the mountain in sharp pursuit. The pursued were bent low over the necks of their horses; from the crowd of pursuers there came each instant a puff of smoke followed



"A LITTLE APART FROM THESE WAS PANCHÁ."

ness. There was but little comfort for him in the fact that the train that he had captured had not been commanded by Pepe in person; for he knew that the precautions taken made the capture, either in the mountains or in Monterey, of the other two trains certain; and not less certain was the capture or the killing of Pepe himself. Certainly Pepe's fortune, probably his life, already was as good as forfeited; and with this forfeiture Pancha's hope of happiness was gone! And the cruel part of it all was that Pancha ever must believe that he, willfully, revengefully, because she had kept back from him her love, had brought upon her this great misery. In the darkness that beset him he saw no way of hopeful light. He had saved his honor, but he had wrecked his heart.

A rattle of rifle-shots snapped short his dismal reverie. As he sprang to his feet he saw a squad of his own people, a dozen or so, galloping up the road, and a moment later

by the sharp crack of the report; and each instant a horse fell, or ran wildly with empty saddle, as the balls went home.

Pedro loosened his revolver in his belt and sprang to his horse. The *barquero* had become visible again, and was standing beside him; on his face was a malicious, yet not wholly unkindly grin. "Quick!" he said. "Get into the boat. You yet have time." As an officer of the *contrasguardo* he hated Pedro cordially; but he had no especial wish to see him shot down, now that the smugglers had recaptured the *contrabando* and the fight was won. But Pedro already was mounted, and his horse was headed not toward the river, but toward his men. The *barquero* saw his purpose, and seized his bridle with a strong hand.

"God! Señor Captain, would you ride straight to your death?"

"Let loose, or I shoot!"

Like a flash Pedro's revolver was drawn and

cocked and within an inch of the *barquero's* head.

"You are a fool, a madman! Go!" And the man staggered aside as the horse, bounding forward, sharp stricken with the spurs, brushed against him, and nearly threw him to the ground.

"*Es mi deber!*" "'Tis my duty!" came ringing back through the rush of air as Pedro rode furiously onward; and it seemed to the *barquero*—yet this was so strange a thing that he could not trust his ears—that there was gladness, nay, even triumph, in Pedro's tone.

Whether spoken in sorrow or in hope, certain it is that these were the last words which the *capitan* Pedro spoke on earth.

IN Monterey there was no knowledge of the loss and of the gaining back again from the *contraresguardo* of a part of Pepe's treasure; no knowledge that treachery had come in to defeat Pepe's well-laid plans. Therefore, when at last the momentous day arrived, there was with Pepe's friends a glad expectancy and happy hope. Under all, of course, was somewhat of fear that even in the moment of its success failure might come and dash the gallant plan. And because of such dismal doubt, Tobalito's face at times was bereft of its accustomed cheeriness, and for minutes together he would sit silent, the while mechanically polishing the brass number that, as a *cargador*, he wore upon his breast, as was his wont on the rare occasions when his mind was beset by troublous thoughts. But these fears, in which, also, the others shared, had no endurance; for all had steady faith in the all-powerfulness of Pepe's lucky star. So, slowly, the day wore on, and at last was lost in night.

Excepting the twins, Antonio and Antonia, no one that night slept in the *jacal*. Tobalito sat before his door and smoked incessantly his corn-husk *cigarritos*. Beside him, smoking not less vigorously, sat Catalina. A little apart from these was Pancha, holding in her arms the yellow cat. And each of these three minds was so busy with its own thoughts that all of the three tongues were still. Only the yellow cat, having but little mind, and that being soothed into a calm content by Pancha's gentle strokings of her sleek fur, expressed her perfect happiness, and so made talk for the whole party, in a rumbling purr.

From where they sat—although they could not hope to see even the reflected light of the burning *jacal* that was to clear the way for the entry of the *contrabando*—they could see, a hundred yards away, the stone causeway standing out in the light of the young moon against the darkness beyond. Pancha's mind

was full of sweet remembrance of the words which Pepe had spoken to her over beyond the causeway, beside the pool, but five little days before, and of the glad future that was bound up in the fulfillment of his hopes. Tobalito and Catalina, being somewhat beyond the age of romance, were thinking not less gladly of the good fortune that was in store for them through the rich son-in-law who had come to lighten the burdens of their old age. No more would the *cargador* bear heavy loadings of other people's goods; no more would the *lavandera* wear her life out in washing other people's clothes. And so all three waited and watched eagerly, straining their ears for the rattle of horses' feet upon the stone-paved streets; straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the *burro*-train stealing in from the Zona Libre with its rich load. For close beside them, across the causeway, the train that Pepe himself headed was to pass. Now and again they caught sight of a little point of flame passing and repassing near the farther end of the causeway; and they knew that it was the lantern of the *sereno*, and that Manuel also watched and waited hopefully to see his son, bearing his rich sheaves with him, come gallantly home. All four of these fond hearts were brimming full of love and hope and joy.

SLOWLY the young moon set, when suddenly Pancha was aroused by a strange confusion: pistol-shots—screams—a rush of horses' feet—oaths—the clash of steel—and on the causeway, dimly seen in the faint light, a confused mass of men and horses and laden *burros* were hurrying away before an orderly mass of horsemen riding in upon them from the east. And, before the full meaning of all this was clear to Pancha's mind, came another rush of horsemen charging down along the causeway from the west. Right under Pancha's eyes Pepe, surrounded by his foes, was fighting for his life; and Pancha knew that the fight was hopeless, and that Pepe's life was lost! Up at the end of the causeway she saw quivering for an instant the light of the *sereno's* lantern; and a vast sorrow for the old man standing there, full of years, yet henceforth to be childless, for the moment overcame the bitter agony in her own heart. But only for a moment. Then, with a cry keen and woful, that echoed along the *arroyo*, and even for an instant made the men pause in their deadly fight, with every drop of her sluggish but fierce Indian blood aroused and burning in her veins, she sprang to her feet, and but for Tobalito's strong, restraining grasp, she would have gone to Pepe's aid and died wildly striking by Pepe's

side—as the Aztec women, her brave ancestors, fought and died on the causeways of Anahuac when the cruel Spaniards first came into the land. But Tobalito held her fast—and then a merciful unconsciousness came to give her breaking heart relief.

WHEN life came back to Pancha, she was alone in the *jacal*, save that in one corner lay the twins, Antonio and Antonia, still asleep; and beside them, having fled thither for refuge during the noise and confusion of the fight, was huddled the yellow cat. Within the *jacal* a little candle feebly burned, casting a faint gleam of light through the open doorway out upon the broad, smooth leaves of the banana-tree. There was no sound to break the serene stillness of the night, and, for a little, Pancha half fancied, and tried hard to make herself believe, that she was but awaking from a woful dream. But the searching agony that wrenched her heart was too bitterly real to give a chance for this fond fancy to have play. And then, slowly but strongly, the thought came into her mind that she must go to Pepe; that, if living, she must bear to him words of comfort and of hope; that, if dead, she must cast one last loving look upon his face.

So she passed out into the darkness—for only a faint, hazy light beyond the Mitras showed where the young moon had sunk away behind the mountains—and walked along the path that she and Pepe had trod together but five days before. This time she did not pass beneath the arch of the causeway. Where the path forked she turned to the right and climbed the bank of the *arroyo*, and so came out upon the causeway itself. In the darkness she tripped and nearly fell, and, looking closely, she saw at her feet the body of a man. Resolutely, yet shudderingly, she stooped still closer to see by the faint starlight the dead face, and knew it for the face of one of Pepe's companions. Beside the dead *contrabandista* lay another dead body, clad in the uniform of the *contraresguardo*; and the two lay facing each other as they had fallen in the fight. Beyond were yet others, and a dead horse or two, and a dead *burro*—from which the lading of precious stuffs had been hastily removed—and carbines, and swords, and pistols were lying as they fell from dead hands; for, in the joy of their victory and capture, the *contraresguardo* had wasted no time in bearing away their fallen comrades or in clearing off the field. And Pancha, wofully seeking for Pepe, passed back and forth among the dead.

While she searched thus, she saw coming slowly from the far end of the causeway a

little point of light, and presently the old *sereno*, wrapped in his long cloak, stood beside her. In a broken sentence or two he told her that, with Tobalito and Catalina, he had followed the *contraresguardo* to the barracks, and that Pepe was not among the prisoners, and so he had come back to look for him here. Pancha made him no answer in words, but she took his hand and kissed it; and, still holding it, they searched together for the dead one who had been all in all to them in the world. Along the whole length of the causeway they searched, but found him not.

"Yet he is here," said Manuel. "My boy is not a prisoner, and if not a prisoner, he surely was struck down in the fight."

And Pancha knew that Manuel spoke truth: Pepe could not be safe and free from harm while all his men were captured or slain.

While they paused midway upon the causeway, standing upon the arch that spans the stream, a low, faint moan sounded through the still night air. The sound came up from the darkness below—from the space beside the pool. Bending together over the edge of the unguarded footway, Manuel held down his lantern so that its light fell into the depth beside the wall and was reflected back in broken rays from the rippling water. Then he moved the lantern slowly, until the light rested upon the bank and shone on Pepe's body stretched upon the ground—on Pepe's face upturned toward them piteously! And Pepe knew them. Up through the darkness came faintly the words, "Pancha! Padre!"

When, going very quickly, they passed to the end of the causeway, and so down the bank of the *arroyo* to where he lay, he clasped feebly their hands as they knelt beside him: the lantern throwing a weird, uncertain light upon the three, upon the dark stone wall, upon the dark water of the pool.

"It was a trap, my father; we were betrayed," he said brokenly. "But we made a brave fight, and I can die without shame."

He felt the quiver that passed through Pancha's body as he spoke.

"Yes, I must die, my Pancha. It is very near. All is ended that we planned—that we planned on this very spot, not yet a little week ago. It is hard, my little one—but—it—must—be." Then he was silent, and clenched his teeth—this brave Pepe—that his face might not show to Pancha his mortal agony.

Manuel held Pepe's hand and wept: the silent, forlorn weeping of an utterly desolate old man. Pancha could not weep. She clutched Pepe's hand in both of hers, as though forcibly she would hold him back to life. Pepe understood her thought.

"It may not be, my Pancha, my Panchita.

It is very, very near now. Give me one little kiss, my heart," — it was almost in a whisper that Pepe spoke, — "one little kiss to tell me of your love before I go."

And so, for the first and the last time in her life, Pancha kissed Pepe upon the lips: a kiss in which was all the passionate love that would have been his in the long years to come; a kiss that was worth dying for, if only by dying it could be gained; a kiss that for a moment thrilled Pepe with the fullest, gladdest life that he had ever known — and that, being ended, left him dead.

Then Pancha, kneeling where the holy fathers, far back in the centuries, had sung their *Te Deum laudamus*, kneeling where but five little days before her life had been filled with a love so perfect as to be beyond all

power of thankfulness in words of praise, looked down upon her dead lover and felt her heart break within her in the utterness of her despair.

STANDING amidst the dead upon the causeway above, a dim shadow against the star-lit sky, was another figure — unperceived by, yet completing, the group below. The arms were raised, half threateningly, half imploringly, and the lithe, vigorous form swayed in unison with the wild throbbings of a heart in which sated hate did mortal battle with outraged love. Chona had conquered; but even in the first flush of her triumph she knew that love and hope and happiness, that everything which makes life worth holding to, had been lost.

Thomas A. Janvier.

LEGENDS OF THE PASSAMAQUODDY.

WITH DRAWINGS ON BIRCH BARK BY A QUĀDI INDIAN.



THE QUĀDI "PUCK."

many antiquaries, philosophers, or other gentlemen of industrious idleness, to have preserved for us something of the old language of the Tarquins, a fair collection of their songs and legends, or an essay on their place-names. Yet precisely the same thing will certainly be said a thousand years hence of the very same American scholars who thus complain of the Romans. What have they done to preserve the memorabilia of the Red Indians who preceded them? Truly very little. The names of Schoolcraft, Trumbull, Brinton, and some others stand out in honorable prominence in this field; but compared to the immensity of the harvest, the laborers thus far are almost as remarkable for their fewness as for their praiseworthy zeal.

One might by seeking find, almost any day, in some print the admission that America is wanting in romantic legends, and all the

THERE are, no doubt, many scholars in New England who regret that the Romans cared so little for their Etruscan predecessors. It would have been so very easy for Cicero or Pliny or any of the

sweet, wild charm of Elfin land. The Hudson is not for us as the storied Rhine. Yet, if we did but know it, every hill and vale and rock and rivulet around us was once consecrated by all these "sweet humanities of old religion." More than this, the mythology of the Middle Ages, the quaint wild *mährchen* of Scandinavia and the Teuton and the Celt, while not more attractive from an objective or dramatic point of view, are far inferior to our Algonkin Indian tales in the subtle charm of the myth. True, it is not generally appreciated; it seldom is by the popularizers of great legends. Longfellow entirely omits from Hiawatha all the inner life of the Chippeway tales; and Mr. Arnold, in his "Light of Asia," does not seem to consider the main point of the whole effort of Buddha, the formula by which souls are to be saved, to be worth mentioning, though it is on this "jewel" that all the machinery of Hindoo time turns, and to attain this that the reformer renounces earth and defies hell. Thus far our American tales have been treated — as by Mr. Mathews — literally as nothing more than common nursery stories. Yet even by this standard they are very beautiful. Had our scholars taken but a little pains they might have shown the Old World that all that is sweet and strange in spirit and dream-love haunts our forests; that Puck as the *Mik-amawes* frolics by moonlight in the *d'jeh-ka-mee-gus*, or forest-openings; that Melusine turns herself from woman to serpent; and that the seal, like the dolphin of old, saves his friends from drowning.

The fairy legends of Europe come to us

strained to utter thinness through centuries of unbelief,—that is to say, made rocco, even as the gods were roccoed in France until Monsieur Berger invoked *le dieu des billards*! But there is in our Indian tales, as told to-day, an intense *faith*; the narrators even believe in such of Æsop's fables as they have learned from some genial Catholic priest, and then quaintly mythologized according to their own conceptions. As the Red Indian myths agree strangely enough in the main with the Hindoo, *e. g.*, in the magical power of penance, *maya*, and transmigration of a certain kind, it is not remarkable that the *fable*, which, if not of Buddhistic origin, was at least perfected by Buddhistic influence, should be keenly enjoyed by the Algonkin. As an illustration of this, I will tell one as narrated to me by a Passamaquoddy (or Quoddy) Indian:

"*Kah-ni-ûf*—a long time ago—there was an Indian village. All who lived in it were very provident: they laid up stores for winter. There was one man named Mû-in, the Bear; he gathered berries and dried them.* Mee-ko, the Squirrel, stored up nuts; Mah-tigwess, the Rabbit, laid by grass. But there was one young man who did nothing but play on the flute all the time, and lounge about singing while the others were at work. When winter came he had nothing. So for a time he begged a meal from one and then from another, till they all tired of him and sent him out of the village to shift for himself. Now, in time these Indians all turned into animals, and Mû-in became a bear, and so on with the rest, and the lazy Indian became a locust, which does nothing but go *biz-s-s*."

Here the narrator startled me by a loud, shrill, and excellent imitation of the cry of the insect, and then continued:

"Now they are animals they continue to do as of old. And this is all very curious, and I think if examined it might be proved; for all animals have habits like men, and where would they get so much sense from if they were not once much cleverer than they are now?"

Though this is not really *ab initio* an Indian story, the variation from the original is remarkable; for it is so told as to change the true moral or deduction, and I have begun with it because it gives a key to three-fourths of all our Red Indian legends. Living constantly among wild animals, and closely studying their habits, the Indian recognizes in them an intelligence which to him seems human. The bear, the otter, and the beaver meet his craft with craft, and in their way behave ex-

actly as even an Indian would do under the same circumstances. Therefore, in time, men who resembled certain animals, or who had distinguished themselves by killing them, received their names. Hence came transmitted family names and the *totem*. The primeval bear, whatever he was, man or beast, loves his descendants and aids them. With time, too, there comes a confusion of ideas on the subject. Sometimes it is the animals who are changed into men, and in certain stories there is as hopeless a bewilderment as in Uncle Remus's tales of the rabbits and other creatures who looked and behaved quite like human beings, and won for themselves mortal wives. It is in this connection very remarkable that in the Quadi tales Brother Rabbit is eminently the most cunning of all the beasts, and entirely outwits his enemy the wily wildcat.

THE RIVER.

"*Ato kah-win*—tell me a story?"

"Yes, I will tell you a story. Once upon a time there was an Indian village by a little river. All the water they had to drink came from this river. There were no brooks or springs or ponds far or near—nothing to drink from but this and the rain. Now, there came a long, dry summer. Suddenly in one night the river ceased to flow. In a few days there was not so much as a puddle from which to quench thirst. This was hard for the Indians.

"Now, when they were almost dying for a drink, they held a meeting, and after a long debate sent an Indian up the river to find why it had ceased to flow; and far away and near its source he discovered the cause. There was another village there, whose inhabitants had built a dam and made a pond, which they kept all to themselves. The messenger complained to them that this was very selfish. They bade him speak to their chief. He did so; but what was his amazement at seeing that this chief was more of a monster than a man. He was an immense bloated creature, with a great paunch many times larger than that of the fattest live man. To him the messenger complained of the dam, but only met with abuse. 'If you want water, go somewhere else,' said the monster. 'What do I care if your people die of thirst. Begone!' But at last, moved by the prayers of the messenger, he bade one of his men take an arrow and pierce a small hole in the dam, so that a little water might run down the stream.

* This belief that the bear lays up berries for winter consumption appears also in another story that was told me.

"The Indian returned, and for a few days his fellow-villagers had a scanty allowance of water. By and by this ceased again to flow. Then the poor people became desperate. There was among them a fearless and powerful warrior. They told him to go to the bloated chief, and unless the monster would take away the dam, to proceed to extremes and do his worst. 'We may as well be killed,' said they, 'as die of thirst with our families.' So the brave man, who cared for nothing so much as a fight, got ready and departed. He came to the village of the dam, and saw the fat chief. Neither was pleased with the other's appearance, and when the brave man said that he had come to order the dam to be destroyed, and that he expected it to be done immediately, the chief in a rage called to his followers. Whereupon the brave man, quick as lightning, split the chief's head with a tomahawk, and then thrust his spear into the great belly. But what a wonder! In an instant, village, Indians, and all vanished; for it was all *m'tuolin*, and from the paunch of the monster came rushing in torrents the whole river, which he had swallowed."

"Was this the end?"

"No—it was the beginning of a new race of beings; for the Indians of the lower village, being terribly thirsty, did as hungry men do when they sit and tell one another what they would like to have to eat if they could get it. 'I,' said one, as they lounged on the rocks which had once been wet, 'would like to wind about in nice soft mud or moss, and keep wet, and now and then drink my fill.' 'I,' said a long-legged young man, 'would dive from a rock all day and then swim ashore. Oh! how I would swallow the water!' 'Ah, I would do better than that,' said a third, 'for I would live in the river, and only when the weather was fine bask on a log or a stone, and then plump head over heels into the depths.' 'Ho! you none of you know how to wish,' cried a fourth. 'I am the only one who is *so'gm'o** of the wishers. I would live in the water, swimming all the time, and never come out.'

"Now, it so happened that all this was said in the hour when all men get their wishes. And so the first was turned into a water-lizard, which wiggles about in mud and moss; and the second, who wanted to take headers into the river, took them in earnest, for he became a frog, and a splendid jumper he is. Indeed, I have seen the time when I have been after a deer when I wished that I, too, had such legs as Mr. Tchik-wül-sük."

* *So'gm'o*, chief. From this word comes *sagamore*, and the generally mispronounced *sachem*. There are two slight gutturals, or deep aspirates, in it.

"So, that is the Indian for a frog?"

"Yes; it sounds like it, doesn't it? But the fourth *u'skédzin* or Indian—he that was the chief of the wishers—became a fish. And all the rest of the village, down to the very children, as they were all wishing for something of the same kind in their hearts, became tadpoles, or leeches, or water-snakes, or such things. Before this happened there were no creatures in the waters; so now you know how all such animals came into the world."

"How about the one who wished to sit on the log in sunshine and then slip down into the water?"

"Oh, that was *Tchick-we-nocktch*, or turtle, and a turtle he is to this day. Yes; his name is hard to pronounce, and if he is a snapper he is a hard fellow to deal with, and when he takes hold he never lets go till it thunders. But he is the best of all to eat—the harder the shell the sweeter the nut; and I hope I may find one the next time I go into a pond, so that I don't find it out by his getting hold of me first."

This is a very remarkable myth, since in it the incarnation of the river, or of the swallower of a river, in a monster who does not yield it till killed, reminds us forcibly of Typhon, and by antithesis of many Old World demons who devastate by drought until they meet with the appointed hero. The ingenuity and tact with which the narrative is made the medium for accounting for the origin of all swimming creatures, make it almost a masterpiece of its kind. It will at once occur to the reader who is versed in such literature, that men who could frame such fictions were no bunglers in invention. In its semi-comic form, allied to the depth of the myths involved, we have an evidence of great strength, and in this respect we have in this little tale one of the few which rival in power the wonderful story of Vikram and the Vampire.

KO-KO-KAS (THE OWL).

THERE was an old couple who lived in a village by the edge of a river. They had a daughter who was very handsome and clever. All the young men wanted her for a wife, but she was of a strange nature and refused every offer. Still they came, and the parents, who wished to live in peace, had a troubled life. At last the old man, who wanted to please his daughter without making enemies, declared that any one who would win her must do something which seemed to be quite impossible; for, reasoning that to spit on a fire rather tends to

quench it than make it burn, he declared that whoever would become his son-in-law must by spitting into hot embers make them blaze up. And this was tried by many, of course, without success, and the clever and beautiful girl remained for a long time single.

Now, there was a mysterious old woman in the village, of whom, as nothing was known either to her credit or discredit, it was naturally reported that she was *mtëülin*, or gifted with magic power; and it happened not only to be true, but much less than the whole truth, for she was really one of the most potent sorceresses among the Wabanaki, but allied to the powerful and terrible family of the Owls—the Great Horned Owl himself being her own nephew. Now, there are ups and downs in power even among the greatest, and this nephew would seem at this time to have been somewhat reduced, since he was living simply as a young Indian, skillful, it is true, as a hunter, and brave as a warrior, but of extremely retired disposition, passing his leisure in solitude in the woods. To him the aunt suggested marriage with the girl, and, finding that it would suit him well were it but possible, rendered it possible by giving him a magic drink which would enable him to perform the fire-spitting feat without difficulty. So that evening, when there was a large and select company, including the *so'gm'o*, or chief himself, in the lodge inhabited by the girl and her parents, he walked in, and according to Indian custom spat on the fire as soon as he entered. Blaze! I should think it did. It flew up to the roof until the flame went out at the smoke-hole. And without speaking a word, or casting a look at any who were present, Owl turned on his heel and went home. As the chief was present, and as the father of the girl had declared that any one who could fulfill the condition should have his daughter, the marriage ceremony was performed at once according to our old custom. So the girl followed her husband, and was received by him very kindly in his wigwam, where he had spread some bear-skins, on which she at once sat down beside him.

In the morning she rose to light the fire, but before she did so gazed at her sleeping husband, and at a glance she saw something which filled her with terror and amazement. It was the gleam for an instant, as he slept, of his awful eyes as he in a dream opened and shut them, and still more *his ears* standing up from the great masses of black hair; for when any animal becomes human it always retains, in some way, a trace of what it was; and the Owl, let him enchant himself as much as he will, always shows what he is in his eyes and ears.

Now, a white girl would not be more appalled at learning that she had married the devil himself than was this maid on finding that her husband was that terrible sorcerer of the North, the great Ko-ko-kas, or the awful Owl. She gazed steadily at him, unable to move, for half an hour. At last the spell was broken by the aunt, who, having entered quietly, as all the Owl family are wont to do, and looked at her for some time, asked her pleasantly if she was not tired of standing still. Then she gave a scream and fled homeward. She would not return to her husband; she would not see him. Her family and all the village sympathized with her; for, though none of them knew anything to the discredit of Owl, still the coming of such a terrible and famous being into their small life was entirely too much for them.

Owl left the village, and for a long time tried without success many tricks and devices whereby to regain his wife. But she would not be conciliated. Finally, it occurred to him that if he could make himself very popular under another form and name, it might lead to success. So he changed his appearance, and as a very handsome young Indian came and joined the village again. Going on the first day far into the woods,



FLEEING FROM THE OWL.

he found a moose-yard and killed a moose, and not far from it a bear. He soon got some one to help him carry the meat home, and then sent messengers out inviting all far and near to a grand feast. The bride and her parents, being very suspicious, at first refused to accept the call, but, when assured by the boy who was sent to them that the host was only a stranger who desired to become acquainted with everybody, finally went.



THE RABBIT TOMAHAWKS THE WILDCAT.

All passed pleasantly so long as the eating and drinking continued. The host was very agreeable and in a fair way to become immensely popular. After dinner, when all were comfortably smoking, Owl proposed that every one, for mutual entertainment, should tell a story, each to narrate the most remarkable event which had ever happened to him or to her at any time. When it came to the bride's turn, she fixed a keen glance on the host, and said that as her story would require very close attention, she must ask that all present would show their ears. Of course the guests laughed and complied. Not so the entertainer, who indeed smiled, but said that his hearing was so remarkably acute that he could catch distinctly any sound, though it were only a whisper through a rock, and that it would hardly be fair to require him to derange his carefully arranged head-dress. As all his company only clamored the more on hearing this, he threw himself on his dignity and privilege as host. Now, the Owl, though grave and wise, has a temper; and when his guests continued to roar for a sight of his ears, all his evil blood became hot enough, and standing up at full height, he threw back his hair, showing his ears like horns, while all the fury of the awful sorcerer glared from his eyes. Then there was a scream as of one voice, when they turned in terror and rushed for the door so rapidly that one could hardly see them as they ran.

The Owl fled again, and again tried new ways to win his wife once more, and failed repeatedly. But his aunt was not idle. She was angered that any ordinary human girl could be so clever and so proud as to resist her great nephew. She employed all her energy to win fresh *m'teulin* power, and day

by day felt it growing upon her. Finally she knew that it was won. Then she made a flute. Whoever played on it could win all hearts. It had cost terrible fasting, and long suffering, and awful effort of will; but it was a success. This she gave to her nephew.

But the bride kept herself so much away from all mankind after that dreadful dinner that the flute, in turn, seemed to be useless. Her husband could not get within her hearing. But chance often gives what craft cannot win. One day when he was deep in the woods, sitting far up in a high tree and musing moodily on his sorrows, his wife came, thinking she was in the loneliest place in the world, and sat down under him. She, too, had a flute, and, as she played with wonderful skill, sweet, soft notes of magic melody, at first unheard, mingled with her own. The air grew richer, deeper, more impassioned; but as she realized that the strains were not hers, but those of a greater master, she was conquered. And as the warblings of the flutes mingled, her soul mingled with the unknown; and then the Owl came sailing softly down on his broad pinions and carried her far away, and they lived together happily ever after.

I TRUST no reader will think that I have "written" up this or any other story, or in any way attempted to ornament it. The very structure of this legend, and the manner of its ending, as it was told to me in simple words by an Indian in his tent, affected me far more than I can move any reader by it. But as far as I can make them out—my knowledge of the Quädi dialect of the Wabenaki being sadly limited—these tales have all in them, as originally told, a poetic charm which English cannot convey. The language itself is always

spoken in low, soft tones; I have compared it often to the cooing of doves in a murmuring pine forest, by a softly flowing stream. The Algonkin languages, so far as represented by Chippeway, Quâdi, and Penobscot, which are the only ones that I have ever listened to, are the only tongues in which mere sound has seemed to me to be perfect; and in the original the concluding phrases of this story of the Owl are music itself. The traditions of the Micmacs, which were originally also those of the Quâdis, state that when Glûskap, the great Northern god, left the world on account of the exceeding great wickedness of man, the great Snowy Owl returned to the deepest forest, to return no more till he could welcome his grand master, and that, in those solemn solitudes, he still repeats "Ko-ko-kas," or, as the Micmac has it, "Koo-koo-skoos," meaning "Oh! I am sorry." It is at least pleasant to learn from the Quâdi tale that the Owl, before retiring, provided himself with a lovely partner to share his sorrows and his game. It may be observed that, in the beginning of this story, the hero appears to be in reduced circumstances. His virtue has gone from him. As in India, Brahma himself, not having attained Nirvana, may be degraded to the lowest humanity, so he who expends his *m'teûlin* energy is liable to become a feeble mortal, as occurs in the Chippeway legend, in which the supreme Manabozho cannot even obtain meat, and is contemptuously fed by a woodpecker. It is also remarkable that in the Old World traditions, as in the New, animals, as well as supernatural beings which assume human form, always retain some trace of their origin. Satan must keep his cloven hoof; the water-fay has always one corner of her dress wet. Everything keeps something of the old savor and flavor.

THE RABBIT AND THE WILDCAT.

Mecûit matowess n'yaga habibuségan—there was once a Rabbit and a Lusifi.—What is a lusifi?—Well, it is a kind of wildcat, and the rabbit is its natural food. But these were Indians who were also animals, or else the other way. Anyhow, Wildcat put himself at the head of a pack of ravenous wolves and went hunting with them. Now, being half starved and wishing to show the wolves what he could do, by way of a bright beginning he took them to Rabbit's house, thinking he would easily be caught. But this Rabbit had made himself a powerful *m'teûlin*, or magician, and one of his strong points was to know whenever danger threatened him. So that, the instant Wildcat spoke of eating him, he heard it all in his soul as if it had rung in his

ears, and, having determined with all his will not to be caught, made himself as *m'teûlin* as he could. Then, in order to escape from his home and get far away without leaving track or scent, he took an armful of large chips and, throwing one as far as he could from his door, jumped to it. Then he threw another and jumped to that, and so on till the chips were all gone, when he took one flying leap and ran for life to get in a hurry out of scent, sight, and sound.

When Wildcat and his wolves came to Rabbit's house it was empty. They smelt and looked all about, but could find nothing. Now, wolves are a rude, impatient kind of people; so they turned on Wildcat and told him that if he were only half as clever as he thought himself, he would indeed be something remarkable; but that as for commanding wolves, they thought a following of field mice to hunt bogs would be much more suitable for him. They taunted him with many more pleasing remarks of this kind before they galloped off, leaving him almost crazy with anger. For the Wildcat has a terrible temper, and is also the proudest of all creatures; yet his stubbornness is as great as his temper and his pride. So, being alone, he resolved to follow Rabbit and devour him, or die in the attempt. His first move on the flying foe was very ingenious. Taking the house as a center, he went around it in a gradually enlarging spiral line, rightly reasoning that this, if sufficiently extended, must inevitably strike Rabbit's track somewhere. And indeed he had not described many semicircles of the volute before he found the mark of the feet as expected. And then—whoop!—he was off in hot haste headlong after the fellow with the long ears. And Rabbit, in turn, knowing by magic power that he was pursued, put on additional speed, and so ran till nightfall, when he found himself quite exhausted. He had but little time to make preparations for defense. All he could do was to trample down the snow and break off a spruce twig and lay it on the ground and sit on it. But when Wildcat came there he found a fine wigwam and put his head in it. There he saw, seated by a fire, smoking, an old man, very gray, of dignified aspect, whose majestic appearance was much heightened by a pair of very long and venerable ears. In breathless haste Wildcat asked him if he had seen a Rabbit passing that way. The ancient Indian replied with surprise: "Rabbits! Why, of course I have seen many, for they abound in the wood near this place. I see dozens of them every day." Then he remarked kindly to Wildcat that he had better stay there for a time and rest. "I am an old man," he said impressively, "and

alone, and a respectable guest like yourself comes to me like a blessing." So Wildcat readily consented to stay all night. "This wretched creature whom you are pursuing," said his host, "who doubtless merits an exemplary punishment, will also be weary, and must sleep. You will therefore lose no time, and may take up his trail in the morning."

So, after a good meal, Wildcat lay down beside the fire on a white bear's skin and went to sleep, and, having run all day, never awoke once all night. But when he did, he was as astonished as he was miserable, for he found himself on the open heath in the snow, and almost starved to death. The wind blew as if it had a keen will to kill him, and his sleep had not refreshed him. There was no sign of a wigwam, except a twig, nor of his host, save rabbit-tracks trailing to the north. He saw at once that he had been enchanted, and again swore revenge on the Rabbit, come what might. So he chased again until nightfall. Then the Rabbit, knowing that the foe was at hand, again trampled down the snow for a great space around a hollow stump, and strewed many chips and twigs, for he felt that this time a far greater endeavor must be made.

So, when Wildcat came up, he found himself in a great Indian village, with such crowds of people bustling about that anything like magic or delusion never occurred to him. The first building that he saw was a church, in which service was apparently being held. Entering hastily, he said to the first person near: "Have you seen a rabbit running this way?" And the man, whispering, said: "Hush! you must wait till the meeting is over." Then a young fellow, apparently of the better class, beckoned to him to come further in and hear the preaching. He did so. The priest was old and very gray, and his ears stood up from under his closely fitting little skull-cap like two long handles on a small, round jug. And his sermon was very long indeed, especially to Mr. Wildcat, for it was on the duties of temperance, moderation, gentleness, and forgiveness of enemies. And all those who were ferocious, vulgar, and utterly contemptible were compared to ravening wolves and wildcats, who were described as combining the wickedness of *Mitchek'nt*, the devil, with the vileness of the skunk. Still Wildcat suspected nothing, being confident that no one present knew who he was. And when service was over he asked the young Indian if he had seen a rabbit go by. The young man replied: "Rabbits! Why, there are hundreds close to us, and you can have as many as you want." But Wildcat said: "Ah, those are not of the right kind! I mean a very different sort — the man-

rabbit." But the youth said: "I know of no other kind except such as run wild in the woods. But you may inquire of our governor or chief." And the governor came up to greet the stranger. He, too, like the preacher, was venerable and gray, with two long locks standing up on either side of his head, not unlike horns. And being most kindly invited, Wildcat went home with the great man, whose two handsome daughters cooked him a fine supper, after which they brought him a beautiful white bear's skin* and a new white blanket, and made up a bed for him beside the fire. And what with the sermon, the supper, and his day's run, Wildcat was asleep as soon as he lay down; but when he awoke in the gray dawn, he found himself more miserable than before, in the water and snow of a deep cedar swamp, the wind blowing worse than ever, and seeming to howl scornful songs. Yet he sprang up more game than ever, determining to succeed in spite of all the magic spells in the world. And yet, toward night, when he arrived at another Indian village, and the people came out to meet him, he suspected nothing, and, panting, asked them: "Have — you — seen — a — rabbit — pass — this — way?" With concern they asked him what was the matter. So he told them all the story which you have heard, and, being glad to be made of some consequence after all his humiliations, enlarged greatly on his adventure, making himself out to be the most persecuted and honest Indian in the world. And they pitied him very much — yes, one gray old man, wearing long, down-hanging ear-rings, with two pretty daughters, shed tears; and they comforted him and advised him to stay with them. So he was led to a very large lodge where there was a great fire burning in the middle of the floor. And over it hung two pots, with meat and soup and corn and beans, and by them stood two Indians, who distributed food to all the people, and he had his share with the rest. They all brought their portions to a long table, where they feasted gayly, the guest receiving much attention, which greatly delighted him, as he was, though fierce and crafty, extremely vain. When they had done eating, the old chief, who was very gray, and from either side of whose head rose two venerable long white feathers, with ends curling downward, rose to welcome the stranger, and in a very long speech said that it was with them a good old custom to feed those who visited them and to receive in return a song. Now Wildcat believed himself to be a great poet, and as he had this time all the inspiration of hatred, he burst out into a song of vengeance against all the Rabbits.

* White is always the color peculiar to enchantment in the Algonkin legends.

"Oh, the vile Rabbits!
The miserable corn-thieves!
How I hate them!
How I despise them!
How I laugh at them!
May I scalp them all!"

This song was greatly admired, whereupon Wildcat, much elated, said he thought the Governor himself should sing. To this the chief assented, but said that first all who were present must shut their eyes, and, while seated, bow their heads. This they all did. And then Governor Rabbit drew his *timhegan*, or tomahawk, and, clearing guests and table at a bound, gave Wildcat a blow which cut deeply into his head between the ears and stunned him. When he recovered from his swoon he was again in snow and filth, in far worse case than ever, more starved and more miserable, his head a mass of frozen blood. Yet, though nearly dead with cold, he was more resolute than ever to kill the Rabbit. He could not go very far that day for pain and weariness, and was very glad when, at noon, he came to two wigwams. He looked into one and saw two fine girls sewing, and then into the next, where he beheld a venerable gray man with two bird-arrows casually stuck through his hair, while he appeared to be making others. To him Wildcat told his story, and was greatly pitied by both the father and daughters, who advised him to stay with them by all means, and that they would at once get him a doctor, since unless he should receive prompt medical attendance he would surely die. And when the doctor came, he too was old and gray, with the ends which knotted his hair projecting on either side in a very professional manner. He dressed the wound and put salve on it, which gave Wildcat at once a blessed relief from pain, and a sense as of real happiness. Then he brought him a plateful of very small round biscuits and a beautiful pitcher full of straw-colored wine, of which he was urged to partake at intervals, to refresh himself and gather strength.

One would have thought that Wildcat had at his last awaking been in the extreme of misery and humiliation. But one could go still farther and fare worse, as he experienced the next morning, when, on opening his eyes, he found his head aching to madness and swollen to a terrible size, while the wound, which was all gaping wide, was most carefully stuffed with hemlock needles, pine splinters, and gravel. By his side lay a dead leaf, on which were a number of the pellets usually found about the haunts of rabbits, while near them grew a pitcher-plant of the past season, now dead, containing a fluid which had not

the least resemblance to wine, save in color. Then he was indeed furious, since in temper, as in all other things, he seemed to be going from bad to worse, and swore in the very madness of rage that the first living creature which he met should perish, so determined was he to be no longer deceived by the artful Rabbit.

Now the Rabbit had almost exhausted his *m'teulin* power, but there was still enough left for one more grand display. He came to a lake, and, picking up a large chip or piece of wood, threw it in, having first invoked the aid of a number of night-hawks flying overhead. When Wildcat came to the water, he saw sailing on it a large ship. On its deck stood the captain, a fine, gray-haired man, with two points to his cocked hat. But Wildcat now distrusted everything, and, in a rage, he cried: "You cannot fool me this time. I have you now, Mr. Rabbit, so look out for yourself!" Saying this, he plunged into the water and began to swim to the ship. The captain, as if amazed at such boldness in the animal, ordered his men to fire, which they did, bang! bang! bang! with terrible effect, so far, at least, as sound went. Now, this was caused by the night-hawks, who were the sailors, since, when they sail in the air and swoop down, they utter a cry like a shot. At least it seemed so to Wildcat, who, deceived and appalled by this volley, at once turned tail in utter terror, and, not caring to encounter another discharge, swam ashore and vanished in the dark old forest, where, if he is not dead, he is running still.

THE delusion, or mirage, so perfectly depicted and so well sustained in this story, is strikingly like that set forth in the Eddaic tale, where Thor is deceived by the giants, and on waking finds himself also on the heath, with only a few indications in the earth as witness that all was not quite a dream. Yet on the whole it is far more like the Japanese tale in which a young man defies the power of the Foxes, and after being led through a series of strange adventures, also opens his eyes on a lonely field where there is naught save wind and waving grass. So it goes the world over — *c'est partout comme chez nous*.

Every visitor to the fairy island of absurdly named "Campobello" has noticed the not less absurdly titled "Friar," a curious rock resembling a gigantic shrouded human figure, which has given its name to the cave, on either side of which are situated the two hotels. There is little sense in forcing on American scenery the names of friars or knights, and nothing could be more ridiculous than the efforts which have been made by rhymers and small local romancers to invest this Friar

with a story. The Indian name for Campo-bello is both appropriate and sensible, since it is *Ebaw'huít*, meaning Island by (or near) the main-land. As for the Friar, he is a petrified woman, and the ancient legend relative to the image is as follows:

Once there was a young Indian who had married a wife of great beauty, and they were attached to each other by a wonderful love. They lived together on the headland which rises so boldly and beautifully above the so-called Friar. Unfortunately, her parents lived with the young married couple, and acted as though they were still entitled to all control over her. One summer the elder couple wished to go up the St. John River, while the young man was determined to remain on Passamaquoddy Bay. Then the parents bade the daughter to come with them, happen what might. She wished to obey her husband, yet greatly feared her father, and was in dire distress. Now the young man grew desperate. He foresaw that he must either yield to the parents—which all his Indian stubbornness and sense of dignity forbade—or else lose his wife. Now, he was *m'teúlin*, and, thinking that magic might aid him, did all he could to increase his supernatural power. Then feeling himself strong, he said to his wife one morning, "Sit here until I return." She said, "I will," and obeyed. But no sooner was she seated than the *m'teúlin* spell began to work, and she, still as death, soon hardened into stone. Going to the point of land directly opposite, over the bay, the husband called his friends, with his father- and mother-in-law, and told them that he was determined never to part from his wife, nor to lose sight of her for an instant to the end of time, and yet withal they would never quit Passamaquoddy. On being asked sneeringly by his wife's father how he would effect this, he said: "Look across the water. There sits your daughter, and she will never move. Here am I gazing on her. Farewell!" And as he spoke the hue of stone came over his face, and in a few minutes he was a rock. And there they stood for ages, until, some years ago, several fishermen, prompted by the spirit which moves the Anglo-Saxon everywhere to wantonly destroy, rolled the husband with great effort into the bay. As for the bride, she still exists as the Friar, although she has long been a favorite object for artillery practice by both English and American vandal captains, who have thus far, however, only succeeded in knocking off her head.

Another legend told me by an old Indian relative to this curious rock is much less satisfactory. There was a youth who loved the wife of a very old chief who lived up the bay

at the Indian village of Point Pleasant, which is called more sensibly in Indian, Sebaiek, or The Narrows. She did not return his love, and the old chief becoming angry made the country most unsafe for the lover. So he wandered away and was long missing. But one day some fishermen, drawing near the bluff in their canoes, saw at its foot an image. It was that of the young man, who in his intense despair had turned to stone. So the place is called Skédapis, an abbreviation for Skédap-sis-penābsqu', or the Stone Manikin, to this day.

Those who think that tender sentiment is wanting in the Red Indian will admit that this legend, in either version, shows no want of it. But the truth is, there is as much tenderness, grace, quaint delusion, or fairy *maya* and earnest love in these stories as can be found in the romance records of any nation, and much more than there ever was in the second-hand, tarnished, and shabby filigree tales of the old French adventurers and speculators, which have thus far furnished the staple for our poets and makers of books of travel in Canada and New Brunswick. In what constitutes the strongest point of pride with the person of merely literary culture, that is to say, in romance, the Red Indian is often equal to most readers of ordinary poetry, and perhaps their superior as regards the zest for that strange and subtle mysticism which gives the raciest and daintiest flavor to fiction, even as Ariel enchants in "The Tempest." They have rarely met with white men who understand their legends as they themselves do. The result is that they are very reticent as to communicating them. I had at first great difficulty in getting even the most trifling tales from them. They have been accustomed to being told by the religious that *m'teúlin* is only another name for the devilish; at best, they have never talked with white people who believed in any way in their myths. But he who lives in and loves nature sincerely has *faith* in the deepest and sweetest magic, and feels with the Indian, as Heine felt, that there is a wonderful truth in this artless sorcery. When the Indians found that I took something more than "interest" in what they had to tell, they told me freely all they could remember. More than this, I succeeded in awaking in two very intelligent men, one a trader and the other a hunter, a conviction that these stories and songs, which are so rapidly perishing, should be preserved; and they have promised me that during their travels this winter in the far North they will gather from the old people and write down all that they can collect relative to the olden time.

There is a quaint story which, though short, is curious. Once there was a fish (*N'mess*),

and he had magic power. Being assailed by a great number of rival fishes, he made them turn their teeth against one another. Grasping each the other by the tail, they formed a ring, and through this ring he escaped. Time rolled on, and he was a man named Fish. One day he was attacked by a band of human rivals who wished to win his wife. All at once there came to him a memory of the song which he had sung of old when attacked. He sang it again, when at once every Indian seized his neighbor by the hair and killed him with his tomahawk. This legend is perfectly Buddhistic in all its points. As in the "Jatakas," a man is moved to despoil or slay another because when he was a parrot or a tiger in some previous life he did the same. As in Hindoo lore, too, magic power is derived directly from penance, prayer, and fasting allied to a strong will. It represents a capital which may be spent foolishly or wisely, and which may be renewed.

One of my Indian friends was so obliging as not only to tell me stories, but to illustrate them by scraping pictures on winter-birch bark. It is from these pictures that the very aboriginal illustrations for this article were taken.

I observed one day near an Indian's tent, growing in pots, two small evergreens which were most carefully tended. As they differed in nothing from hundreds which were wild around, I thought this singular. I afterward found out the reason. When a child is born or is yet young, its parents choose a shrub, which, growing as the child grows, will, during the child's absence, or even in after years, indicate by its appearance whether the human counterpart be ill or well, alive or dead. In one of the Quâdi stories it is by means of the sympathetic tree that the hero learns his brother's death.

It is to be desired that all who can do so will collect the Indian names of places from living Indians, and with them the accompanying stories. I should take it as a great kindness if those who do so would favor me with the results of their researches. There is not an old Indian living in New England or Canada who does not remember something well worth recording. And it is very certain that the names of those who record such recollections will not perish. There will always be a place for them in the memories of those to whom a tale of olden time is ever dear.

Charles G. Leland.

THE BLACK DAWN.

THERE was crying by night, and the winds were loud,
Worn women were working a burial shroud;
Young faces showed pale as the face of death,
And strong men labored in drawing of breath:
"She is gone," they said; "ay," they said, "she is gone!"
And the night winds moaned, and the hours went on.

But the morrow dawned clear, and the world shone bright,
No trace was there left of the dreadful night;
Young faces looked up like buds of the rose,
And breasts heaved free as the full tide flows:
"Nay!" cried the lover, "the sun is long gone!"
How the night winds sigh! Do the hours move on?"

John Vance Cheney.

THE BRIEF EMBARRASSMENT OF MR. IVERSON BLOUNT.

"If thou dost perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man."
Timon of Athens.

CHAPTER I.

SOME reflections habitually indulged by Mr. Iverson Blount, from a certain period in middle age down to the end of his old age, were so calm and sweet that I feel as if I ought to relate a few of the circumstances to which they owed their origin. The older he grew, the greater the fondness and circumstantiality with which he would enlarge upon a very embarrassing duty that he once had to perform, and his satisfaction with the results of his endeavors in its behalf. However regretful of the necessity, I must abridge much of a history that, to him at least, was ever extremely interesting.

When a young man of about five and twenty, he had married Miss Mary Jane Chivers, with whom he lived reasonably happy for eighteen years. At the end of this period, of the offspring that had been born were living Susan, sixteen, and Josephus, ten years old. Besides these children of her own, Mrs. Blount for the last ten years had had charge of a little girl whom its own mother on her dying bed had consigned to her. Of this child, Mahala Herrindine by name, she had been most tender withal, and many a time she had been heard to say that, wrong as it might be, she was obliged to confess that the difference in her own heart between Susan Blount and Maly Herrindine was so little that she was always pestered in her mind whenever she went about trying to find it. This, of course, went to show what a good, docile, thankful child Maly always had been.

Mr. Blount, a hard-working, economical, and during this early period generally considered a rather close and cold man, had consented reluctantly, and only after much affectionate persuasion, to this adoption; but he managed with discretion the child's little property, and had always tried to partake to some degree of his wife's fondness for her. Yet he had often expressed the hope that as soon as poor little Maly, as he always called her, should be old enough, she might make an alliance that would leave to him and his wife the sole care of their own family.

At this period Maly was fifteen years old, and was as smart and as industrious, though

she might not have been thought by most young men as pretty, as Susan.

A great affliction now befell this interesting family. But I do not propose to try to harrow up people's feelings by giving in detail the events of Mrs. Blount's long sickness and death. I must not omit, however, to say that, before her departure, she asked and obtained from her husband a promise to persist in the care that had been taken theretofore of the orphaned girl. Mr. Blount, full of grief at the loss of so dear a companion, and somewhat remorseful in the reflection that he had fallen short of his full duties in this and in other respects of her wishes, gave the promise, although he could not but foresee that it must devolve much responsibility.

"When sech a woman," he would say afterward, with what softness he could employ—"When sech a woman as Mayjane Blount dies, and have been the wife she have, it aint every man that have the heart to deny her dyin' words. Ah, law me! And yit, what I'm to do with that po' orphing child in the fix I'm in,—well, I must natchelly supposen that the good Lordamighty know. I don't, certain *and* shore. Ah, law me!"

Everybody pitied the family. Mr. Blount, following the instincts of self-defense against too excessive grief, indulged the melancholy consolation of speaking constantly in terms of unbounded praise of his late companion's excellent goodness. There was comfort in its kind in trying to call to mind occasions wherein he may have been more or less regardless of her feelings even in unimportant matters, and in resolving to do henceforth with punctilious fidelity things that he now sadly remembered too often to have postponed. The late Mrs. Blount was a remarkably neat person, and perhaps the most serious complaint she had ever felt like bringing against her husband was his carelessness in that behalf. For, good man and good husband as he was, it had to be admitted that, as a general thing, he was what was called rather slouchy in the matter of his dress, and by no means scrupulously careful in that of his manners. When the girls had grown large enough to be noticed by young men, Mrs. Blount would gently remonstrate,

and as for Susan, she would get to downright scolding at such lapses. But the fact of the business was, Mr. Blount used to contend, he had too many things to attend to of his own and other people's to be kept everlastingly shaving, brushing himself up, and minding every step he took. Maly, knowing the trouble she must be to her pa, as she called Mr. Blount, never had joined in these complaints, either in words or in spirit.

Yet, at the funeral, Mr. Blount let Susan persuade him to put on his best things, and otherwise deport himself as becomingly as possible to one who in the matter of studied grave demeanor was rather a new beginner. Continuing, even after the funeral, in this course of conduct, he could not but be thankful for the far more comfortable feelings that he had now merely in his physical being. The almost prostrating grief he had endured at the beginning of his bereavement was thus made to assume some dignity that contributed its own part to his relief, and sometimes he would sigh gently to think how he often had disregarded what at last would have induced a higher enjoyment even to himself.

"Ah, law me! a man never know what sech a wife is tell he lose her. Then he know."

CHAPTER II.

EVERYBODY who has ever received or imparted sympathy knows how sweet it is. It was touching to see how this benign influence went forth and back, back and forth, between Mr. Blount and the girls. Maly, poor child, suffered evenly with Susan. As for the sympathy from outside, that actually poured in upon all the bereaved, People said in most compassionate dismay that they could not see how that family was to get along without such a wife and mother. In particular, Mrs. Juliann Truitt, an excellent, comely young woman of—we will say—twenty-eight years of age, whose husband, dying some four years before, had left her with a snug little property, though childless, was prompt to say that if she did not know how to feel for people in the condition of that family she would like to know the person who did. Then there were two young men, Cullen Banks and Williamson Poole, whose deportment during the first period of mourning, though not as demonstrative as that of Mrs. Truitt, was probably more soothing, at least to the orphaned girls. Indeed, the relations between Mrs. Truitt and the late Mrs. Blount unfortunately had not been altogether and uniformly as pleasant as those between the latter and several other ladies in the neighborhood. The plantation of Mrs.

Truitt joined that of Mr. Blount, a nice bit of meadow-land lying on the border. It had been absolutely impossible, without keeping them penned all the time, to hinder the two flocks of geese from frequent intermixture; and more than once, at feather-picking times, Mrs. Blount had had her feelings hurt. Not that in her heart she blamed Mrs. Truitt for anything more than listening too credulously to her negroes, who always claimed for their mistress more of every spring's produce of the flocks than Mrs. Blount considered entirely just. At such times Mr. Blount would become quite angry, and, but for the influence of his prudent wife, might have made serious ado. I mention this circumstance, apparently trifling, partly because of the fact, well known in primitive country communities, that geese, in one way and another, give occasion to more disputes among women who reside in close proximity to one another than any other domestic animal; and partly to account for the less soothing influences of Mrs. Truitt's visits upon the girls than those of the young men. Mr. Blount determined, it seemed, that all resentment he had ever felt toward this excellent woman should be buried in the grave, and sometimes he would gently chide Susan for the way in which she would speak of her. Susan's face would flash at such rebukes, but she would at once become silent and afterward extremely anxious.

Now, people may say what they please about second marriages, and the heartlessness of widowers in suffering themselves to be led into them with indecent haste. In extenuation of what seemed levity in this particular case, I say only that Mrs. Juliann Truitt was an uncommonly good-looking woman, with a handsome property immediately adjoining that of Mr. Blount, and that now, upon mature reflection, Mr. Blount was obliged to acknowledge in his heart of hearts that he could not feel sure in his mind that she had ever put any deliberate wrong upon his family on the goose question or any other. The fact is, people ought to try to be fair in the judgments they pass upon others. Worse men than Iverson Blount have waited longer, but I will say also that some even better have not waited so long as he did before trying to repair a great loss. I hope, also, that in spite of the blame that may be put upon his action, some allowance will be made for the earnest desire he continued to feel to discharge the trust he had undertaken in the care of Maly Herrindine, conflicting as may be the opinions regarding its results.

It was not very often that Mrs. Truitt came to the house; but she positively must come sometimes, in order to do what she

was sure in her mind the late Mrs. Blount would have done in reversed circumstances.

Both the young men seemed to understand well how to time their visits and their conversation. Williamson Poole was a cousin of the late Mr. Truitt, who had brought him up from boyhood, and upon his death-bed commended him to his wife as one whose services to her would become more and more valuable as he should grow older. At the present period he was approaching his twenty-first year. For at least three years he had been the main manager, and in a way entirely satisfactory, of his cousin Julian's plantation business. Everybody, old as well as young, spoke well of Williamson Poole.

Cullen Banks was a year or so younger, and was not altogether as settled and industrious as Williamson. But then he was not under the necessity of being so; for, besides a snug property already, he would be entitled to much more at the division of his father's estate, which was to take place at the death of his mother, who was now advanced considerably beyond sixty. Other young men were residents in the neighborhood, some of them quite promising in most respects; but these two were the nearest neighbors and the most frequent visitors of the Blounts.

We have already intimated that during his wife's life-time Mr. Blount had hoped that Maly might make an early suitable alliance that would relieve him of the painful responsibility he had always felt in her behalf. If anything, he now indulged this hope more anxiously than before; and he did so the more, perhaps, because he noticed the increasing aversion of the girls for Mrs. Truitt, especially that of Susan. Not that he ever felt the slightest temptation to forget the promise which he had made about Maly. Iverson Blount was an honorable man, and he knew that an honorable man must ever be bound by promises, especially those that were as solemn as the one that he had undertaken. Now, in regard to Susan he had no great anxieties, for he knew that she was pretty and good, and that, with already a snug property, he was making more with ease and rapidity, and he had no doubt that Susan would do well, all in good time. But Maly — there was Mr. Blount's embarrassment; and there is not a particle of doubt that for a while, I cannot say exactly how long, that gave him much concern. Many a widower, though having lost as good a wife as Mr. Iverson Blount's, had been less anxious about how to fulfill all his duties and wishes than he was now, with these young children on his hands, one of them an orphan.

It will not be doubted, I trust, that Mr.

Blount felt sincerely the loss of the good wife with whom he had lived so long. Yet, when in Susan's presence, he was more forbearing of expression to his grief than when alone with Maly. Indeed, Mr. Blount did not think it right to harrow his daughter's feelings by a too frequent allusion to their great affliction. This was one reason. Then he had not been slow to perceive that Susan's hostility to Mrs. Truitt, in which he could not join conscientiously, had subtracted somewhat from her confidence in the sincerity of his expressions of his sense of bereavement. Yet, when alone with Maly, he would dwell upon the theme to the degree that — well, the good girl would declare to Susan afterward that to save her life she could not keep from crying to see how pa missed ma. At such times Mr. Blount would repeat the solemn promise he had given, and add that if he did not keep it, it would be only because his life was not spared.

"And as for that, Maly, you know I'm a man of remarkable good health, and aint so ageable but what a body that's temper an' keeful of hisself might be expected to be liable for a right smart stretch o' time yit, more'n some that's younger. And as for Missis Truitt, she's of course a very fine woman; and if I was in Susan's place, I wouldn't be quite so severe on her, though the child may think she know more about her than what I do. Ah, law me! it's a world of trouble, and yit —" But here Mr. Blount would stop, take out his handkerchief, and cover his eyes.

Now, the fact was that Maly liked Mrs. Truitt as little as Susan, though of course she did not feel that she had the same liberty to express or otherwise exhibit to her pa the resentment that she believed she owed to her ma's memory, at least in secret, to indulge. But Maly had always been a prudent girl, and now she forbore giving to her pa any expression of opinion regarding the widow.

CHAPTER III.

IT is interesting to see how soon sometimes a girl becomes a woman. Not long after her mother was laid away, Susan, feeling the responsibility of her position, went to the work of domestic affairs and showed apace how she had profited by good examples. Maly also, at becoming pace, followed in all duties, and many a man younger than Mr. Blount might have brought himself to some reconciliation for his loss by the contemplation of so much that had been spared. To Susan there was some consolation in her sorrow from the ever-increasing deference that

her father paid to her and Maly both, speaking to them generally as if they were grown women, yet with a tenderness to which in other days they had not been accustomed; and there was partial relief to Susan's anxieties on account of her father's persistence in dressing himself with unwonted care, in the fact that his habits while at home were the same in this respect as when he made visits to Mrs. Truitt.

"These old widowers do beat the world," Susan would say in confidence to Maly. "Ma never could make pa take any pains with his clothes, hardly even of a Sunday, and now he dresses up even for me and you and Josey. There's some satisfaction in *that*, and some hope — at least I hope so."

The young men, Cullen and Williamson, after a decent interval, began to visit as before, sometimes separately, but more often together. And now it was interesting to see the conduct of Mr. Blount when, remembering his promise to the dead, he felt it to be his duty to bestow upon the intercourse of these young persons the attention that used to devolve entirely upon his wife. After he had seen them together several times, Mr. Blount smiled inwardly at something which he had seemed to consider his duty to study closely. Maly's prospects for a suitable alliance appeared to be brighter than for some time he had been apprehending. For there was no manner of doubt that Mr. Blount's desire was to get Maly's case off his mind as soon as possible, when he would feel perfectly free for any other movements he might choose to make. As for Susan and Josey, he knew he was their father; but in Maly's case there was some delicacy which even the rudest could not forbear to consult. So one day he said to Susan:

"Glad to see Cullen and Maly like one 'nother so powerful much."

"Cullen Banks, pa!" said Susan, laughing, yet with some redness on her face. "There's nothing in the world between Maly and Cullen, except that they like each other well enough as friends. Why, what upon earth put that notion into your head?"

Mr. Blount looked as if he felt much disappointment. However, he calmly answered:

"I don't know, but I notice him right smart about Maly here lately."

"No more than Williamson Poole, pa, and — I'm not certain — if — quite as much."

"I know them boys in gener'l hunts in couples; but I some ruther s'picioned — ahem — you think Williamson have any particklar hankerin' arter Maly?"

"I don't know about *hankerin'*, pa, as you call it; but I know he likes Maly first-rate,—

that is, I am pretty certain of it in my own mind."

"Um, hum. You do; and what's your 'pinions as to how Maly like Williamson?"

"She likes him very well, as well as Cullen, if not some better."

Mr. Blount nodded his head several times extremely ominously, but said no more to Susan. That night at the supper table he discoursed at some length upon the subject of marriage. Among other things he said:

"Young people, 'special' females, owes it to themselves to be monst'ous, strenuous keeful and particklar who they take up with in that kind o' style; and special in the pints o' prop'ty. For it's a heap easier, and it's a heap convenanter, and it's a heap comfortable to *start* with some prop'ty than it is to have to work an' projeck, and deny a body's self the luggeries, and the comforts, an' sometimes the very neecessities o' life, which, in course, a person'd like to have 'em, but which, when they *starts* po', by marryin' of po', they has to wait for 'em, and which, ef they'd wait and look around keeful, the chances is some of 'em might do better than what they been a-expectin'."

Mr. Blount did not say so in those words, but he was decidedly opposed to Maly's marrying as poor a young man as Williamson Poole, and he meant to tell her so if, upon further study, he should suspect that there was likely to be any understanding between them. Susan might fret herself about Mrs. Truitt, if she wished, but her father, whatever might be his hopes and intentions regarding that fine woman, was not going to abate one jot of his care for the child of his wife's adoption.

That night, when Susan and Maly had gone to bed, to sleep together as usual, Susan said:

"Maly, think pa didn't suspicion that there was something between you and Cullen?"

"You don't tell me so, answered Maly."

"That's why he praised Cullen so high to me this evening then, while you were getting supper, and he and I and Josey were out on the piazza."

"No; for I told him not an hour before that there wasn't."

"That so?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Why, he praised Cullen to the skies, and said he were altogether another sort of man from Williamson, but that he wouldn't for the world Mrs. Truitt should hear he had used such words about her cousin."

"Mrs. Truitt!" said Susan, with disgust. "*She* must come in! However, it was rather natural for her to come in there. Say, pa rather run down Williamson?"

"No, not exactly *run down*. I couldn't say that. But he lifted up Cullen sky-high, and he said pointedly that a girl with little or no property would make a great mistake to—to take up, as he called it, with a poor young man like Williamson."

"That, indeed," said Susan, thoughtfully. "Yet, but don't you know, Maly, that today, talking to me about them boys, he praised Williamson more than he did Cullen? You didn't let on that there was anything between me and Cullen, did you, Maly?"

"Certainly not."

"I—almost wish you had—but—what does pa always want to drag in Mrs. Truitt for? He knows very well that ma never liked her, and pa owes it to ma, and he owes it to me and Josey, and he owes it to you, too, Maly, not to be so afraid of hurting Mrs. Truitt's feelings. The reason why he talked to you so about Williamson was because I told him Williamson liked you uncommon well."

"You didn't!"

"Yes, I did. The fact is, Maly, I thought I ought to. He promised ma, you know, to take care of you, and do his best for you, and his ideas are to see the way clear before you. That is very good in pa, I think, and if he could just leave Mrs. Truitt out of the case I'd think it was all right."

Maly drew a long breath. Williamson Poole had never courted her in set words; but she did not know what he might do some day, neither had she determined what she would do in certain contingencies. So all Maly could do now was to draw a long breath.

"Maly," said Susan, after some pause, "that woman is after pa, and she's been after him ever sence poor ma was put in the ground. It does look like some people have no decent feelings. And if pa was to marry her, the day he done it would either kill me or throw me into conniption-fits." Then Susan nestled her face in Maly's bosom and sobbed, and Maly had to sob, too, as she tenderly patted her beloved sister's head.

The next morning Mr. Blount said at the breakfast table:

"I thought I heerd some laughin' first and then some cryin' among you two last night, arter you went to bed. What were the funny things, and what were the difficulties?"

Never had Mr. Blount looked better in all his life. It was believed in the neighborhood that no man had lived at any period who had learned so fast, after beginning so late in life, to tie his cravat so deftly, and dress himself in general so well. As for cinnamon and bear's oils, it would be useless to speculate upon the quantity that man put upon everything that came in contact with himself.

"Oh, pa," answered Susan, sadly, "just some little talk I and Maly had made me laugh, and then I got to thinking about poor ma, and then we both cried."

Then Susan and Maly cast down their eyes.

"Poor dear Ma'y Jane!" said Mr. Blount, sympathizingly. "It aint easy to see how her place is to be filled."

"Why, pa!" said Susan, looking up with reanimation, "I think we are getting along right well—me and Maly—attending to things."

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Mr. Blount, "toler'ble well for the present time bein'; but supposing you, and supposing Maly, was to take it in your heads to go away and leave a feller, what then?"

The girls looked at each other and again cast down their eyes.

"Ah, ha! Um, hum!" said Mr. Blount, rising. "Well, ef anybody ever missed another like I miss your poor ma, all I got to say, I'm as sorry for 'em as ever I were for a po' lame duck with one broke leg and one broke wing to boot, and got nothin' upon top o' the blessed ground to do but to go about a-hoppin' and a-floppin' with the tothers; and the fact is, I can't stand it. But I tell you, Susan, and I tell you, Maly, that I don't intend to be rash, and I don't intend to be brash. As for you a-marryin', Susan, I were jes a-runnin' on about that, and it's in course onuseless for you to be even a-thinkin' about sech a thing for, lo and behold, these many years; and I don't supposen that Maly'll have sech a idee tell *she* can see her way cler to gittin' as good a home as the one she been allays used to."

Then Mr. Blount retired with dignity, ordered his horse, and rode over to Mrs. Truitt's.

"What *does* such talk mean, Maly?" said Susan. "Looks like pa's losing his senses. When he talks about my not marrying in years and years, don't he know that I couldn't live in this house with that woman? I wish you'd speak out positive with pa, Maly, and tell him it wouldn't do to bring her here."

"Why, Susan, what could I do with pa? It wouldn't look like it was my business to tell him he oughtn't to marry again, and, besides, it wouldn't do any good. He's a young man yet, that is, tolerable young, and—the fact is, Susan, pa misses ma perfectly dreadful, and I can't but be sorry for him, the way he talks about her when him and me are by ourselves. I wish myself that Mrs. Truitt wouldn't be quite so—well—insinuating is what I'll say as for her. But I tell you now that fussin' and frettin' with pa will do more harm than good."

"Well," said Susan, mournfully, "I'm going

to try to put my trust in the good Lord to save us all from that woman."

"That's just the place where we'll have to put it, Susan," answered Maly, who, if anything, was a more religious-minded girl than Susan.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BLOUNT, knowing that he had matters on his hands that required both caution and dispatch, did an amount of thinking in a comparatively brief time that might safely be said to have been enormous. The Blount and Truitt plantations adjoining, he and Williamson Poole must often meet near the border and have a friendly chat while sitting on the division fence. On the same day of the table-talk at home, Mr. Blount, although he had had, only a few hours before, a comfortable visit to the widow, yet designedly rode out into the meadow, and, not seeing the young man, hitched his horse, climbed the fence, and walked to the rise in the field. Williamson, who was a quarter of a mile distant, observing him, left off his work, and, joining the visitor, the two walked back to the fence. There they had a long, long talk; for on occasion, and especially with his juniors and inferiors, Mr. Blount was not at all wanting in volubility of speech. Just before parting he looked with much kindness upon Williamson, and said:

"Williamson Poole, I tell you now, right here, betwixt me and you and this fence, that when a young man, and special a good-lookin', industrious young man—I'm a-namin' o' no names, for people oughtn't to be a-namin' o' names right in the presence o' them they talkin' about, because the flatterin' o' people is what I allays dispised, so fur as I'm concerned; but yit when sech a young man *start* with his nose on the grindstone, it's in gener'l his own fau't, and it's obleeged to be long before he can git it off, ef ever. Not as I should adwise a feller out an' out to go for prop'ty, and nothin' but prop'ty, and no female a worth havin' to be flung along with it. Yet prop'ty's a monst'ous good backer-up to a feller, and it's allays been strange and cur'ous to me when a feller, special them that's industrious and good-lookin' to boot, don't try to marry into it when he's a-thinkin' about of settlin' of hisself for good. Well, well, well! But, bless my soul, Williamson! what a sple-splendid 'oman is your Cousin Juliann! A beautifuller I should never desires to lo and behold, and it is my desires that you give her my best respects, though it aint been more'n three hours sence I seen her."

Williamson Poole was a young man of excellent character and sense, though not quick

to understand any other than conduct and conversation entirely direct. But he thought he was not so dull as not to comprehend the meaning of Mr. Blount's present deportment. He sat upon the fence and looked thoughtfully at him as he rode slowly away. When Mr. Blount had gotten out of sight, he said:

"You be dogged. You think you can beat creation, old man. Want me to help you to git Cousin Juliann, do you, by makin' out like you willin' for me to git Susan if I can? We'll see."

Now, Mrs. Truitt had not remained a widow thus long for want of opportunities to change her state. Yet, within the last year or so, she had been growing apparently more bright and cheerful than during the previous years of her widowhood, and notably since the death of Mrs. Blount she was becoming a different woman altogether. People knowing how the plantations adjoining saw how natural everything was, and they blamed neither her nor Mr. Blount for their inevitable and rather rapid approximation to each other. In spite of Mr. Blount's age and the incumbrance of children, he had great vigor and activity of body, and, already with a good property, was getting more faster than any other man in the community. In a very few months, therefore, after his wife's departure, Mrs. Truitt had discarded every particle of black except a very narrow ribbon, which, to prevent too much talk, she wore round her neck when abroad. To Williamson Poole she had always been very kind, and she had paid him reasonable if not high wages for his services, and Williamson knew that his cousin Juliann wished him well, because she had often told him so with emphasis and entire sincerity.

The same night after his talk with Mr. Blount, while at supper, he delivered the latter's message, yet not with great heartiness.

"Sent his respects, did he? Much obliged to him. Say anything about me, Williamson?"

"Oh, yes'm; complimented you high."

"Ah, indeed? Said I look tolerable well for one of my age?"

"No'm, not that, by no manner of means. He said you were the youngest-looking woman of your age he knewed of."

"Oh, ho! Say how old he thought I was?"

"He allowed he thought you might be somewhere between twenty-three and twenty-five."

"I *was* married very young," said Mrs. Truitt, thoughtfully. "Did Mr. Blount say how old *he* was, Williamson?"

"Yes'm; he said he disremembered whether he was thirty-eight or thirty-nine."

Mrs. Truitt laughed.

"A right spruce-looking gentleman, isn't he? and a nice man, a very nice man, indeed." Then Mrs. Truitt drew a long, sweet breath.

"Which you think is the finest girl, Williamson, Susan or Maly? I think myself that Susan Blount is one of the finest girls I ever knew. Of course, I include property, which Maly has little of, and may have none if Mr. Blount, what of course he has the right to do, should charge her for her board, though the poor child is a very good, and indeed I think an excellent, girl."

His cousin Juliann having answered her own question, Williamson could think of nothing to say more than that he thought both of them very fine girls. That night he could not get to sleep, oh, I suppose, not before midnight; and he lay in his bed and turned and turned himself over and over, pondering. Even when he got to sleep he dreamed endless and most curious things about Mr. Blount and his cousin Juliann, the two girls and Cullen Banks. Considering the want of celerity in Williamson Poole's habitual mental operations, few young men ever did a greater amount of thinking in the same length of time than was done by him during the next few weeks.

Time went on. Mr. Blount seemed to grow younger and younger. When the young men would ride over in the afternoon, sometimes he would challenge them to jump and leap with him, and he would beat them both fully two inches. Both knew better than to accept his banter to wrestle, or even run a foot-race. So Mr. Blount would absorb most of the talk during such visits, and sometimes he was suspected by all of managing to couple together, as much as possible, Cullen with Maly, and Williamson with Susan. As for Susan, she had a double trouble: one, her father's unbecoming juvenility and evident growing partiality for Mrs. Truitt; the other, his apparent disregard of Cullen in the relation that her heart had been set upon. Her father, noticing her want of proper cordiality toward himself, allowed some coolness to grow, and it was all that Maly could do, in going between, to keep them on even reasonable terms with each other. To Maly he spoke without reserve upon whatever subject he happened to think of. They were never together that he did not talk of his departed wife in a way to make Maly cry; and though at such times he seldom mentioned Mrs. Truitt's name, kindly avoiding disturbance of Maly's affectionate thoughts of her benefactress, he would get upon the subject of Cullen Banks, and, while scarcely mentioning Williamson's name, praise Cullen to the very skies, and intimate what a

fine thing it would be for a girl with little or no property to get him for a husband.

"But, pa," said Maly one day, "Cullen does not care particularly for me, nor I for him. I thought you knew he liked Susan better than me, and that she likes him better than I do."

"That so?" said Mr. Blount with some darkness on his brow. "I knowed, Maly, that if it were either of them boys you liked the best, it were obleeged—or ought to be obleeged by good rights—to be Cullen. For, to save my life, I couldn't see how—well, my dear Maly, these is subjects that people can't help from thinking about. As for Susan and Cullen—ah, law me! That weren't adzactly—but time enough to think of that for many a year yit. Susan need adwice if she only knowed it. As for me, I s'pose even I mout need adwice sometimes, well as she. But look like me and her can't talk together to much satisfaction, and you too prudent I know to repeat over to her all I say. Of course, I think Mrs. Truitt one o' the finest and beautifulest women anywhere, and if I should ever take it in my mind to marry again, it don't look reasonable to suppose I'd ask Susan for her consents. And besides, you know yourself, Maly, that I'm a young man, a reasonable speakin', and can outrun, outjump, outlift, and fling down other Cullen or Williamson, and outlast 'em at whatsoever we mout go at. Though, matter of course, I shouldn't desires for Mrs. Truitt to hear of all I said about Williamson, for I should hate it dreadful to hurt her feelin's; but I know you prudent enough to know what to tell and what not to tell."

Many such chats these two had together. When the girls would go to bed, and Susan, as always, would get upon her own troubles, Maly would comfort her the best she could, and the two would go to sleep in each other's arms. Of course, Maly did not tell Susan of how her pa had spoken comparatively of Cullen and Williamson, partly because she knew that he expected her not to do so, and partly because she would not for the world that Susan should suspect for a moment that her intention or desire, even with the powerful assistance of her pa, was to supplant Susan in Cullen's regard. To tell the truth, Maly Herrindine was one of the most honest-hearted girls in this world.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Truitt was growing younger and younger, to all appearance, although people said that, in the circumstances, it would be more becoming for her to try to look a little older. But circumstances are rare when women at any age do that. She

visited freely the girls, not without suspecting that neither of them liked her. But she knew that appearances had to be kept up, and so she visited them often, and was as motherly in her deportment, especially toward Susan, as one so young could be. Susan, of course, treated her with proper respect while at the house, but after her departure, and as soon as she could find an opportunity, she would pour out her griefs on Maly's sympathizing breast.

Mr. Blount began soon to make his visits to his fair neighbor more and more frequent. The coolness grown between him and Susan seemed to make him resolve to push matters to a settlement. He and Williamson continued to have their chats at the fence, in which the property question always came up and was dwelt and dwelt upon by the man of experience. Of late Williamson had been growing somewhat resentful, or at least sullen in his feelings, toward Mr. Blount. He had found that Cullen and Susan were in love with each other, and he suspected that Mr. Blount knew it. Then he thought with pain of Maly's apparent indifference to his having been thrown of late so often in Susan's special company. Now, of the two girls Williamson admired Maly the more; but he knew what his cousin Juliann would say if he told *her* so. Then he knew he was poor, and he could not but reflect that Mr. Blount's repeated allusion to the contact of a poor young man's nose with the grindstone, if unkind, was not altogether inapposite. When his mind had come to the conclusion, or almost there, that Mr. Blount would not be willing for him to get either of the girls, Williamson felt and thought—but the fact is, it would be difficult, and would require an extended analysis of human motives in such a case which I do not feel competent to make, to tell all of what Williamson Poole did feel and think. I can only narrate actions. On one point he became fully convinced; and that was, that all Mr. Blount's pretended kindness to himself had a selfish motive, and that was to prevent hostility upon his part to the suit of his cousin Juliann.

One afternoon, Mr. Blount, while at the fence, after his usual homily on the nose and the grindstone, and then suddenly branching off to the extreme youth and beauty of Mrs. Truitt and what a fine property she had, and what a splendid plantation the two would make if they should ever be united into one, spoke regretfully of the changes and separations such an event would necessarily effect.

"But, I tell you now, Williamson Poole, that I shall never forget what a fine, pleasant, good neighbor Williamson Poole used to be, although a not of ownin' o' the plantation nor no great deal o' property of no sort."

"Made me that mad I couldn't hardly see."

This last remark was made in a presence wherein, if as excellent a young man as Williamson Poole had had more time for reflection, he might not have made it. Mrs. Truitt smiled, and then, looking intently at him, said, in a gently chiding tone:

"I hope you didn't get mad, Williamson, because Mr. Blount said I looked so young and—and all that. I hope I don't look so very old to *you*."

"Law bless my soul, Cousin Juliann! in course not. You look a thousand times too young for——"

But there Williamson knew he was going too far, and he saw his cousin Juliann's eyes opening wide. So he left off abruptly, and did not return for an hour. He was gratified to find no trace of resentment in his cousin Juliann's words or manner. The fact was that Mrs. Truitt knew too well what a faithful relative and friend Williamson Poole had been to her, to resent a hasty remark that in the circumstances was possibly natural. Other talk they had, and when Williamson went to bed, he could not but feel in his heart that he ought to bear no malice against Mr. Blount, so kindly had his cousin Juliann spoken of him.

Cases of the sort I am telling about generally culminate fast. Young as both Mr. Blount and Mrs. Truitt felt, they were obliged to know that they would never be any younger. Susan found herself growing more and more in love with Cullen, and was beginning to take some comfort in the thought of the reliance she knew she could place on his faithful heart; for she had made up her mind that when "that woman" (as she called Mrs. Truitt) should come into that house, she meant to leave it, with her father's consent or without it. But then what about poor Maly, whom Susan had been observing to be very thoughtful at times, and even sad?

"I'm ashamed, Maly, after what pa promised ma on her very dying bed, for him to go on in that way, and bring that woman here to hector over you. But never mind, precious, they *shan't* abuse you. You shall live with me and Cullen."

Then Susan would take Maly to her bosom, and Maly would hug Susan and sob. The good girl did need comfort from some source, she thought. Yet Maly Herrindine had much strength of character, and, though without saying so to Susan in the latter's present frame of mind, she had been seriously considering what she ought to do, and what she would do in given contingencies. Then, in her private chats with her pa, he had solemnly assured her that whatever should happen he would do his best

that she should not suffer from any change in his circumstances. So Maly, though often thoughtful and sad, would sometimes look quite calm, and occasionally try to look moderately cheerful, especially when in the presence of her pa, to whom, after all, she knew that she ought to be grateful for all that he had done and said. Not unfrequently, when Mr. Blount was away, in town or at Mrs. Truitt's, she would repair alone to Mrs. Blount's grave, and sit there quite a time musing and shedding tears. "Poor little Maly!" the affectionate Susan would often sigh.

The event came on even sooner than had been expected. One morning at breakfast Mr. Blount, looking, if anything, younger than he had been in six months, and redolent of cinnamon and bear's oils, with a business yet somewhat embarrassed air, said:

"You all's invited next Chuseday night to Missis Truitt's. I'm goin' to town to-day, and would want one of you to go with me and help me choose a present for a—for a person o' the female vocation o' life; ahem!"

Mr. Blount simply *had* to look down. Susan turned perfectly red, and said, disjointedly:

"It's come, pa, is it? Well, pa, under the *circumstances*—under *all* the circumstances, I don't—no, I should *not* think you'd expect me to go with you."

Then Susan rose and left the table.

"All right," said Mr. Blount, recovering himself. "Get ready, Maly. Be in a hurry. Sharp's the word, and quick the motion, now."

Maly regarded Susan with deepest, tenderest sympathy; nevertheless she rose instantly and went to get her things.

"Oh, Maly, Maly," said Susan, while assisting her to dress, "it's too bad. I do hope you'll make pa buy the meanest, ugliest thing in the store for that woman."

"My dearest Susan, I do think you are too hard on Mrs. Truitt. Let us all hope it will all turn out better than we—may be, we may all be afraid it will."

"Bless your soul, Maly! you've got a forgiving heart, and a great deal better one anyhow than me. If it wasn't for you—and Cullen, of course—I should just lie right down and die—I know I should."

Left alone, except with Josephus, Susan had but little to say during the forenoon, even to him. She told Josey, resignedly, that he was a boy, and therefore could stand it, but that he owed to the memory of his mother not to be run over every day and every hour of his life by that woman; and Josey said that if that woman would let him alone, he would let her alone, and that if she did not there would be a fuss. Susan wished that Cullen would come. But the day before, unknown to her, Mr.

Blount had told Cullen that if he would meet him at the court-house this morning, he would answer definitely a question that Cullen had put to him some weeks before. The question pertained to Susan, and Mr. Blount had said to Cullen that Susan's marrying him with her father's consent, and getting any of his property to take with her, would depend upon her conduct in circumstances then too many and too tedious to mention. The county-seat was about twelve miles distant.

About the middle of the afternoon here came Cullen galloping to the gate. Susan had just time to give her hair another turn and tie a fresh ribbon around her neck when he came running into the piazza.

"Why, Cullen, what in this world makes you so rapid and so red in the face?"

"Let me get my breath—and—I'll tell you. Now, Susan," said Cullen, when he had gotten through with his news, "mind what you do; everything with us depends on it."

To her dying day Susan Banks (*née* Blount) would declare that she did not know which she did most, crying or laughing, on that momentous occasion. She would cry awhile, and then scream with laughter. Finally, when she could compose herself, she said, in a religious tone:

"Oh, Cullen, I'm so thankful that I put my trust in the good Lord, and I'm going to do it now more than ever."

An hour afterward the gig came on leisurely; Susan and Cullen, hand in hand, met it at the gate.

"How dy', pa? good evening, ma."

Then Susan, crying and laughing, again rose upon the step, hugged the bride in the very gig, and all the way out of the gig, and into the house. And the bride hugged Susan, too, though somewhat in irregular spasms, for she trembled the same as an aspen-leaf, and her face was as red as any beet.

"Oh, pa!" cried Susan, at last pouncing upon him. "You sly, good, deceitful, glorious old—dear old coon, and fox both! How come you to fool me so, and make Maly fool me so?"

For the bride was Maly.

"How long have you had Maly in that old head, pa? I thought you was going to bring here that woman over yonder."

"Look at me, Susan. Didn't I promise your ma on her dyin' bed I'd take kerr o' Maly?" Mr. Blount spoke solemnly, as if he were in the very presence of the dead. "To the best of my recollections I did make her that very promise, and I'm a-goin' to keep it."

"And what about poor Mrs. Truitt? Have you gone and fooled her, pa?"

"Not so bad but what Williamson'll make it all right and straight next Chuseday night."

"What!" screamed Susan.

"Yes, indeed. I see Williamson could git her ef he only knowed how to go about it, and I knowed he were a fool to let sech a chance slip; and I teched him up, and I teched him up, tell I got him agin me and kinder jealous o' me, and he at last pitched in, and the poor old feller was jes' natchel 'stonished outer all his senses when he found that he didn't have to open his mouth but wunst ner hit but jist one lick."

"Well," said Susan, "my solemn opinion is that this world is *bound* to come to an end some time or another. Oh, you Maly, you Maly! Do you know, Maly, that my belief is that my angel ma is this minute a-lookin' down on you and a-smilin' on you?"

"Oh, you think so, Susan?" And the tears streamed from Maly's eyes.

"Certainly. Certain-*lee*. I've not a doubt about it."

And they went again into each other's arms.

"Susan," said Maly, between her sobs, "I wanted all the time to tell you about it all, but pa, he thought best—best not. I hope you'll forgive me, Susan."

"Forgive? Nothing to forgive, you darlinest darling, but all to be thankful for."

"You see, Susan," said Mr. Blount, calmly, "my feelin's was obleeged to be a little hurted by you a-spicionin' that I had cler forgot how your ma's feelin's was hurted about them geese."

Then, turning to Cullen, he said:

"Cullen, she's yourn, a-prowidin' her and you keep in the idee of jindin' together."

"Thanky, Mr. Blount," said Cullen.

"Thanky, pa," said Susan. "But, pa, I do want to ask you one question, and that is: Did you ever think Cullen wanted Maly?"

"I'll answer that, Susan, a-prowidin' that'll satisfy you, and you'll promess not to ast no more. Will you?"

"I suppose I'll have to, pa."

"Well, then, no; I didn't."

"Oh, you dear old, cunnin' old pa!" She patted him on the forehead for a moment with her finger, then flew consecutively to the smoke-house, the kitchen, and the pantry, in order to have prepared a supper as fit for the occasion as the brief notice would allow.

"Hit's been now a'most forty year ago," Mr. Blount, when very aged, would often say in the midst of his friends and numerous progeny, "ner nuther have me, ner nuther have Maly, been sorry for what we done. You mind, I had give a promess to a dyin' person, an' I were *bound* to keep her. An' as to how she were to be kep', I don't 'member ner ricollect, as I never were more non-plushed in my mind, ontill one day she jest natchell flashed all over me, and that all of a suddent. It tuck some time, an' it tuck a heap o' pains, an' it tuck a powerful sight o' managin', for her to flash on to Maly the same an' likewise; but when she did, and the child could see whar her jooty p'inted, she give it up, and she done it fa'r an' squar'; and my believes is, and allays has been, that that were a weddin' that were made in heb'n."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NEVER a ripple upon the river,

As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon,

—Only the shadows tremble and quiver,

'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island

Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,

While, just above us, a rocky highland

Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine-trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft plashing

As the boat drifts idly the shore along,—

And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,

Gleam, living diamonds,—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,

And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,

And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom

Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

Agnes Maule Machar.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES.—II.

THE changes of the conditions of existence in what we call civilization resemble, a good deal more than we generally imagine, the progress of a horse in a tread-mill. Comparing the evidences of a higher prosperity which history affords with what we now find in Ithaca, we have ample ground to suppose that, while our part of the world has made certain advances, this has rather retrograded. A scanty population, the greater part of the island indeed uninhabited, ruins of great cities where now there is not a shepherd's hut, a wretched, sordid life in which not even poetry, the offspring of sorrow, can find a foot-hold, utter insignificance in the world of men — this is what the island of Ulysses, which fills so large a part of the Old World's poetry, shows us to-day.

We woke like Ulysses under the shadow of Neriton, but not like him under the olive's shade. Our yacht was anchored in a tranquil and land-locked bay, Port Vathy (the deep), round the shores of which stretch and gleam, white in the sun, the houses of the modern capital of Ithaca, a dull, utterly uninteresting town, neither whose past nor present is worth a note.

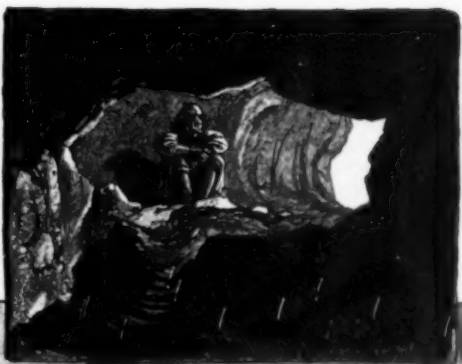
Devastated by Turks and corsairs by turns, conquered by Christian and Infidel, the tribute of death and pillage had at one time nearly left the island a desert, and Venetian chronicles report the re-peopling of it by a Slavonic colony; but there is good evidence, as we shall see presently, that there was never quite an end of the original stock. Though one does see occasionally strongly Slavonic faces, the population is now in language and manners purely Greek, with some of the worst traits of the race strongly developed. By good chance I found an old acquaintance in Caravia, a deputy for Ithaca to the Greek Assembly, then in vacation, and I had a letter to Aristides Dendrinis, the principal personage of the island; and through their united attentions we were made as much at home in Ithaca as was possible. But the Ithacans are shrewd folk, sharp dealers who look at foreigners as the Hebrews did on the Egyptians, as made to be spoiled; and we were unlucky enough to have arrived in the Greek Lent, which, as they observe it, is equivalent to starvation to outsiders. The excellent wine of Ithaca, one of the best of Greek wines, is quite worthy its ancient reputation; but flesh was unattainable, and fish so rare, owing to the people's habit of killing them with dynamite, that we could not get enough for a breakfast.

The fowls in Greek lands, living an outcast life, never fed, but expected to grow as the partridges do on the bounties of nature, hardly offer a compensation for the trouble of picking their bones. They combine all the misfortunes of the wild and domesticated conditions, with none of the advantages of either, and offer a scant resource to the caterer. We made haste to see what was to be seen in Ithaca, and study our great predecessor's foot-prints, but we found the learning harder than the living. The island Greek is quick-witted, and, like the Irishman, never confesses himself at fault in anything you want to know, especially in things connected with ancient history or archæology. He solves the hardest and most obscure problem by a bold dash, and is even surer than Schliemann in his breezy inductions. It is amusing and cheering to see a man so cock-sure of what archæology has puzzled over so many years. On inquiring for a guide to shorten my researches (for, though Homer is guide-book enough for Ithaca, one may be a long time in tracing out by the poem the Odyssean movements), every one was ready to show me everything. Before leaving I found an intelligent guide, as such go, in one Angelo Persego, whose name I record for the benefit of such of the readers of *THE CENTURY* as may be tempted (out of the Greek Lent) to visit Ithaca. But here let me drop a word of advice for all voyagers in Greek lands. Take a guide for lodgings and living, but never place any confidence in his identifications or local traditions. He may be right, but the chances are nine to one he is not. He may even have been over the ground before, but his assurance to that effect is no evidence. I found the men I selected utterly ignorant as usual of almost all I wanted to learn; but I found a little book by G. F. Bowen, one time Fellow of Brazenose and President of the Ionian University, which, though dated in 1850, gives a sufficient clew to the topography to enable one to dispense with a guide, except to find the best roads.

Vathy does not occur in the *Odyssey* under any name, nor is there any trace of antique structures about it. In the illustration the narrow entrance at the right is Vathy; the cove in the center, with the island off it, is the port of Phorcys, where Ulysses was landed, and which, for the uses of ancient mariners, who beached their ships instead of anchoring them, was a better port than

Vathy. It is now called Dexia Bay (being on the right as we enter), and corresponds in the minutest detail to Homer's account of it—a smooth, sandy beach, complete shelter from all winds, and only varying in any particulars in its surroundings by a greater distance from the grotto where the Phæacians hide the presents Ulysses brings with him; but of this more is to be said.

The Odyssey gives no intimation of any city near the landing-place. The port of



PORT OF PHORCY AND NERITON, FROM THE MOUTH OF ULYSSES' CAVE.

Ulysses' own capital was much nearer Phæacia, and the ship might have landed him at his own door. The reason of this excessive caution was that during so long a time he had had no news from home, and might find his city in the hands of an enemy, the faint intimation of the real state of things from the goddess who protected him leaving grave doubts in the mind of the wily chief. He believed, as most of us do, in the divinity which shaped his ends, but not as one believes in one's own senses. He lived in days when every man's hand was against every stranger, and his habit was one of guile. Athena knew all that had happened or was to happen, but she intentionally refrained from doing more than encourage him to hope for the best, so as to leave room for his own courage, craft, and physical prowess.

Awaking, then, from the sleep in which he had been so gently landed by the crew of

the Phæacian ship, he finds himself in a strange land, as he supposed, and in complete solitude, and arms himself with his habitual cunning, distrusting everything. When Athena comes to him in the form of a shepherd, he asks where he is; and being told that he is at last in the long-sought Ithaca, he is transported with joy, but conceals his emotion and addresses the goddess with these hasty words, disguising the truth and telling his story falsely, always turning in his mind many artifices: "I, too, have heard, in the far-off, immense island of Crete, of the island of Ithaca. It is, then, in that country that I have arrived with my treasures. I have left an equal part to my children because I fly from my native land, where I killed the dear son of Idomeneus," etc., etc., going on with a long history to account for his presence in Ithaca, a place unknown to him, which fable he only drops when Athena throws off her disguise; but he

still is unconvinced that he is in Ithaca. She calls his attention to Neriton in front of him, and, having convinced him, helps him hide his treasures in the grotto, when they sit down under the olive-tree over its entrance, and she tells him how matters stand at home, and contrives plans for getting rid of the pretendants, who would, no doubt, put an end to him if he fell into their hands. This seems to be his conviction, for he exclaims: "Great gods! if you had not enlightened me I should have perished in my palace, like Agamemnon. Come, let us plan a means by which I may revenge myself on them all." This hint of the fate of Agamemnon, whose end he had learned, is the clew to his cautious deportment. They plan as follows: He will be disguised by Athena, so that not even his wife shall know him, and will then go to Eumæus, who keeps his swine by the Raven's Cliff, near Arethusa's fountain, and wait with him studying up the position, while she goes off to Lacedæmon to bring back Telemachus, whom she had sent there nominally to get news of his father, but really, as she informs Ulysses, to give him an opportunity, hitherto wanting, to see the world and acquire renown. Here they separate, and Ulysses takes the secret path.

The position of the grotto makes the only difficulty in tracing all his movements; for it is not, as one would expect, at the head of the port, strictly speaking, but at the head of the little ravine which ends in the port, a good quarter of an hour's walk from the shore, even making allowance for all the recession of the water-line, which has evidently been considerable. The grotto itself corresponds exactly with the description, and can be entered by mortals only in the usual way, by the small opening which looks toward the port. "It has two entrances: one, turned toward the breath of Boreas, is for human use; the other, toward that of Notos, is more divine. Never man enters by that; it is the way of the immortals." The human entrance is a low, almost invisible opening, or at least easily passed without notice at a short distance. Even now, when all vegetation has disappeared from around it, and the olive-trees come only half-way up the hill, it would easily be hidden by a large stone, as Minerva hides it. The entrance, low and precipitous, widens rapidly within, and we descend by what might once have been artificially prepared steps to a vault-like cave, sixteen to twenty feet in diameter, with a curious recess at the farther end, and at the top of the vault another opening, like the top window of the Pantheon of Rome, or any of the circular temples whose form was derived from the vaulted tomb or treasury of Pelasgic archi-

ture. At first sight I thought this opening might have been artificial, but on close examination I saw that the formation of the rock led to it naturally, and that, hardly large enough to admit a human body readily, it could only, if enlarged, be entered by a person's being let down with a cord. This is the "immortals' entrance." Under this opening lies a huge heap of stones, accumulation of centuries, for the lower portions are cemented together by the stalagmitic deposit from the rock above; and the walls of the grotto, despite the breaking off of every attackable stalactite, are still entirely formed of carbonate of lime so deposited. The difference between the actual distance from the water's edge to the grotto and that which is indicated by the narrative of the *Odyssey* does not seem more than a fair poetic license would permit; or the memory of the narrator, having known the localities, might well in a few years of absence leave out this short distance.

The *Odyssean* topography is greatly confused to the modern traveler by the fact that the Homeric city undoubtedly stood at the northern end of the island, and far remote from the landing-place of Ulysses and the pig-pens of Eumæus. The view from the grotto gives us, at the left, a bay of which Vathy and Phorcys are tributaries. This cuts the island nearly in two, a narrow ridge of rock only connecting its two great masses. On the northern is the site of the Homeric city, as I shall presently show; but on the south are the Raven's Cliff (Mount Aëtos) and the fountain of Arethusa, together with an ancient ruin known by the people as the "Castle of Ulysses." These ruins are of the earliest form of Pelasgic, commonly named Cyclopean, though there is no justification for any distinction between the "Pelasgic" and the "Cyclopean," or any proper distinction of styles, as they run into each other, from the form shown at "Ulysses Castle" to the most elaborate and carefully fitted polygonal which we shall find at Samé on the opposite shore of Cephalonia. The walls of Ulysses Castle are of great extent, and portions still remaining near the summit are well preserved, some fragments being nearly twenty feet high. It must have been the work of a powerful tribe and a great stronghold. Seen from the sea, it shows on a sharp conical rock precipitously trending down to the shore. The *Odyssey* in no manner makes allusion to this, either as city or as ruin. Ulysses passes it by, leaving it on the right, apparently ignoring its existence. This makes it tolerably clear that it had been so long in ruin that it was in no way to be connected with the Ulyssean dynasty or colonization even, or that it was constructed after

the Homeric epoch. The latter hypothesis is untenable, because we find in many parts, especially in the Argolid, ruins clearly contemporary with this which were in the Hellenic traditions regarded as the work of a vanished and semi-divine race of giants, the Cyclopes or the "divine Pelasgi"; while, of the Homeric epoch, as distinguished from the Pelasgic, which preceded it, and the Hellenic, which followed it, we have no recognizable ruin, and the cities known to have existed, such as the Ithaca of Ulysses, have left no ruin durable enough to show in our time. This indicates a state of civilization in which the great necessity of strong walls as a defense had passed, or that, by the use of cement, walls were made so light in structure that they were efficient for the day, but perished utterly in the intervening time. I leave the question of the identity of the Odyssean epoch with that of the composition of the poem at present untouched. I am dealing only with the poem which philologists suppose to have been composed about 850 B. C. That the author knew Ithaca perfectly I think we shall see, and that consequently the ruins of the Pelasgic epoch, when not continuously inhabited (as were Nericus and Samé, the former of which Laërtes conquered, and the latter of which sent the largest deputation of "kings" as suitors for Penelope, the foundations of both being Pelasgic), were already so lost in the twilight of prehistory as to be without any meaning to the author of the *Odyssey*. The city on the spot now called the Castle of Ulysses was as unknown to the epoch of Homer as to ours. No one in the whole action of the *Odyssey* goes in or out of its ruined gates or turns aside from his path to speak of or visit it. "Kings" were as common as rascals in those days, but that two important cities should exist contemporaneously in the small island of Ithaca, and that the people of Ulysses should live in one, pasture their hogs on the territory of the other, and ignore its existence, is impossible.

That this part of the island was nearly or quite unpopulated is made more than probable by the facts that no mention is made of any city or people here; that the only features mentioned are the wildness, and forests abandoned to feeding of pigs; and that Ulysses selects this part for his concealment; as well as by the complete absence of ruins in it not belonging to the Pelasgic epoch. The path Ulysses probably followed from the port of Phorcys to the Raven's Cliff was by far too hard for dilettante following; it is not only impassable to beasts of burden, but, I should say, hard on pedestrian enterprise. There is a road carriageable for a few miles from Vathy

along the ridge southward, and then a fair bridle-path to the cliff, which, had we known it, would have led us somewhere near the location of Eumæus's sties; but the guide my friends had recommended me, on his personal assurance, did not know the road, and we went wandering across fields and over hills, abandoning our quadrupeds at the moment when they would have been our best guides; and, finally, the fellow had to go to a plowman scratching the earth with a crooked stick behind two year-old heifers, and inquire his way. I exhausted my modern Greek in exasperated vituperation of his pretentious ignorance, and took the lead, as I generally have had to do on similar occasions.

There was a pretty valley on our way, the only arable or fruitful land in this part of the island; all else was bare and bleak. A few tough-lived shrubs, broom and gorse, arbutus, and some others I did not know, wring a scanty subsistence from the clefts between the rocks, and in a mass of almost unmitigated limestone was cloven a ravine. The roughness of Ithaca was proverbial even in Homeric days, since Athena, while disguised as a shepherd, replies to Ulysses, "If it [Ithaca] is rocky, if it breeds not horses in its moderate space, it is not quite barren," etc. One might well select this scene as one of tranquil beauty, with the faint glimpses of the dreamy inner sea above its valley distance, and the golden grain-fields as I saw them, interspersed with vineyards and olive-orchards.

The glen of the Raven's Cliff becomes a wild gorge below the fountain of Arethusa, and descends abruptly to the sea. Above, a stripe of bare, pale-gray rock down the cliff shows that in winter it is the location of a cataract, though, when I visited the locality, dry as summer dust. The fountain of Arethusa is situated about half-way from the cliff to the sea, and bears the evidences of an immense antiquity. Remains of an architectural surrounding are still to be seen, and below it are some foundations of walls of the Roman period, evidently of a temple to the nymph or local goddess. The recess of the fountain has once been much larger, but the slow process of depositing the calcareous incrustation which forms its walls has gone on so long that only a small deep basin remains, from which the people draw the water with a cord and bucket. Its niche is cushioned with moss and maiden-hair ferns, and the soft porous rock is always moist with the filtering through of the water. A wooden trough is placed for the watering of the sheep and goats which take the place of the hogs of Eumæus, for this is the only perennial source of water in the region.

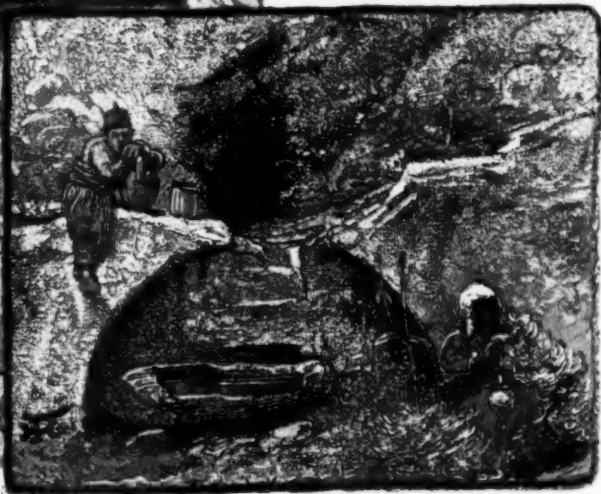
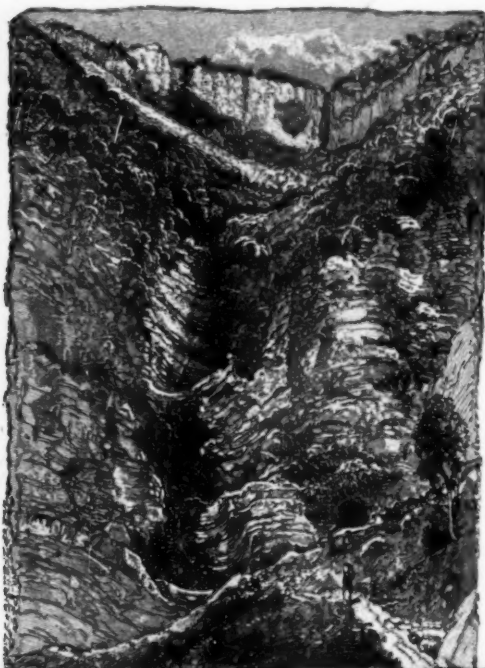
An old woman, wrinkled and bowed, looking

like one of the Fates, sat near the fountain, combing the wool she had washed at it; and on the opposite side the nymph of the fountain, in the shape of a young matron of one of the neighboring hamlets, was washing her clothes. The wash was boiling when we came up, over a fire of brambles and weeds; but the utensil which took the place of the bronze caldron of the antique house-mother was an American petroleum-can, with a wire bale fitted in rudely, and the stamp of the New York Refining Company was still visible on the tin. We

talk of the omnipresence of gold, of the omnipotence of cotton; but in my wanderings on the earth I have found places where the people did not know the value of a piece of gold, and wore nothing but the homespun and woven wool of their flocks and flax of their fields, while I have never found one that did not know petroleum, and I have learned that the petroleum-can is a more universal concomitant of civilization than English cutlery or American drillings.

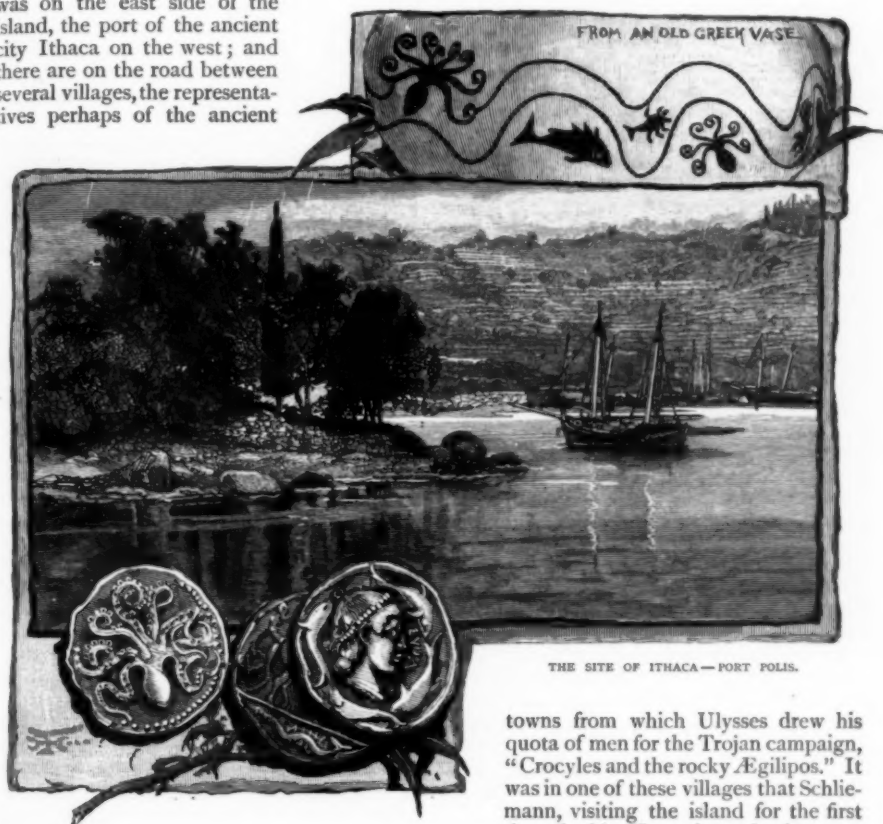
The pens of Ulysses' pig-herd were at the top of the cliff, where a plain of small extent and soil of scanty depth still maintains an olive-grove, sole representative of the forest of oaks whose acorns fattened the swine for the revels of the suitors of Penelope.

Here Ulysses finds Eumæus, and here, in his anxiety to convince him of the truth of his prediction of the return of the wanderer, he says: "If he return not as I declare, let your servants seize me and throw me over the high



RAVEN'S CLIFF AND THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

rock, that vagabonds may learn in future to abstain from useless falsehoods." The road from the pens of the divine swine-herd to the city lay northward by the port of Phorcys, and under the Castle of Ulysses, along the flank of Neriton overlooking the sea. The landing-place of Ulysses was on the east side of the island, the port of the ancient city Ithaca on the west; and there are on the road between several villages, the representatives perhaps of the ancient



THE SITE OF ITHACA—PORT POLIS.

towns from which Ulysses drew his quota of men for the Trojan campaign, "Crocyles and the rocky Ægilipos." It was in one of these villages that Schliemann, visiting the island for the first time, in his Homeric enthusiasm, as

the villagers in their habitual curiosity to see the stranger came out to gaze and question, taking the assemblage as a recognition of his presence, and determined to show them how well he estimated the honor due to an heir of the Odyssean glory, mounted on a table and translated from Homer the passages which record Laërtes' emotions on the return of his long-lost son. "They wept with emotion," says the naïve Doctor; and he rewarded them by some hundred lines more. Remembering this incident, I inquired about the matter, and found that it had excited much merriment in the cultivated circles of Vathy, and, as I expected, that the other side in the *rencontre* preserved a very different recollection of the Doctor's exploits.

In the nomenclature of the two principal higher villages of the northern section, I found a curious survival of archaic language, which, so far as I could learn, is as incomprehensible as Homer to the inhabitants. The villages are Anoi and Exoi, which are clearly from the archaic and (except in the Cretan mountains) obsolete words *ano* and *exo*, used as *haw* and *jee* are by us in driving oxen, and of course meaning originally right and left. But of Ithaca city, the home of Ulysses, not a trace remains except the name *Polis* (city, the city par excellence), which is applied to a locality where not even an ancient wall shows a claim to the appellation. The fragments of substructure shown on the hill above and near the village of Stavros are undoubtedly mediæval, and belong to the piratical city which was established here, and which was destroyed in the latter part of the sixteenth century. I

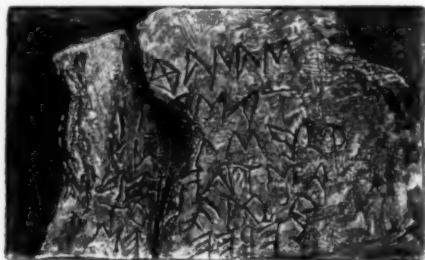
searched in vain for anything to indicate the date of the ancient city, but here, doubtless, was the home of Ulysses. Its little port is of the nature demanded by ancient mariners,—a smooth beach in a cove, with the island of Cephalonia opposite and near enough to shut off any great violence of sea or wind. Homer relates that the suitors, when Telemachus had gone to Pylos to get news of his father, sent out a ship with some of their number to intercept and kill him on his return, and that this ship lay in watch at an island off the port where the return of Telemachus's ship could be seen from afar and prevented. Opposite Port Polis is a rock, probably the remnant of that island; for, as the substance of the rock is a conglomerate easily subdued by the elements and decomposing rapidly, it must have been once a considerable island, and it is now the only remnant of rock or island which occupies any such relative position.

In searching around the neighborhood for traces of antiquity I was accosted by a peasant, who told me that there had been found a stone with some letters on it, and I made haste to hunt it out. They (for there were two fragments) were at the bottom of a heap of stone which had been exhumed from under a land-fall, and which were evidently part of a very ancient building. I hired the men who gathered round to remove the heap, and photographed the stones, which had been originally one. The inscription is in the early style of Greek epigraphy, boustrophedon, *i. e.*, going alternately from left to right and right to left, as oxen go when plowing. It is the oldest known inscription in the Ithacan alphabet.

I placed a copy of the photograph in the hands of Professor Comparetti of Florence, amongst others, and received from him the following, read at the meeting of the Academy of the Lincei:

"Since I have hitherto spoken of inscriptions very old or archaic, as we say, it will be permitted me to close this communication by presenting to the Academy a curious inscription of this kind recently discovered in Ithaca and communicated to me by a diligent and cultivated visitor to the Greek lands, the American, Mr. Stillman, who made in Ithaca a photograph of the inscription, and, having unsuccessfully asked an interpretation of several scholars, applied to me. He has permitted me to make communication to this Academy, putting at my disposition also the negative of his photograph, from which are printed the copies I present. The inscription is tolerably roughly cut in a friable stone, broken in two, worn by time and water. The photograph, which is never the best means

of representing monuments of this kind even in experienced hands, presents some confusion and obscurity in parts; but this is the only difficulty in the epigraph. . . . I saw at once that this was an inscription of which there was already some notice in a book published by the Phoenix of discoverers of antiquities, Schliemann, in 1868, 'Ithaca, Peloponnesos, and Troy.' Rich as he is in fancy, Schliemann is



INSCRIPTION FOUND AT POLIS.

ready to believe any story, and at once convinced himself that he had discovered the inscription of a very old sarcophagus, and found an honest workman who helped him to complete the idea, showing him the bones found in it by him. And in his book, together with this and other news, he communicated the inscription such as he read it. Of the two fragments, however, he only saw that at the right, and this he read very badly, seeing letters where none are, and imagining incredible forms of letters. Kirchhoff in his 'Studien zur Geschichte des Griechischen Alphabets' sought to apply this monument to his purposes, but could make nothing of it, and it would have been impossible to get anything from it. Now, thanks to the intelligent care of Mr. Stillman, we have before us the monument as it is; he knew nothing of Schliemann; when he saw the inscription, he saw that it was incomplete, and, seeking amongst the stones, found the other piece, and, divining justly its relation, united them and took the photograph which now permits us to utilize what we may call his discovery.

"The epigraph is certainly very old, besides being boustrophedon. This is shown particularly by the forms of the *sigma* and *iota*. It was cut roughly and by hands little used to such work, without any care for symmetry in the disposition of the letters or of the lines, nor for the uniformity of the letters. Some letters are lost in the fracture, others by the wearing of the stone, and the entire inscription is mutilated in the lower part.

"The reading, with the filling up, is as follows:

τὰς [A]θάνας
 τὰς (P)[ί](ας)
 κα[ι] τ[ὴν] (ἁ)ς Ἡρα
 ας τὰ (ῥ)[ν]ττα
 τῶ [ι]ερῶ οἱ
 ἐς[ρ]ε[ς] (Κε[ς]-
 π

"Translation: 'Of Athena—of Rhea—and of Hera—the sacred utensils of the temple—the priests, Kes—placed.'"

"Probably the names of the three priests followed, the first commencing with the letters Kes,—perhaps Kesiphron,—and there ought to follow τὰς ἑσθῆν or τὰς κάπην, or similar expression. The inscription then has nothing to do with a sarcophagus, or with the dead. It treats, on the contrary, of a hidden treasure, that is to say, of the sacred utensils of a temple in which were worshiped the three divinities Athena, Rhea, and Hera, each one having her peculiar priest. It is well known that there is nothing new in this case of three divinities worshiped in the same temple. We know that Athena was especially revered in Ithaca, and are not surprised to find her first in the list. Then to explain this inscription, it may be supposed that in some perilous time of war, revolution, or other danger, these priests decided to put in security the treasures of the temple and hid them in a safe and secret place, leaving there this inscription, so that in any case the nature and origin of the objects might be known. Probably they cut the inscription themselves that no one else might be in the secret, and this would explain the signs of haste and inexperience in the cutting, while on the other hand the language, like the orthography, is correct."

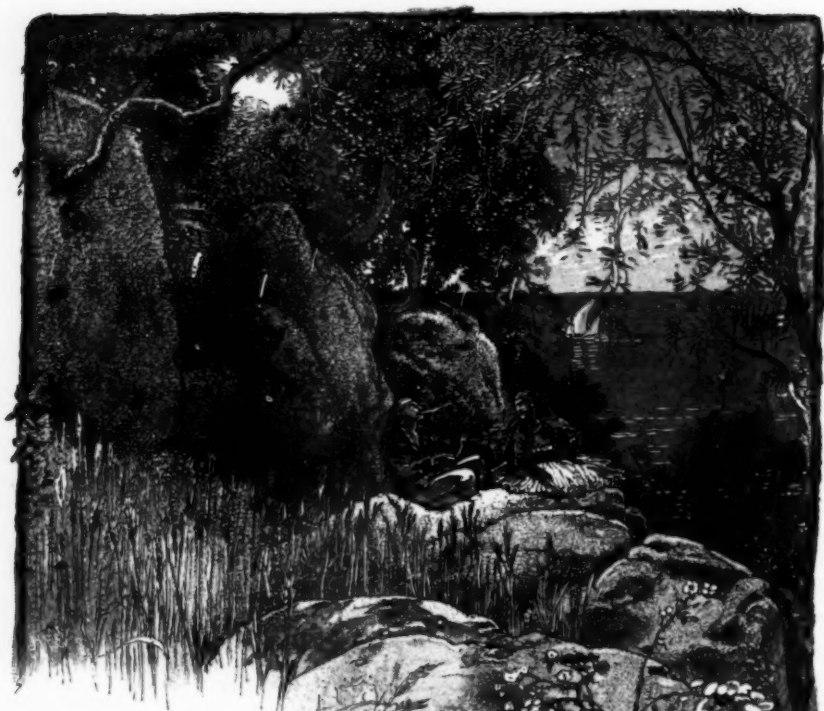
The attribution to a sarcophagus by Schliemann is difficult to explain. If it had been, as he says, on a sarcophagus that he found the right half of the inscription, he must have found the whole; but the fact is that there was in the whole stone mass no fragment of anything like a sarcophagus, an object unknown in Greece till centuries later. The inscription had evidently been a mural tablet, and underneath the mass of débris from which it was extracted the workmen found a well, which was excavated, they told me, without finding anything; nor, they said, was any object of antiquity found with the stones. This proves nothing, for when anything is found the absurd rigor of the Greek laws makes the concealment of it the first object of the finder. If this well, when discovered, had still contained the sacred objects,

what a find if archæology could have profited by it! But as the Greek law in case of concealment would have punished the excavator by confiscation, or in the last case by taking the half of the objects found, the first precaution taken by the finder would have been to remove if possible to a foreign shore, and if not, to melt down, if of precious metal, the objects found. Until Greek legislation on archæological research is more intelligent, it will be gravely handicapped. The greater part of the value of an object is often to know where it came from, and this we never know of objects found in Greece by chance or private excavation. There was some years ago a report, which had certainly considerable confirmation, of the discovery of a great treasure in this part of Ithaca; possibly it may have been this very one. If we could have found the vessels of the temple, they would have given us the art of the descendants of the Dorians in Ithaca at least six hundred years B. C.; for this inscription is Doric, and dates from not later than that time. The epigraphy would indicate even an earlier date.

In any case, we may be confident that our inscription marks the site as having been in the vicinity of a city of the Homeric epoch, as, supposing the Odyssey to have been composed in 850 B. C., only about two hundred years could have intervened between its composition and the placing of this inscription, while, if we adopt the conjecture of some archæologists, who date this form of writing as far back as 850 B. C., we may assume that this city was in existence at the beginning of the actual historical epoch for Greece, *i. e.*, about 1000 B. C.*

But if there are no traces of the Homeric city, and none of earlier construction in the immediate neighborhood of the site, there is in the interior of the island, and in the northern lobe, which we see was probably the special domain of the Ithaca of Ulysses, a most interesting antiquity which is now known as the "school of Homer." It is in all probability a sacred place of the Pelasgic epoch, as on the rock above it is a chapel whose substructions are clearly Pelasgic and most probably the remains of a Pelasgic temple, which alone would account for its preservation, and is probably also the reason of its conversion into a Christian church. It is on a scale in keeping with all the remains we have of the heroic epoch, about twelve by twenty feet, and though much repaired in the modern adaptation, still shows its ancient dimensions and style of building in the lower courses, too solid to be

* I adopt, for the moment, the generally accepted date of the Homeric poems as a minimum, though, for reasons to be hereafter given, persuaded of their greater antiquity.



THE SCHOOL OF HOMER.

rearranged, though some of the upper stones have evidently been replaced in later times. It stands on the brow of a low bluff, below the village of Exoi and not far from the "field of Laërtes," which tradition points out at a little hamlet below. Traces of other walls extend to the brink of the precipice that overhangs the "school," and round by the side is an antique flight of steps, mostly preserved and cut in the solid rock, that served as passage between the temple and the "school," which may have been the place of sacrifice or possibly an area for the holding of the council. It is mainly cut in the rock at the foot of the precipice on which the temple was built, with a double flight of steps, also cut in the rock, descending to the ground below. It is not above fifteen feet across at its widest, and the decomposition of the solid rock by time and weather leaves only the general shape and character, with some of the steps above and below it, still tolerably perfect. It was a lovely place, and if the shade now thrown by the olive-trees which surround it was anciently given by plane-trees, it would have been still more striking. You look off on the sea and

the distant island of Levkadi with the mountain of Acarnania, and through the interstices of the olive-trees you catch glimpses of the cultivated valley beneath, where, if anywhere in this end of the island, old Laërtes must have had his field, as here only is tillage possible. North is the sea, south the huge wall of Neriton, east the rugged mountain that looks out on the inner sea, and west that on which Exoi is raised to the clouds and from which one looks down on the Cephalonian

channel at its foot. Like the plain or valley between the Raven's Cliff and Vathy for the southern lobe, this is the only valley for the northern. The "school" is poised thus midway between the valley and the mountain peak; and whether, as the islanders pretend, it was the place where Homer read his poems, the council place of the ancient heroes and kings, or the hieron of Pelasgic priests whence the works of sacrifice went up to the great Zeus, the choice of locality was one which suited alike its uses. The young wheat was springing into head in all the interspaces of the close-standing olive-trees, and the rocks above were overhung and draped with wild sage and gemmed with wild flowers. The boy who guided us assured us that there was a secret passage to the top of the rock, filled up now; and a peasant passing by stopped to see what we might be saying or doing, and finding that our interest was fixed on *palaia pragmata*, offered to guide us to an ancient rock-cut well in the valley below. We found only the door which opens to the passage, which, he assured us, led down a stone-cut staircase to the well, far in the ground; but as the well belonged to the priest, who had the key in his pocket, and was no one knew where, we had to be content with the door, which was modern enough, though fitting an opening cut in the rock very evidently ancient.

In this vicinity must, by the force of nature, have been the residence of all the agricultural part of the population of the ancient Ithaca. Says the poem:

"Ulysses and his companions withdrew from the city and soon arrived at the magnificent garden of Laertes, which the hero had formerly purchased with his wealth after the many ills he had suffered. There stands his dwelling, surrounded on all sides by a portico where the slaves who cultivate his estate sleep and eat. In the porter's lodge is an old Sicilian, who in this solitary place, far from the city, takes care of the noble old man. . . . At these words he gives his arms to the herdsmen who enter into the house of their master, while Ulysses, to find Laertes, enters into the garden. The hero goes down into the great vineyard and finds neither Dolias nor his sons, nor the other slaves. Dolias has led them far away to gather thorns to make hedges round the inclosure. Ulysses finds his father digging round the root of a tree in the garden. Laertes is dressed in a dirty patched tunic; around his legs he has bound, to preserve them, greaves of sewn leather; gloves protect his hands, and his head is covered by a cap of goat-skin, which completes his mournful appearance. . . .

"Ah," replied Laertes, 'if you are Ulysses, if you are my son returned to this island, describe to me a sure sign that I cannot mistake.'

"See first," replies Ulysses, 'this wound, which long ago on Parnassus a wild boar gave me with his tusk, when I went to Autolycus to bring the presents which he here had promised me. Then listen, I will describe to you the trees of your beautiful garden which you gave me, and I asked of you in my childhood as I ran behind you. We passed through your

inclosure; you told me the name of every tree, and you gave me thirteen pear-trees, ten apple-trees, forty fig-trees, and then you promised to give me fifty rows of vines in full bearing.'

The legends of the modern population of Ithaca must not be confounded with real local tradition, transmitted from ancient times. They are unquestionably the reflection of literary statement, the reiterated conclusions of students more or less well informed as to the true archaeological bases of opinion. The attribution of the plain we have visited as the garden of Laertes is doubtless due to reading of the Odyssey, and, like the location of the "Castle of Ulysses" on Aëtos, arose from a popular rendering of the story as handed down by literature and converted into legend, which is located wherever the crude antiquarianism of the people judges best. An instance of the real tradition which has a distinct value in archaeological research is that of the preservation of the name Polis for the abandoned site where unquestionably the Homeric city stood; and this simple indication is sufficient to prove that Ithaca was never entirely depopulated and repeopled by Slavs, because in this case the continuity of tradition would have been lost, and there is no ruin to restore it in modern times, even if it were capable of surviving the interruption. If it had simply been handed down by a Slavonic colony, it would have been "Arad" instead of "Polis," while, if the repopulation had once been complete, names which are not now understood by the present inhabitants could not have originated with them. If the name had sprung from the ruins, the site on Aëtos would have received it instead of its present legendary appellation, so that in no way can we explain the survival of the name Polis for the site, or the names Anoi and Exoi, except by supposing them to have clung to the places from Homeric times through a continuous population of Hellenic stock, however thinned. Another curious incident illustrates the tenacity of this kind of survival. As we were passing through one of the villages, I heard one child calling to others to run to see the barbarians, οἱ βάρβαροι (*varvari*), just as the Greek children of Homeric times would have called us,—i. e., foreigners, people who spoke a strange language, a babble, unintelligible sounds like those of children. I heard it twice and could not be mistaken, though a Greek friend to whom I related it would have it that they said βαβάρροι (Bavarians), since in continental Greece, Bavarian (German) has been a term of contempt from the days of King Otho. But I am certain of the word; and besides, the children of Ithaca never had anything to do with the Bavarians, as they

were under the Ionian Government till after the fall of Otho and the departure of the Bavarians.

On the whole, I think that there is the strongest ground of probability for these conclusions: that, whatever may be the relation of the real Ulysses to Ithaca, the hero as conceived and represented in the *Odyssey*, the Ulysses of the Homeric epoch, *if he was an actuality*, lived at the site known as Polis; and that this site, and all the others mentioned in the poem, were known by the author of it from personal inspection. The inscription found at Polis is in Doric Greek, which gives us a right to conclude that the Ithaca of that time was a Doric colony, and possibly the beginning of the proper Greek population, in which the antique blood, more or less mixed, still survives in the island; while the entire oversight of the Pelasgic site on Aëtos indicates the total interruption of race connection and the immense interval which must have come between its construction and the transfer of the seat of power to Polis, as, if still habitable when the new race took possession, it would, like Nericus, Samé, and Crané, which we shall examine in Cephalonia, have been made the bases of the newer city. That it was then utterly abandoned, we conclude, not only from the neglect of it by Ulysses in the passages we have noticed, but from the fact that while Samé, on the other island, sends suitors, and Ithaca itself (the city) adds its quota, no allusion is made to any from any other place in the island. In short, the total silence through the whole poem in regard to any place which can be by possibility connected with Aëtos, justifies my concluding that it was as much an abandoned ruin in the time of Homer as now.

The episode of the voyage of Telemachus

to Pylos (Navarino), which brings into the *Odyssey* the western shore of the Peloponnese, is, with the exception of some unimportant allusions, the only interjection of continental Greek into the poem.

We ran over to look for some trace of the sage Nestor, but as usual found that while the people had enough of the after-growth of legend out of the *Odyssey*, they knew absolutely nothing of the antique site. I had no guide then to lead me to the Pylos where the ship of Telemachus found "the Pyleans scattered along the shore offering a sacrifice to Neptune, black bulls without a spot."

The bay of Navarino is a vast marine lake, known to us mainly by its being the locality of the decisive combat between the fleets of the great European powers and the Turkish and Egyptian, which decided the destiny of modern Greece. We ran in from the open Adriatic, whose waters were uncomfortably agitated by the south-west wind, glad of the safe and convenient anchorage. But a sleepier place than the modern substitute for the "sandy Pylos" I have never found in Greece. Nobody could give me a word of direction, and all our searching round the extended sheet of water for the antique site, only perhaps to be recognized by some half-hidden remnant of Pelasgian walls, was fruitless; we neither saw nor heard of any ruin. We paid a visit to the splendidly picturesque old Venetian fortress commanding the entrance of the bay, which perhaps has used up the stones of Nestor's Pylos, and which has looked down on one of the most murderous combats of modern naval history. It is garrisoned by a little guard of Greek soldiers, and its keep is the prison of the district. The gate is a good sample of the fortifications by which the Venetian Republic held her Eastern possessions.

W. J. Stillman.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

LIII.

"WHO GOES THERE?"

THE scene and incident now to be described are without date. As Mary recalled them years afterward, they hung out against the memory a bold, clear picture, cast upon it as the magic lantern casts its tableaux upon the

darkened canvas. She had lost the day of the month, the day of the week, all sense of location, and the points of the compass. The most that she knew was that she was somewhere near the meeting of the boundaries of three States. Either she was just within the southern bound of Tennessee, or the extreme north-eastern corner of Mississippi, or else the north-western corner of Alabama. She was

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aware, too, that she had crossed the Tennessee river, that the sun had risen on her left and had set on her right, and that by and by this beautiful day would fade and pass from this unknown land, and the firelight and lamplight draw around them the home-groups under the roof trees here where she was a homeless stranger the same as in the home-lands where she had once loved and been beloved.

She was seated in a small, light buggy drawn by one good horse. Beside her the reins were held by a rather tall man of middle age, gray, dark, round-shouldered, and dressed in the loose blue flannel so much worn by followers of the Federal camp. Under the stiff brim of his soft-crowned black hat a pair of clear eyes gave a continuous playful twinkle. Between this person and Mary protruded, at the edge of the buggy seat, two small booties that have already had mention, and from his elbow to hers and back to his, continually swayed drowsily the little golden head to which the booties bore a certain close relation. The dust of the highway was on the buggy and the blue flannel and the booties. It showed with special boldness on a black sunbonnet that covered Mary's head, and that somehow lost all its homeliness whenever it rose sufficiently in front to show the face within. But the highway itself was not there; it had been left behind some hours earlier. The buggy was moving at a quiet jog along a "neighborhood road," with unplowed fields on the right and a darkling woods pasture on the left. By the feathery softness and paleness of the sweet-smelling foliage you might have guessed it was not far from the middle of April, one way or another; and by certain allusions to Pittsburg Landing as a place of conspicuous note, you might have known that Shiloh had been fought. There was that feeling of desolation in the land that remains after armies have passed over, let them tread never so lightly.

"D'you know what them rails is put that way fur?" asked the man. He pointed down with his buggy-whip just off the roadside, first on one hand and then on the other.

"No," said Mary, turning the sunbonnet's limp front toward the questioner and then to the disjointed fence on her nearer side; "that's what I've been wondering for days. They've been ordinary worm fences, haven't they?"

"Jess so," responded the man, with his accustomed twinkle. "But I think I see you oncet or twicet lookin' at 'em and sort o' tryin' to make out how come they got into that shape." The long-reiterated W's of the rail-fence had been pulled apart into separate V's, and the two sides of each of these had been drawn narrowly together so that what had

been two parallel lines of fence with the lane between was now a long double row of wedge-shaped piles of rails, all pointing into the woods on the left.

"How did it happen?" asked Mary, with a smile of curiosity.

"Didn't happen at all, 'twas jess *done* by live men, and in a powerful few minutes at that. Sort o' shows what we're approachin' unto, as it were, eh? Not but they's plenty behind us done the same way, all the way back into Kentuck', as you already done see; but this's been done sence the last rain, and it rained night afore last."

"Still I'm not sure what it means," said Mary; "has there been fighting here?"

"Go up head," said the man, with a facetious gesture. "See? The fight came through these here woods, here. 'Taint been much over twenty-four hours, I reckon, since every one o' them-ah sort o' shut-up-fan-shape sort o' fish traps had a gray-jacket in it layin' flat down an' firin' through the rails, sort o' random-like, only not much so." His manner of speech seemed a sort of harlequin patch-work from the bad English of many sections, the outcome of a humorous and eclectic fondness for verbal deformities. But his lightness received a sudden check.

"Heigh-h-h," he gravely and softly exclaimed, gathering the reins closer, as the horse swerved and dashed ahead. Two or three buzzards started up from the roadside with their horrid flapping and whiff of quills, and circled low overhead. "Heigh-h-h," he continued, soothingly. "Ho-o-o-o! somebody lost a good nag there—a six-pound shot right through his head and neck. Whoever made that shot killed two birds with one stone, sho!" He was half risen from his seat, looking back. As he turned again and sat down the drooping black sunbonnet quite concealed the face within. He looked at it a moment. "If you think you don't like the risks we can still turn back."

"No," said the voice from out the sunbonnet; "go on."

"If we don't turn back now we can't turn back at all."

"Go on," said Mary; "I can't turn back."

"You're a good soldier," said the man, playfully, again. "You're a better one than me, I reckon; I kin turn back frequently, as it were. I've done it many a time and oft, as the felleh says."

Mary looked up with feminine surprise. He made a pretense of silent laughter that showed a hundred crows' feet in his twinkling eyes.

"Oh, don't you fret, I'm not goin' to run the wrong way with you in charge. Didn't you hear me promise Mr. Thornton? Well, you

see, I've got a sort o' bad memory that kind o' wont let me forgit when I make a promise; —bothers me that way a heap sometimes." He smirked in a self-deprecating way, and pulled his hat-brim down in front. Presently he spoke again, looking straight ahead over the horse's ears:

"Now, that's the mischief about comin' with me — got to run both blockades at oncet. Now, if you'd been a good Secesh and could somehow or 'nother of got a pass through the Union lines you'd of been all gay. But bein' Union, the fu'ther you git along the wuss off you air, 'less-n I kin take you and carry you 'way 'long yonder to where you kin jess jump onto a southbound Rebel railroad and light down amongst folks that'll never think o' you havin' run through the lines."

"But you can't do that," said Mary, not in the form of a request. "You know you agreed with Mr. Thornton that you would simply —"

"Put you down in a safe place," said the man, jocosely; "that's what it meant, and don't you get nervous —" His face suddenly changed; he raised his whip and held it up for attention and silence, looking at Mary and smiling while he listened. "Do you hear anything?"

"Yes," said Mary, in a hushed tone. There were some old fields on the right hand, now, and a wood on the left. Just within the wood a turtle-dove was cooing.

"I don't mean that," said the man, softly.

"No," said Mary, "you mean this, away over here." She pointed across the fields, almost straight away in front.

"'Taint so scandalous far 'awa-a-ay' as you talk like?" murmured the man, jestingly; and just then a fresh breath of the evening breeze brought plainer and nearer the soft boom of a bass-drum.

"Are they coming this way?" asked Mary.

"No; they're sort 'o dress-paradin' in camp, I reckon." He began to draw rein. "We turn off here, anyway," he said, and drove slowly, but point blank into the forest.

"I don't see any road," said Mary. It was so dark in the wood that even her child, muffled in a shawl and asleep in her arms, was a dim shape.

"Yes," was the reply, "we have to sort o' smell out the way here; but my smellers is good, at times, and pretty soon we'll strike a little sort o' somep'nother like a road, about a quarter from here."

Pretty soon they did so. It started suddenly from the edge of an old field in the forest, and ran gradually down, winding among the trees, into a densely wooded

bottom, where even Mary's short form often had to bend low to avoid the boughs of beech trees and festoons of grape-vine. Under one beech the buggy stood still a moment. The man drew and opened a large clasp-knife and cut one of the long tough withes. He handed it to Mary, as they started on again.

"With compliments," he said, "and hoping you wont find no use for it."

"What is it for?"

"Why, you see, later on we'll be in the saddle; and if such a thing should jess accidentally happen to happen, which I hope it wont, to be sho', that I should happen to sort o' absent-mindedly yell out 'go,' like as if a hornet had stabbed me, you jess come down with that switch, and make the critter under you run like a scared dog, as it were."

"Must I?"

"No, I don't say you *must*, but you'd better, I bet you. You needn't if you don't want to."

Presently the dim path led them into a clear, rippling creek, and seemed to Mary to end; but when the buggy wheels had crunched softly along down stream over some fifty or sixty yards of gravelly shallow, the road showed itself faintly again on the other bank, and the horse, with a plunge or two and a scramble, jerked them safely over the top, and moved forward in the direction of the rising moon. They skirted a small field full of ghostly dead trees, where corn was beginning to make a show, turned its angle, and saw the path under their feet plain to view, smooth and hard.

"See that?" said the man, in a tone of playful triumph, as the animal started off at a brisk trot, lifted his head and neighed. "'My day's work's done,' sezee; 'I done hoed my row.'" A responsive neigh came out of the darkness ahead. "That's the trick!" said the man. "Thanks, as the felleh says." He looked to Mary for her appreciation of his humor.

"I suppose that means a good deal; does it?" asked she, with a smile.

"Jess so! It means, first of all, fresh hosses. And then it means a house what aint been burnt by jayhawkers yit, and a man and woman a-waitin' in it, and some bacon and corn-pone, and may be a little coffee, and milk, anyhow, till you can't rest and buttermilk to, fare-you-well. Now, have you ever learned the trick o' jess sort o' qui'tin' up, cloze an' all, dry so, and puttin' half a night's rest into an hour's sleep? 'Caze why, in one hour we must be in the saddle. No mo' buggy, and powerful few roads. Comes as nigh coonin' it as I reckon you ever 'lowed you'd like to do, don't it?"

He smiled, pretending to hold back much

* Coiling.

laughter, and Mary smiled too. At mention of a woman she had removed her bonnet and was smoothing her hair with her hand.

"I don't care," she said, "if only you'll bring us through."

The man made a ludicrous gesture of self-abasement.

"Not knowin', can't say, as the felleh says; but what I can tell you—I always start out to make a spoon or spoil a horn, and which one I'll do I seldom ever promise till it's done. But I have a sneakin' notion, as it were, that I'm the clean sand and no discount, as Mr. Lincoln says, and I do my best. Angels can do no more, as the felleh says."

He drew rein. "Whoa." Mary saw a small log cabin, and a fire-light shining under the bottom of the door.

"The woods seem to be on fire just over there in three or four places, are they not?" she asked, as she passed the sleeping Alice down to the man, who had got out of the buggy.

"Them's the camps," said another man, who had come out of the house and was letting the horse out of the shafts.

"If we was on the rise o' the hill yonder we could see the Confedick camps, couldn't we, Isaiah?" asked Mary's guide.

"Easy," said that prophet. "I heer 'em to-day two, three times, plain, cheerin' at somethin'."

ABOUT the middle of that night Mary Richling was sitting very still and upright on a large dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shone almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side, and divided into a main right fork and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig crackled under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left and without a word took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd of gone three hundred yards further," he whispered, falling back and smiling broadly, "we'd 'a' run into the pickets. I went

nigh enough to see the videttes settin' on their hosses in the main road. This here aint no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary; but before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest and followed the long, rapid, swinging stride of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with arms outstretched above the flood; then Mary and then the white man,—or, let us say plainly, the spy,—with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuck-will's-widow, and once Mary's blood turned, for an instant, to ice at the unearthly shriek of the hoot owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

"Dess keep dish yeh road fo' 'bout half mile an' you strak 'pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an' you go whah yo' fancy tek you."

"Good-bye," whispered Mary.

"Good-bye, Miss," said the negro, in the same low voice; "good-bye, boss; don't you fo'git you promise tek me thoo to de Yankee' when you come back. I 'feered you gwine fo'git it, boss."

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half-mile was soon passed, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly,—

"There's the road," pointing at its broad, pale line with his six-shooter.

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alice again in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway,

snatched a carbine from the earth and cried: "Halt!"

The dark recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eyes of her companion.

"Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As she promptly did so she heard him answer the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

"Don't stop us, my friend; we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

"Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw, also, her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry,—

"Go!"

She smote the horse and flew. Alice woke and screamed.

"Hush, my darling," said the mother, laying on the withe; "mamma's here. Hush, darling, mamma's here. Don't be frightened, darling baby. O God, spare my child!" and away she sped.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minie-ball. At the same moment she recognized, once,—twice,—thrice,—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering,—the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

"Go!" he cried again. "Lay low! lay low! cover the child! But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying, clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sunbonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bedside.

"O mamma, mamma," wailed the terrified little one.

"Go on! Go on!" cried the voice behind; "they're — saddling — up! Go! go! We're goin' to make it! We're going to *make* it! Go-o-o!"

Half an hour later they were again riding abreast at a moderate gallop. Alice's cries had been quieted, but she still clung to her mother in a great tremor. Mary and her companion conversed earnestly in the subdued tone that had become their habit.

"No, I don't think they followed us fur," said the spy. "Seem like they's jess some scouts, most likely a-comin' in to report, feelin' pooty

safe and sort o' takin' it easy and careless; 'dreamin' the happy hours away,' as the felleh says. I reckon they sort o' believed my story, too; the little gal yelled so sort o' skillful. We kin slack up some more, now; we want to get our critters lookin' cool and quiet ag'in as quick as we kin, befo' we meet up with somebody." They reined into a gentle trot. He drew his revolver, whose emptied chambers he had already refilled. "D'd you hear this little felleh sing, 'Listen to the mockin'-bird?'"

"Yes," said Mary; "but I hope it didn't hit any of them."

He made no reply.

"Don't you?" she asked.

He grinned.

"D'you want a felleh to wish he was a bad shot?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling.

"Well, seein' as you're along, I do. For they wouldn't give us up so easy if I'd a hit one. Oh,—mine was only sort o' complimentary shots,—much as to say, 'same to you, gents,' as the felleh says."

Mary gave him a pleasant glance by way of courtesy, but was busy calming the child. The man let his weapon into its holster under his homespun coat and lapsed into silence. He looked long and steadily at the small feminine figure of his companion. His eyes passed slowly from the knee thrown over the saddle's horn to the gentle forehead slightly bowed as her face sank to meet the uplifted kisses of the trembling child, then over the crown and down the heavy, loosened tresses that hid the sunbonnet hanging back from her throat by its strings and flowed on down to the saddle-bow. His admiring eyes, grave for once, had made the journey twice before he noticed that the child was trying to comfort the mother and that the light of the sinking moon was glistening back from Mary's falling tears.

"Better let me have the little one," he said, "and you sort o' fix up a little, befo' we happen to meet up with somebody, as I say. It's lucky we haven't done it already."

A little coaxing prevailed with Alice, and the transfer was made. Mary turned away her wet eyes, smiling for shame of them, and began to coil her hair, her companion's eye following.

"Oh, you aint got no business to be ashamed of a few tears; I knowed you was a good soldier, befo' ever we started; I see' it in yo' eye. Not as I want to be complimentin' of you jess now. 'I come not here to talk,' as they used to say in school. D'you ever hear that piece?"

"Yes," said Mary.

"That's taken from Romans, aint it?"

"No," said Mary again, with a broad smile.

"I didn't know," said the man; "I aint no brag Bible scholar." He put on a look of

droll modesty. "I used to could say the ten commandments of the decalogue, oncet, and I still tries to keep 'em, in generally. There's another burnt house. That's the third one we done passed inside a mile. Raiders was along here about two weeks back. Hear that rooster crowin'? When we pass the plantation whar he is and rise the next hill, we'll be in sight o' the little town whar we stop for refreshments, as the railroad man says. You must begin to feel jess about everlastin'ly wore out, don't you?"

"No," said Mary; but he made a movement of the head to indicate that he had his belief to the contrary.

At an abrupt angle of the road Mary's heart leaped into her throat to find herself and her companion suddenly face to face with two horsemen in gray, journeying leisurely toward them on particularly good horses. One wore a slouched hat, the other a Federal officer's cap. They were the first Confederates she had ever seen eye to eye.

"Ride on a little piece and stop," murmured the spy. The strangers lifted their hats respectfully as she passed them.

"Gents," said the spy, "good-morning." He threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and the three men halted in a group. One of them copied the spy's attitude. They returned the greeting in kind.

"What command do you belong to?" asked the lone stranger.

"Simmons's battery," said one. "Whoa!" — to his horse.

"Mississippi?" asked Mary's guardian.

"Rackensack," said the man in the blue cap.

"Arkansas," said the other in the same breath. "What is your command?"

"Signal service," replied the spy. "Reckon I look mighty like a citizen jess about now, don't I?" He gave them his little laugh of self-depreciation and looked toward Mary, where she had halted and was letting her horse nip the new grass of the roadside.

"See any troops along the way you come?" asked the man in the hat.

"No; on'y a squad o' fellehs back yonder who was all unsaddled and fast asleep, and jumped up worse scared 'n a drove o' wile hogs. We both sort o' got a little mad and jess swapped a few shots, you know, kind o' tit for tat, as it were. Enemy's loss unknown?" He stooped more than ever in the shoulders, and laughed. The men were amused. "If you see 'em, I'd like you to mention me—" He paused to exchange smiles again. "And tell 'em the next time they see a man takin' a lady and sick child to see the doctor, they better hold their fire till they sho he's on'y a

citizen." He let his foot down into the stirrup again and they all smiled broadly. "Good-morning." The two parties went their ways.

"Jess as leave not of met up with them two buttermilk rangers," said the spy, once more at Mary's side; "but seein' as thah we was the oniest thing was to put on all the brass I had."

From the top of the next hill the travelers descended into a village lying fast asleep with the morning star blazing over it, the cocks calling to each other from their roosts, and here and there a light twinkling from a kitchen window, or a lazy axe-stroke smiting the logs at a wood-pile. In the middle of the village one lone old man, half-dressed, was lazily opening the little wooden "store" that monopolized its commerce. The travelers responded to his silent bow, rode on through the place, passed over and down another hill, met an aged negro, who passed on the roadside lifting his forlorn hat and bowing low; and as soon as they could be sure they had gone beyond his sight and hearing, turned abruptly into a dark wood on the left. Twice again they turned to the left, going very warily through the deep shadows of the forest, and so returned half around the village, seeing no one. Then they stopped and dismounted at a stable-door, on the outskirts of the place. The spy opened it with a key from his own pocket, went in and came out again with a great armful of hay which he spread for the horses' feet to muffle their tread, led them into the stable, removed the hay again, and closed and locked the door.

"Make yourself small," he whispered, "and walk fast." They passed by a garden path up to the back porch and door of a small unpainted cottage. He knocked, three soft, measured taps.

"Day's breakin'," he whispered again, as he stood with Alice asleep in his arms, while somebody was heard stirring within.

"Sam?" said a low, wary voice just within the unopened door.

"Sister," softly responded the spy, and the door swung inward and revealed a tall woman with an austere but good face, that could just be made out by the dim light of a tallow-candle shining from the next room. The travelers entered and the door was shut.

"Well," said the spy, standing and smiling foolishly, and bending playfully in the shoulders; "well, Mrs. Richlin,"—he gave his hand a limp wave abroad and smirked,—"'In Dixie's land you take yo' stand.' This is it. You're in it!—Mrs. Richlin, my sister; sister, Mrs. Richlin'."

"Pleased to know ye," said the woman, without the faintest ray of emotion. "Take a seat and sit down." She produced a chair bottomed with raw-hide.

"Thank you," was all Mary could think of to reply as she accepted the seat, and "Thank you" again when the woman brought a glass of water. The spy laid Alice on a bed in sight of Mary in another chamber. He came back on tiptoe.

"Now, the next thing is to git you furdur south. Wust of it is that, seein' as you got sich a weakness fur tellin' the truth, we'll jess have to sort o' slide you along fum one Union man to another; sort o' hole fass what I give ye, as you used to say yourself, I reckon. But you've got one strong holt." His eye went to his sister's, and he started away without a word, and was presently heard making a fire, while the woman went about spreading a small table with cold meats and corn-bread, milk and butter. Her brother came back once more.

"Yes," he said to Mary, "you've got one mighty good card, and that's it in yonder on the bed. 'Humph!' folks'll say, 'didn't come fur with that there baby, sho!'"

"I wouldn't go far without her," said Mary, brightly.

"I say," responded the hostess, with her back turned, and said no more.

"Sister," said the spy, "we'll want the buggy."

"All right," responded the sister.

"I'll go feed the hosses," said he, and went out. In a few minutes he returned. "Joe must give 'em a good rubbin' when he comes, sister," he said.

"All right," replied the woman, and then turning to Mary, "Come."

"What, ma'am?"

"Eat." She touched the back of a chair. "Sam, bring the baby." She stood and waited on the table.

Mary was still eating, when suddenly she rose up, saying:

"Why, where is Mister——, your brother,"

"He's gone to take a sleep, outside," said his sister. "It's too resky for him to sleep in a house."

She faintly smiled, for the first time, at the end of this long speech.

"But," said Mary, "oh, I haven't uttered a word of thanks. What will he think of me?"

She sank into her chair again with an elbow on the table, and looked up at the tall standing figure on the other side, with a little laugh of mortification.

"You kin thank God," replied the figure. "He aint gone." Another ghost of a smile was seen for a moment on the grave face. "Sam aint thinkin' about that. You hurry and finish and lay down and sleep, and when you wake up he'll be back here ready to take you along furdur. That's a healthy little one.

She wants some more buttermilk. Give it to her. If she don't drink it the pigs'll git it, as the ole woman says. . . . Now you better lay down on the bed in yonder and go to sleep. Jess sort o' loosen yo' close; don't take off noth'n' but dress and shoes. You needn' be afeard to sleep sound; I'm goin' to keep a look out."

LIV.

DIXIE.

In her sleep Mary dreamed over again the late rencontre. Again she heard the challenging outcry, and again was lashing her horse to his utmost speed; but this time her enemy seemed too fleet for her. He overtook—he laid his hand upon her. A scream was just at her lips, when she awoke with a wild start to find the tall woman standing over her, and bidding her, in a whisper, rise with all stealth and dress with all speed.

"Where's Alice?" asked Mary. "Where's my little girl?"

"She's there. Never mind her yit, till you're dressed. Here; not them cloze; these here homespun things. Make haste, but don't git excited."

"How long have I slept?" asked Mary, hurriedly obeying.

"You couldn't 'a' more'n got to sleep. Sam oughtn't to have shot back at 'em. They after 'im, hot; four of 'em jess now passed through on the road, right here past my front gate."

"What kept them back so long," asked Mary, tremblingly attempting to button her dress in the back.

"Let me do that," said the woman. "They couldn't come very fast; had to kind o' beat the bushes every hundred yards or so. If they'd of been more of 'em they'd a-come faster, 'cause tye'd a-left one or two behind at each turn-out, and come along with the rest. There; now that there hat, there, on the table." As Mary took the hat the speaker stepped to a window and peeped into the early day. A suppressed exclamation escaped her. "Oh, you poor boy!" she murmured. Mary sprang toward her, but the stronger woman hurried her away from the spot.

"Come; take up the little one 'thout wakin' her. Three more of 'em's a-passin'. The little young feller in the middle reelin' and swayin' in his saddle, and t'others givin' him water from his canteen."

"Wounded?" asked Mary, with a terrified look, bringing the sleeping child.

"Yes, the last wound he'll ever git, I reckon. Jess take the baby so. Sam's already took her cloze. He's waitin' out in the woods here behind the house. He's got the critters

down in the hollow. Now, here. This here bundle's a ridin'-skirt. It's not mournin', but you mustn't mind. It's mighty green and cottony lookin', but—anyhow, you jess put it on when you git into the woods. Now it's good sun-up outside. The way you must do—you jess keep on the lef' side o' me, close, so as when I jess santer out e-easy todes the back gate you'll be hid from all the other houses. Then when we git to the back gate I'll kind o' stand like I was lookin' into the pig pen, and you jess slide away on a line with me into the woods, and there'll be Sam. No, no; take your hat off and sort o' hide it. Now; 'you ready?"

Mary threw her arms around the woman's neck and kissed her passionately.

"Oh, don't stop for that," said the woman, smiling with an awkward diffidence. "Come."

"WHAT is the day of the month?" asked Mary of the spy.

They had been riding briskly along a mere cattle path in the woods for half an hour, and had just struck into an old unused road that promised to lead them presently into and through some fields of cotton. Alice, slumbering heavily, had been, little by little, dressed, and was now in the man's arms. As Mary spoke they slackened pace to a quiet trot, and crossed a broad highway nearly at right angles.

"That would 'a' been our road with the buggy," said the man, "if we could of took things easy." They were riding almost straight away from the sun. His dress had been changed again, and in a suit of new, dark-brown homespun wool, over a pink calico shirt and white cuffs and collar, he presented the best possible picture of spruce gentility that the times would justify. "'What day of the month,' did you ask? I'll never tell you, but I know it's Friday."

"Then it's the 18th," said Mary.

They met an old negro driving three yoke of oxen attached to a single empty cart.

"Uncle," said the spy, "I don't reckon the boss will mind our sort o' ridin' straight thoo his grove, will he?"

"Not 'tall, boss; on'y dess be so kyine an' shet de gates behine you, sah."

They passed those gates and many another, shutting them faithfully, and journeying on through miles of fragrant lane and fields of young cotton and corn, and stretches of wood where the squirrel scampered before them, and reaches of fallow grounds still wet with dew, and patches of sedge, and old fields grown up with thickets of young trees; now pushing their horses to a rapid gallop, where they were confident of escaping notice, and now ambling leisurely, where the eyes of men

afield, or of women at home, followed them with rustic scrutiny; or some straggling Confederate soldier on foot or in the saddle met them in the way.

"How far must we go before we can stop?" asked Mary.

"Jess as far's the critters'll take us without showin' distress."

"South is out that way, isn't it?" she asked again, pointing off to the left.

"Look here," said the spy, with a look that was humorous, but not only humorous.

"What?"

"Two or three times last night, and now ag'in, you gimme a sort o' sneakin' notion you don't trust me," said he.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "I do! Only I'm so anxious to be going south."

"Jess so," said the man. "Well, we're goin' sort o' due west right now. You see we dassent take this railroad anywheres about here,"—they were even then crossing the track of the Mobile and Ohio railway—"because that's jess where they *sno* to be on the lookout fur us. And I can't take you straight south on the dirt roads, because I don't know the country down that way. But this way I know it like your hand knows the way to your mouth, as the felleh says. Learned it most all sence the war broke out, too. And so the whole thing is we got to jess keep straight acrost the country here till we strike the Mississippi Central."

"What time will that be?"

"Time! You don't mean time a day, do you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mary, smiling.

"Why, we'll be lucky to make it in two whole days. Wont we, Alice?" The child had waked, and was staring into her mother's face. Mary caressed her. The spy looked at them silently. The mother looked up, as if to speak, but was silent.

"Hello!" said the man, softly; for a tear shone through her smile. Whereat she laughed.

"I ought to be ashamed to be so unreasonable," she said.

"Well, now, I'd like to contradict you for once," responds the spy, "but the fact is, how kin I, when Noo Orleans is jest about south-west from here, anyhow?"

"Yes," said Mary, pleasantly, "it's between south and south-west."

The spy made a gesture of mockamazement.

"Well, you air partickly what you say. I never hear o' but one party that was more partickly than you. I reckon you never hear tell o' him, did you?"

"Who was he?" asked Mary.

"Well, I never got his name, nor his habi-

tation, as the felleh says; but he was so conscientious that when a highwayman attacked him onct, he wouldn't holla murder nor he wouldn't holla thief, 'cause he wasn't certain whether the highwayman wanted to kill him or rob him. He was something like George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie. Did you ever hear that story about George Washington?"

"About his chopping the cherry-tree with his hatchet?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I see you done heard the story," said the spy, and left it untold; but whether he was making game of his auditor or not, she did not know, and never found out. But on they went, by many a home; through miles of growing crops, and now through miles of lofty pine forests, and by log cabins and unpainted cottages, from within whose open doors came often the loud feline growl of the spinning-wheel. So on and on, Mary spending the first night in a lone forest cabin of pine poles, whose master, a Confederate deserter, fed his ague-shaken wife and cotton-headed children oftener with the spoils of his rifle than with the products of the field. The spy and the deserter lay down together, and together rose again with the dawn, in a deep thicket, a few hundred yards away.

The travelers had almost reached the end of this toilsome horseback journey, when rains set in, and, for forty-eight hours more, swollen floods and broken bridges held them back, though within hearing of the locomotive's whistle.

But, at length, one morning, Mary stepped aboard the train that had not long before started South from the town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, assisted with decorous alacrity by the conductor, and followed by the station agent with Alice in his arms, and by the telegraph operator with a home-made satchel or two of luggage and luncheon. It was disgusting,—to two thin, tough-necked women who climbed aboard unassisted at the other end of the same coach.

"You kin just bet she's a widder, and them fellers knows it," said one to the other, taking a seat and spitting expertly through the window.

"If she aint," responded the other, putting a peeled snuff stick into her cheek, "then her husband's got the brass buttons, and they knows that. Look at 'er a-smi-i-ilin'!"

"What you reckon makes her look so wore out?" asked the first. And the other replied promptly, with unbounded loathing:

"Dayncin'," and sent her emphasis out of the window in liquid form without disturbing her intervening companion.

During the delay caused by the rain Mary had found time to refit her borrowed costume. Her dress was a stout, close-fitting homespun

of mixed cotton and wool, woven in a neat plaid of walnut brown, oak red, and the pale olive hue of the hickory. Her hat was a simple round thing of woven pine straw with a slightly drooping brim, its native brown gloss undisturbed, and the low crown wrapped about with a wreath of wild grasses plaited together with a bit of yellow cord. Alice wore a much-washed pink calico frock and a hood of the same stuff.

"Some officer's wife," said two very sweet and ladylike persons of unequal age and equal good taste in dress, as their eyes took an inventory of her apparel. They wore bonnets that were quite handsome, and had real false flowers and silk ribbons on them.

"Yes, she's been to camps somewhere to see him."

"Beautiful child she's got," said one, as Alice began softly to smite her mother's shoulder for private attention, and to whisper gravely as Mary bent down.

Two or three soldiers took their feet off the seats, and one of them, at the amiably murmured request of the conductor, put his shoes on.

"The car in front is your car," said the conductor to one man in especially dirty gray uniform.

"You kin hev it," said the soldier, throwing his palm open with an air of happy extravagance, and a group of gray-headed "citizens," just behind, exploded a loud, country laugh.

"D'I onderstaynd you to lafe at me, saw?" asked the soldier, turning back with a pretense of heavy gloom on his uncombed brow.

"Laughin' at yo' friend yondeh," said one of the citizens, grinning and waving his hand after the departing conductor.

"'Caze if you lafe at me again, saw,"—the frown deepened,—"I'll thess go 'ight straight out iss caw."*

The laugh that followed this dreadful threat was loud and general, the victims laughing loudest of all, and the soldier smiling about benignly, and slowly scratching his elbows. Even the two ladies smiled. Alice's face remained impassive. She looked twice into her mother's to see if there was no smile there. But the mother smiled at her, took off her hood and smoothed back the fine gold, then put the hood on again and tied its strings under the upstretched chin.

Presently Alice pulled softly at the hollow of her mother's elbow.

"Mamma—mamma!" she whispered. Mary bowed her ear. The child gazed solemnly across the car at another stranger, then pulled the mother's arm again. "That man over there—winked at me."

* Out of this car.

And thereupon another man, sitting sideways on the seat in front and looking back at Alice, tittered softly and said to Mary, with a raw drawl:

"She's a-beginnin' young."

"She means some one on the other side," said Mary, quite pleasantly, and the man had sense enough to hush.

The jest and the laugh ran to and fro everywhere. It seemed very strange to Mary to find it so. There were two or three convalescent wounded men in the car, going home on leave, and they appeared never to weary of the threadbare joke of calling their wounds "furloughs." There was one little slip of a fellow—he could hardly have been seventeen—wounded in the hand, whom they kept teased to the point of exasperation by urging him to confess that he had shot himself for a furlough, and of whom they said, later, when he had got off at a flag-station, that he was the bravest soldier in his company. No one on the train seemed to feel that he had got all that was coming to him until the conductor had exchanged a jest with him. The land laughed. On the right hand and on the left it dimpled and wrinkled in gentle depressions and ridges, and rolled away in fields of young corn and cotton. The train skipped and clattered along at a happy-go-lucky, twelve-miles-an-hour gait, over trestles and stock-pits, through flowery cuts and along slender, rain-washed embankments where dewberries were ripening, and whence cattle ran down and galloped off across the meadows on this side and that, tails up and heads down, throwing their horns about, making light of the screaming destruction, in their dumb way, as the people made light of the war. At stations where the train stopped—and it stopped on the faintest excuse—a long line of heads and gray shoulders was thrust out of the windows of the soldiers' car, in front, with all manner of masculine head-coverings, even bloody handkerchiefs, and woe to the negro or negress or "citizen" who, by any conspicuous demerit or excellence of dress, form, stature, speech, or bearing, drew the fire of that line. No human power of face or tongue could stand the incessant volley of stale quips and mouldy jokes, affirmative, interrogative, and exclamatory, that fell about their victim.

At one spot, in a lovely natural grove, where the air was spiced with the gentle pungency of the young hickory foliage, the train paused a moment to let off a man in fine gray cloth, whose yellow stripes and one golden star on the coat-collar indicated a major of cavalry. It seemed as though pandemonium had opened. Mules braying, negroes yodling, axes ringing, teamsters singing, men shouting

and howling, and all at nothing, mess-fires smoking all about in the same haphazard but roomy disorder in which the trees of the grove had grown; the railroad side lined with a motley crowd of jolly fellows in spurs, and the atmosphere between them and the line of heads in the car windows murky with the interchange of compliments that flew back and forth from the "web-foots"* to the "critter company," and from the "critter company" to the "web-foots." As the train moved off:

"I say, boys," drawled a lank, coatless giant on the roadside, with but one suspender and one spur, "tha-at's ri-ight. Gen'l Beery-gyard told you to strike fo' yo' homes, an' I see you' a-doin' it ez fass is you kin git thah." And the "citizens" in the rear car windows giggled even at that; while the "web-foots" he-hawed their derision, and the train went on, as one might say, with its hands in its pockets, whooping and whistling over the fields—after the cows; for the day was declining.

Mary was awed. As she had been forewarned to do, she tried not to seem unaccustomed to, or out of harmony with, all this exuberance. But there was something so brave in it, coming from a people who were playing a losing game with their lives and fortunes for their stakes, something so gallant in it, laughing and gibing in the sight of blood, and smell of fire and shortness of food and raiment, that she feared she had betrayed a stranger's wonder and admiration every time the train stopped and the idlers of the station platform lingered about her window and silently paid their ungraceful but complimentary tribute of simulated casual glances.

For with all this jest it was very plain there was but little joy. It was not gladness; it was bravery. It was the humor of an invincible spirit—the gayety of defiance. She could easily see the grim earnestness beneath the jocund temper; and beneath the unrepinning smile, the privation and the apprehension. What joy there was was a martial joy. The people were confident of victory at last—a victorious end, whatever might lie between. And of even what lay between they would confess no fear. Richmond was safe, Memphis safer, New Orleans safest. Yea, notwithstanding Porter and Farragut were pelting away at Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Indeed, if the rumor be true, if Farragut's ships had passed those forts, leaving Porter behind, then the Yankee sea-serpent was cut in two and there was an end of him in that direction; ha, ha!

"Is to-day the twenty-sixth?" asked Mary, at last, of one of the ladies in real ribbons, leaning over toward her.

* Infantry.

"Yes, ma'am."

It was the younger one who replied. As she did so, she came over and sat by Mary.

"I judge from what I heard your little girl asking you, that you are going beyond Jackson."

"I'm going to New Orleans."

"Do you live there?" The lady's interest seemed genuine and kind.

"Yes. I am going to join my husband there."

Mary saw by the reflection in the lady's face that a sudden gladness must have overspread her own.

"He'll be mighty glad, I'm sure," said the pleasant stranger, patting Alice's cheek and looking with a pretty fellow-feeling, first into the child's face and then into Mary's.

"Yes, he will," said Mary, looking down upon the curling locks at her elbow with a mother's happiness.

"Is he in the army?" asked the lady.

Mary's face fell.

"He's in ill-health," she replied.

"I know some nice people down in New Orleans," said the lady again.

"We haven't many acquaintances," rejoined Mary, with a timidity that was almost trepidation. Her eyes dropped and she began softly to smooth Alice's collar and hair.

"I didn't know," said the lady, "but you might know some of them. For instance, there's Dr. Sevier."

Mary gave a start and smiled.

"Why, is he your friend, too?" she asked. She looked up into the lady's quiet, brown eyes and down again into her own lap where her hands had suddenly knit together, and then again into the lady's face. "We have no friend like Dr. Sevier."

"Mother," called the lady softly, and beckoned. The senior lady leaned toward her. "Mother, this lady is from New Orleans and is an intimate friend of Dr. Sevier."

The mother was pleased.

"What might one call your name?" she asked, taking a seat behind Mary and continuing to show her pleasure.

"Richling."

The mother and daughter looked at each other. They had never heard the name before.

Yet only a little while later the mother was saying to Mary—they were expecting at any moment to hear the whistle for the terminus of the route, the central Mississippi town of Canton—

"My dear child, no! I couldn't sleep to-night if I thought you was all alone in one o' them old hotels in Canton. No, you must come home with us. We're barely two mile' from town, and we'll have the carriage ready

for you bright and early in the morning, and our coachman will put you on the cars just as nice——. Trouble?" She laughed at the idea. "No; I tell you what would trouble me—that is, if we'd allow it; that'd be for you to stop in one o' them hotels all alone, child, and like' as not some careless servant not wake you in time for the cars to-morrow." At this word she saw capitulation in Mary's eyes. "Come, now, my child, we're not going to take no for an answer."

Nor did they.

But what was the result? The next morning, when Mary and Alice stood ready for the carriage, and it was high time they were gone, the carriage was not ready; the horses had got astray in the night. And while the black coachman was on one horse, which he had found and caught, and was scouring the neighboring fields and lanes and meadows in search of the other, there came out from townward upon the still, country air the long whistle of the departing train; and then the distant rattle and roar of its far southern journey began, and then its warning notes to the scattering colts and cattle.

"Look away,"—it seemed to sing—"Look away!"—the notes fading, failing on the ear; "away—away—away down south in Dixie"—the last train that left for New Orleans until the war was over.

LV.

FIRE AND SWORD.

THE year the war began dates also, for New Orleans, the advent of two better things: street cars and the fire-alarm telegraph. The frantic incoherence of the old alarum gave way to the few solemn, numbered strokes that called to duty in the face of hot danger, like the electric voice of a calm commander. The same new system also silenced, once for all, the old nine o'clock gun. For there were not only taps to signify each new fire district,—one for the first, two for the second, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine,—but there was also one lone toll at midday for the hungry mechanic, and nine at the evening hour when the tired workman called his children in from the street and turned to his couch, and the slave must show cause in a master's handwriting why he or she was not under that master's roof.

And then there was one signal more. Fire is a dreadful thing; and all the alarm signals were for fire except this one. Yet I guess the profoundest wish of every good man and tender woman in New Orleans, when this pleasing novelty of electro-magnetic warnings

was first published for the common edification, was that, midday or midnight, midsummer or midwinter, let come what might of danger or loss or distress, that one particular signal might not sound. Twelve taps. Anything but that.

Dr. Sevier and Richling had that wish together. They had many wishes that were greatly at variance the one's from the other's. The doctor had struggled for the Union until the very smoke of war began to rise into the sky; but then he "went with the South." He was the only one in New Orleans who knew—whatever some others may have suspected—that Richling's heart was on the other side. Had Richling's bodily strength remained, so that he could have been a possible factor, however small, in the strife, it is hard to say whether they could have been together day by day and night by night, as they came to be when the doctor took the failing man into his own home, and have lived in amity, as they did. But there is this to be counted; they were both, though from different directions, for peace, and their gentle forbearance toward each other taught them a moderation of sentiment concerning the whole great issue. And, as I say, they both, together, held the one longing hope that, whatever war should bring of final gladness or lamentation, the steeples of New Orleans might never toll—Twelve.

But one bright Thursday, April morning, as Richling was sitting, half dressed, by an open window of his room in Dr. Sevier's house, leaning on the arm of his soft chair and looking out at the passers on the street, among whom he had begun to notice some singular evidences of excitement, there came from a slender Gothic church spire that was highest of all in the city, just beyond a few roofs in front of him, the clear, sudden, brazen peal of its one great bell.

"Fire," thought Richling; and yet, he knew not why, wondered where Dr. Sevier might be. He had not seen him that morning. A high official had sent for him at sunrise and he had not returned.

"Clang," went the bell again, and the softer ding—dang—dong of others, struck at the same instant, came floating in from various distances. And then it clanged again—and again—and again—the loud one near, the soft ones, one by one, after it—six, seven, eight, nine—ah! stop there! stop there! But still the alarm pealed on; ten—alas! alas!—eleven—oh, oh, the women and children!—twelve! And then the fainter, final asseverations of the more distant bells—twelve! twelve! twelve!—and a hundred and seventy thousand souls knew by that sign that the foe had passed the forts. New Orleans had fallen.

Richling dressed himself hurriedly and went out. Everywhere drums were beating to arms. Couriers and aides-de-camp were galloping here and there. Men in uniform were hurrying on foot to this and that rendezvous. Crowds of the idle and poor were streaming out toward the levee. Carriages and cabs rattled frantically from place to place; men ran out-of-doors and leaped into them and leaped out of them and sprang up stair-ways; hundreds of all manner of vehicles fit and unfit to carry passengers and goods crowded toward the railroad depots and steam-boat landings; women ran into the streets wringing their hands and holding their brows; and children stood in the door-ways and gate-ways and trembled and called and cried.

Richling took the new Dauphine street car. Far down in the Third district, where there was a silence like that of a village lane, he approached a little cottage painted with Venetian red, sitting in its garden of oranges, pomegranates, and bananas, and mangolds, and coxcombs behind its white paling fence and green gate.

The gate was open. In it stood a tall, strong woman, good-looking, rosy, and neatly dressed. That she was tall you could prove by the gate, and that she was strong, by the graceful muscularity with which she held two infants—pretty, swarthy little fellows, with joyous black eyes and evidently of one age and parentage—each in the hollow of a fine, round arm. There was just a hint of emotional disorder in her shining hair and a trace of tears about her eyes. As the visitor drew near, a fresh show of distressed exaltation was visible in the slight play of her form.

"Ah! Mr. Richlin'," she cried, the moment he came within hearing, "'the dis-pot's heels is on our shores!'" Tears filled her eyes again. Mike, the bruiser, in his sixth year, who had been leaning backward against her knees and covering his legs with her skirts, ran forward and clasped the visitor's lower limbs with the nerve and intention of a wrestler. Kate followed with the cherubs. They were Raphael's.

"Yes, it's terrible," said Richling.

"Ah! no, Mr. Richlin'," replied Kate, lifting her head proudly as she returned with him toward the gate, "it's outrageous! but it's not terrible. At least it's not for me, Mr. Richlin'. I'm only Mrs. Captain Ristofalah; and whin I see the colonels' and gin'rals' ladies a-prancin' around in their carriages I feel my *humility*; but it's my duty to be *brave*, sur! An' I'll help to *fight* thim, sur, if the min can't do ud. Mr. Richlin', my husband is th' intimit frind of Gin'r'l Garrybaldy, sur! I'll help to burrin the cittee, sur!—

rather nor give ud up to thim vandjals! Come in, Mr. Richlin', come in." She led the way up the narrow shell walk. "Come in, sur; it may be the last time ye do ud before the flames is leppin from the roof! Ah! I knowed ye'd come. I was-a-lookin' for ye. I knowed ye'd prove yerself that frind in need that he's the frind indeed! Take a seat an' sit down." She faced about on the vine-covered porch and dropped into a rocking-chair, her eyes still at the point of overflow. "But, ah! Mr. Richlin', where's all thim flatterers that fawned around uz in the days of tyttled prosperity?"

Richling said nothing; he had not seen any throngs of that sort.

"Gone, sur! and it's a relief; it's a relief, Mr. Richlin'!" She marshaled the twins on her lap, Carlo commanding the right, Francisco the left.

"You mustn't expect too much of them," said Richling, drawing Mike between his knees, "in such a time of alarm and confusion as this." And Kate responded generously:

"Well, I suppose you're right, sur."

"I've come down," resumed the visitor, letting Mike count off "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," on the buttons of his coat, "to give you any help I can in getting ready to leave town. For you mustn't think of staying. It isn't possible to be anything short of dreadful to stay in a city occupied by hostile troops. It's almost certain the Confederates will try to hold the city, and there may be a bombardment. The city may be taken and retaken half a dozen times before the war is over."

"Mr. Richlin'," said Kate, with a majestic lifting of the hand, "I'll niver rin away from the Yanks."

"No, but you must go away from them. You mustn't put yourself in such a position that you can't go to your husband if he needs you, Mrs. Ristofalo; don't get separated from him."

"Ah! Mr. Richlin', it's you as has the right to say so! and I'll do as you say. Mr. Richlin', my husband"—her voice trembled—"may be wounded this hour. I'll go, sur, indeed I will; but, sur, if Captain Raphael Ristofalah wor *here*, sur, he'd be ad the *front*, sur, and Kate Ristofalah would be at his galliant side!"

"Well, then, I'm glad he's not here," rejoined Richling, "for I'd have to take care of the children."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Kate. "No, sur! I'd take the lion's whelps wid me, sur! Why, that little Mike theyre can han'le the dthrumsticks to beat the felley in the big hat!" And she laughed again.

They made arrangements for her and the three children to go "out into the confederacy" within two or three days at furthest; as soon as she and her feeble helper could hurry a few matters of business to completion at and about the Picayune Tier. Richling did not get back to the doctor's house until night had fallen and the sky was set aglare by seven miles' length of tortuous harbor front covered with millions' worth of burning merchandise. The city was being evacuated.

Dr. Sevier and he had but few words; Richling was dejected from weariness and his friend weary with dejections.

"Where have you been all day?" asked the doctor, with a touch of irritation.

"Getting Kate Ristofalo ready to leave the city."

"You shouldn't have left the house—but it's no use to tell you anything. Has she gone?"

"No."

"Well, in the name of common sense, then, when is she going?"

"In two or three days," replied Richling, almost in retort.

The doctor laughed with impatience.

"If you feel responsible for her going, get her off by to-morrow afternoon at the furthest." He dropped his tired head against the back of his chair.

"Why," said Richling, "I don't suppose the fleet can fight its way through all opposition and get here short of a week."

The doctor laid his long fingers upon his brow and rolled his head from side to side. Then slowly raising it—

"Well, Richling!" he said, "there must have been some mistake made when you was put upon the earth."

Richling's thin cheek flushed. The doctor's face confessed the bitterest resentment.

"Why, the fleet is only eighteen miles from here now." He ceased, and then added with sudden kindness of tone: "I want you to do something for me; will you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, go to bed; I'm going. You'll need every grain of strength you've got for to-morrow. I'm afraid then it will not be enough. This is an awful business, Richling."

They went upstairs together. As they were parting at its top Richling said:

"You told me a few days ago that if the city should fall, which we didn't expect—"

"That I'd not leave," said the doctor.

"No; I shall stay. I haven't the stamina to take the field, and I can't be a runaway. Anyhow, I couldn't take you along. You couldn't bear the travel, and I wouldn't go and leave you here, Richling,—old fellow."

He laid his hand gently on the sick man's

shoulder,—who made no response, so afraid was he that another word would mar the perfection of the last.

When Richling went out the next morning the whole city was in an ecstasy of rage and terror. Thousands had gathered what they could in their hands, and were flying by every avenue of escape. Thousands ran hither and thither, not knowing where or how to fly. He saw the wife and son of the silver-haired banker rattling and bouncing away toward one of the railway depots in a butcher's cart. A messenger from Kate by good chance met him with word that she would be ready for the afternoon train of the Jackson Railroad, and asking anew his earliest attention to her interests about the lugger landing.

He hastened to the levee. The huge, writhing river, risen up above the town, was full to the levee's top, and as though the enemy's fleet was that much more than it could bear, was silently running over by a hundred rills into the streets of the stricken city.

As far as the eye could reach, black smoke, white smoke, brown smoke, and red flames rolled and spread, and licked and leaped, from unnumbered piles of cotton bales, and wooden wharves, and ships cut adrift, and steam-boats that blazed like shavings, floating down the harbor as they blazed. He stood for a moment to see a little revenue cutter—a pretty topsail schooner—lying at the foot of Canal street, sink before his eyes into the turbid yellow depths of the river, scuttled. Then he hurried on. Huge mobs ran to and fro in the fire and smoke, howling, breaking, and stealing. Women and children hurried back and forth like swarms of giant ants, with buckets and baskets, and dippers and bags, and bonnets, hats, petticoats, anything—now empty, and now full, of rice and sugar and meal and corn and syrup; and robbed each other, and cursed and fought, and slipped down in pools of molasses, and threw live pigs and coops of chickens into the river, and with one voiceless rush left the broad levee a smoking, crackling desert, when some shells exploded on a burning gunboat, and presently were back again like a flock of evil birds.

It began to rain, but Richling sought no shelter. The men he was in search of were not to be found. But the victorious ships, with bare black arms stretched wide, boarding nettings up, and the dark muzzles of their guns bristling from their sides, came, silently as a nightmare, slowly around the bend at Slaughterhouse Point and moved up the middle of the harbor. At the French market he found himself, without forewarning, witness of a sudden skirmish between some Gascon and Sicilian market-men who had waved a

welcome to the fleet, and some Texan soldiers who resented the treason. The report of a musket rang out, a second and third reëchoed it, a pistol cracked, and another, and another; there was a rush for cover, another shot, and another, resounded in the market-house, and presently in the street beyond. Then, in a moment, all was silence and emptiness, into which there ventured but a single stooping, peeping Sicilian, glancing this way and that with his finger on trigger, eager to kill, gliding from cover to cover, and presently gone again from view, leaving no human life visible nearer than the swarming mob that Richling, by mounting a pile of ship's ballast, could see still on the steam-boat landing, pillaging in the drenching rain, and the long fleet casting anchor before the town in line of battle.

Late that afternoon Richling, still wet to the skin, amid pushing and yelling and the piping calls of distracted women and children, and scuffling and cramming in, got Kate Ristofalo, trunks, baskets, and babes, safely off on the cars. And when, one week from that day, the sound of drums, that had been hushed for a while, fell upon his ear again, no longer the jaunty rataplan of Dixie's drums, but the heavy, monotonous roar of the conqueror's at the head of his dark-blue columns, Richling could not leave his bed.

Dr. Sevier sat by him and bore the sound in silence. As it died away and ceased, Richling said:

"May I write to Mary?"

Then the doctor had a hard task.

"I wrote for her yesterday," he said. "But, Richling, I—don't think she'll get the letter."

"Do you think she has already started?" asked the sick man, with glad eagerness.

"Richling, I did the best I knew how—"

"Whatever you did was all right, Doctor."

"I wrote to her months ago, by the hand of Ristofalo. He knows she got the letter. I'm afraid she's somewhere in the Confederacy trying to get through. I meant it for the best, my dear boy."

"It's all right, Doctor," said the invalid; but the physician could see the cruel fact slowly grind him.

"Doctor, may I ask one favor?"

"One or a hundred, Richling."

"I want you to let Madame Zenobie come and nurse me."

"Why, Richling, can't I nurse you well enough?"

The doctor was jealous.

"Yes," answered the sick man. "But I'll need a good deal of attention. She wants to do it. She was here yesterday, you know. She wanted to ask you, but was afraid."

His wish was granted.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW ASTRONOMY. I.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

THE visitor to Salisbury Plain sees around him a lonely waste, utterly barren except for a few recently planted trees, and otherwise as desolate as it could have been when Hengist and Horsa landed in Britain, for its monotony is still unbroken except by the funeral mounds of ancient chiefs, which dot it to its horizon, and contrast strangely with the crowded life and fertile soil which everywhere surrounds its borders. In the midst of this loneliness rise the rude, enormous monoliths of Stonehenge, circles of gray stones, which seem as old as time, and were there, as we now are told, the temple of a people which had already passed away, and whose worship was forgotten, when our Saxon forefathers first saw the place.

In the center of the inner circle is a stone which is believed once to have been the altar, while beyond the outmost ring, quite away to the north-east upon the open plain, still stands a solitary stone, set up there evidently with some special object by the same unknown builders. Seen under ordinary circumstances, it is difficult to divine its connection with the others; but we are told that once in each year, upon the morning of the longest day, the level shadow of this distant, isolated stone is projected at sunrise to the very center of the ancient sanctuary, and falls just upon the altar. The primitive man who devised this was both astronomer and priest, for he not only adored the risen god whose first beams brought him light and warmth, but could mark its place; and, though utterly ignorant of its nature, had evidently learned enough of its motions to embody his simple astronomical knowledge in a record so exact and so enduring that, though his very memory has gone, common men are still interested in it; for, as I learned when viewing the scene, people are accustomed to come from all the surrounding country, and pass in this desolate spot the short night preceding the longest day of the year, to see the shadow touch the altar at the moment of sunrise.

Most great national observatories, like Greenwich or Washington, are the perfected development of that kind of astronomy of which the builders of Stonehenge represent the infancy. Those primitive men could know where the sun would rise on a certain day, and make their observation of its place, as we

see, very well, without knowing anything of its physical nature. At Greenwich the moon has been observed with scarcely an intermission for one hundred and fifty years, but we should mistake greatly did we suppose that it was for the purpose of seeing what it was made of, or of making discoveries in it. This immense mass of Greenwich observations is for quite another purpose — for the very practical purpose of forming the lunar tables, which, by means of the moon's place among the stars, will tell the navigator in distant oceans where he is, and conduct the fleets of England safely home.

In the observatory at Washington one may see a wonderfully exact instrument, in which circles of brass have replaced circles of stone, all so bolted between massive piers, that the sun can be observed by it but once daily, as it crosses the meridian. This instrument is the completed attainment along that long line of progress in one direction, of which the solitary stone at Stonehenge marks the initial step — the attainment, that is, purely of precision of measurement; for the astronomer of to-day can still use his circles for the special purpose of fixing the sun's place in the heavens, without any more knowledge of that body's chemical constitution than had the man who built Stonehenge.

Yet the object of both is, in fact, the same. It is true that the functions of astronomer and priest have become divided in the advance of our modern civilization, which has committed the special cultivation of the religious aspect of these problems to a distinct profession; while the modern observer has possibly exchanged the emotions of awe and wonder for a more exact knowledge of the equinox than was possessed by his primitive brother, who both observed and adored. Still, both aim at the common end, not of learning what the sun is made of, but of where it will be at a certain moment; for the prime object of astronomy, until very lately indeed, has still been to say *where* any heavenly body is, and not *what* it is. It is this precision of measurement, then, which has always — and justly — been a paramount object of this oldest of the sciences, not only as a good in itself, but as leading to great ends; and it is this which the poet of Urania has chosen rightly to note as its characteristic, when he says:

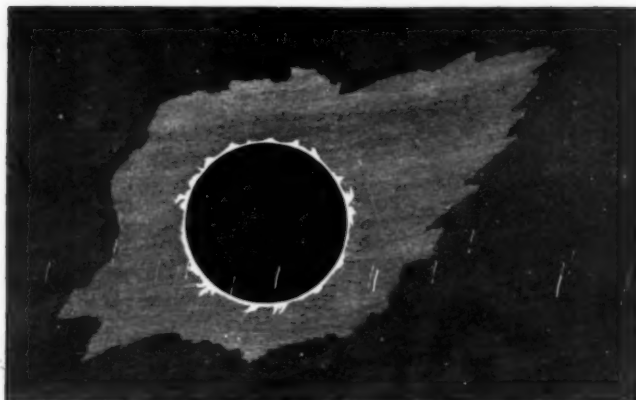


FIG. 1.—THE SUN'S SURROUNDINGS.

"That little Vernier, on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,
And marks the point where Uranus returns."

But within a comparatively few years a new branch of astronomy has arisen, which studies sun, moon, and stars for what they are in themselves, and in relation to ourselves. Its study of the sun, beginning with its external features (and full of novelty and interest, even, as regards those), led to the further inquiry as to what it was made of, and then to finding the unexpected relations which it bore to the earth and our own daily lives on it, the conclusion being that, in a physical sense, it made us and re-creates us, as it were, daily, and that the knowledge of the intimate ties which unite man with it brings results of the most practical and important kind, which a generation ago were unguessed at.

This new branch of inquiry is sometimes called Celestial Physics, sometimes Solar Physics, and is sometimes more rarely referred to as the New Astronomy. I will call it here by this title, and try to tell the reader something about it which may interest him, beginning with the sun.

The whole of what we have to say about the sun and stars presupposes a knowledge of their size and distance, and we may take it for granted that the reader has at some time or another heard such statements as that the moon's distance is two hundred and forty thousand miles, and the sun's ninety-three million (and very probably has forgotten them again as of no practical concern). He will not be offered here the kind of statistics which he would expect in a college text-book; but we must linger a moment on the threshold of our subject—the nature of these bodies—

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to insist on the real meaning of such figures as those just quoted. We are accustomed to look on the sun and moon as far off together in the sky; and though we know the sun is greater, we are apt to think of them vaguely as things of a common order of largeness, away among the stars. It would be safe to say that, though nine out of ten intelligent readers have learned that the sun is larger than the moon, and, in fact, larger than the earth itself, most of them do not at all realize that the difference is so enormous that if we could hollow out the sun's globe and place the earth in the center, there would still be so much room that the moon might go on moving in her present orbit at two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth, — *all within the globe of the sun itself*,— and have plenty of room to spare.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon-ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the Limited Express on our railroads a train which had left the sun for the earth when the *Mayflower* sailed from Delfhaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1884 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, it may be remarked, would be rather over two million five hundred thousand dollars, so that it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute

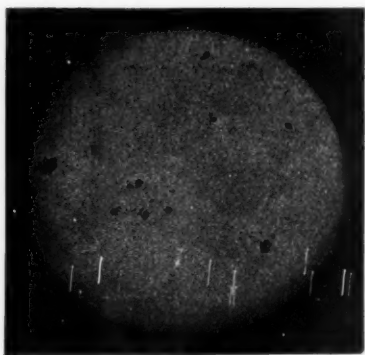


FIG. 2.—VIEW OF THE SUN ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1870.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

time in traveling along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the candle, there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-hundredth of a second, before he feels the heat. In case, then, a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before it knew that its fingers were burned.

Trying with the help of these still inadequate images, we may get some idea of the real size and distance of the sun. I could wish not to have to dwell so long upon figures, that seem, however, indispensable; but we are now done with these, and are ready to turn to the telescope and see what the sun itself looks like.

The sun, as we shall learn later, is a star, and not a particularly large star. It is, as has been said, "only a private in the host of heaven," but it is one of that host; it is one of those glittering points to which we have been brought near. Let us keep in mind,

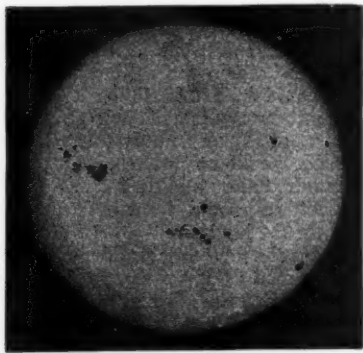


FIG. 3.—THE SUN ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

then, from the first, what we shall see confirmed later, that there is an essentially similar constitution in them all, and not forget that when we study the sun, as we now begin to do, we are studying the stars also.

If we were called on to give a description of the earth and all that is on it, it would be easily understood that the task was impossibly great, and that even an account of its most striking general features might fill volumes. So it is with the sun; and we shall find that in the description of the general character of its immediate surface alone there is a great deal to be told. First, let us look at a little conventional representation (Fig. 1), as at a kind of outline of the unknown regions we are about to explore. The circle represents the Photosphere, which is simply what the word implies, that "sphere" of "light" which we have daily before our eyes,

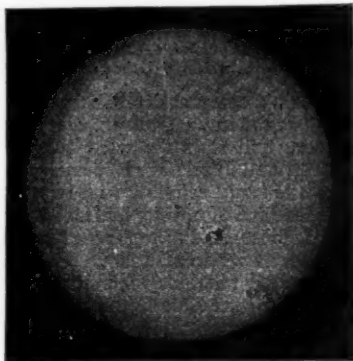


FIG. 4.—THE SUN ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1870.

or which we can study with the telescope. Outside this there is a thin envelope, which rises here and there into irregular prominences, some orange-scarlet, some rose-pink. This is the Chromosphere, a thin shell, mainly of crimson and scarlet tints, invisible even to the telescope except at the time of a total eclipse, when alone its true colors are discernible, but seen as to its form at all times by the spectroscope. It is always there, not hidden in any way, and yet not seen, only because it is overpowered by the intenser brilliancy of the Photosphere, as a glow-worm's shine would be if it were put beside an electric light. Outside all is the strange shape, which represents the mysterious Corona, seen by the naked eye in a total eclipse, but at all other times invisible even to telescope and spectroscope, and of whose true nature we are nearly ignorant from lack of opportunity to study it.

Disregarding other details, let us carry in

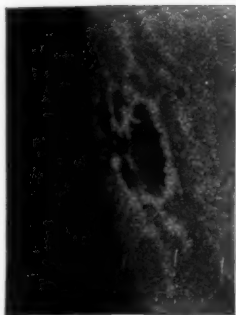


FIG. 5.—SEPTEMBER 19, 1870.
(ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTHERFURD.)

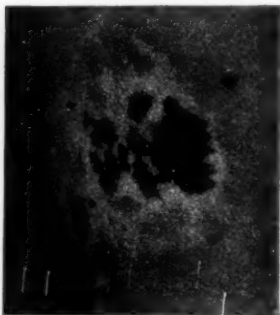


FIG. 6.—SEPTEMBER 20, 1870.

our minds the three main divisions:—the Photosphere, or daily visible surface of the sun, which contains nearly all its mass or substance; the Chromosphere; and the unsubstantial Corona, which is nevertheless larger than all the rest. We begin our examination with the Photosphere.

There are records of spots having been seen with the naked eye before the invention of the telescope, but they were supposed to be planets passing between us and the surface; and the idea that the sun was pure fire, necessarily immaculate, was taught by the professors of the Aristotelian philosophy in mediæval schools, and regarded almost as an article of religious faith. We can hardly conceive now the shock of the first announcement that spots were to be found on the sun, but the notion partook in contemporary minds at once of the absurd and the impious; and we notice here, what we shall have occasion to notice again, that these physical discoveries from the first affect men's thoughts in unexpected ways, and modify their scheme of the moral universe as well as of the physical one.

Very little indeed was added to the early observations of Fabricius and Galileo until a time within the remembrance of many of us; for it is since the advent of the generation now on the stage that nine-tenths of the knowledge of the subject has been reached.

Let us first take a general view of the sun, and afterward study it in detail. What we see with a good telescope in this general view is something like this. Opposite are three successive views (Figs. 2, 3, 4) taken on three successive days,—quite authentic portraits, since the sun himself made them; they being, in fact, projected telescopic images which have been fixed for us by

photography, and then exactly reproduced by the engraver. The first was taken (by Mr. Rutherford, of New York) on the 20th of September, 1870, when a remarkably large spot had come into view. It is seen here not far from the eastern edge (the left hand in the engraving), and numerous other spots are also visible. The reader should notice the position of these, and then on turning to the next view (Fig. 3, taken on September 22d) he will see that they have all shifted their places, by a common motion toward the west. The great spot

on the left has now got well into view, and we can see its separate parts; the group which was on the left of the center has got a little to the right of it, and so on. From the common motion of them all, we might suspect that the sun was turning round on an axis like the earth, carrying the spots with it, and as we continue to observe, this suspicion becomes certainty. In the third view (Fig. 4), taken on September 26th, the spot we first saw on the left has traveled more than half across the disk, while others we saw on September 20th have approached to the right-hand edge or passed wholly out of sight behind it. The sun does rotate, then, but in twenty-five or twenty-six of our days—I say twenty-five or twenty-six, because (what is very extraordinary) it does not turn all-of-a-piece like the earth, but some parts revolve faster than others,—not only faster in feet and inches, but in the number of turns,—just as though the rim of a carriage wheel were to make more revolutions in a mile than the spokes, and the spokes more than the hub. Of course no solid wheel could so turn without wrenching itself in pieces, but that the great solar wheel does is incontestable; and this alone is a convincing proof that the sun's surface is not solid, but liquid or gaseous.

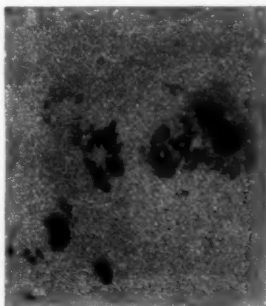


FIG. 7.—SEPTEMBER 21, 1870.

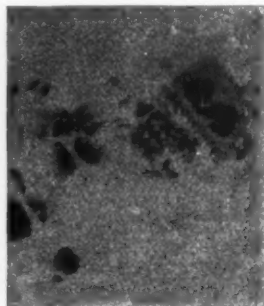


FIG. 8.—SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

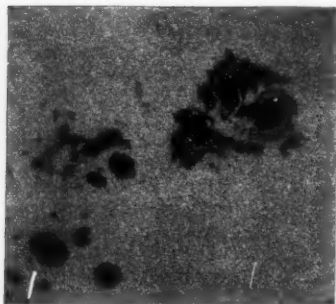


FIG. 9.—SEPTEMBER 23, 1870.

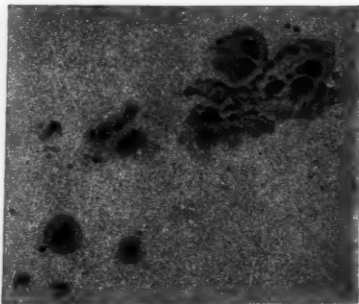


FIG. 10.—SEPTEMBER 26, 1870.

But let us return to the great spot which we saw coming round the eastern edge. Possibly the word "great" may seem misapplied to what was but the size of a pin-head in the first engraving, but we must remember that the disk of the sun there shown is in reality over 800,000 miles in diameter. We shall soon see whether this spot deserves to be called "great" or not.

Next we have six enlarged views of it on the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, and 26th. On the 19th it is seen very near the eastern limb, showing like a great hole in the sun, and foreshortened as it comes into view around the dark edge; for the edge of the sun is really darker than the central parts, as it is shown here, or as one may see even through a smoked glass by careful attention. On the 20th we have the edge still visible, but on the 21st the spot

has advanced so far that the edge cannot be shown for want of room. We see distinctly the division of the spot into the outer shades which constitute the penumbra, and the inner darker ones which form the umbra and nucleus. We notice particularly in this enlarged view, by comparing the appearances on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, that the spot not only turns with the sun (as we have already learned), but moves and changes within itself in the most surprising way, like a terrestrial cloud, which not only revolves with the rest of the globe, but varies its shape from hour to hour. This is seen still more plainly when we compare the appearance on the 23d with that on the 26th, only three days later, where the process has begun by which the spot finally breaks up and forever disappears. On looking at all this, the tremendous scale on which the

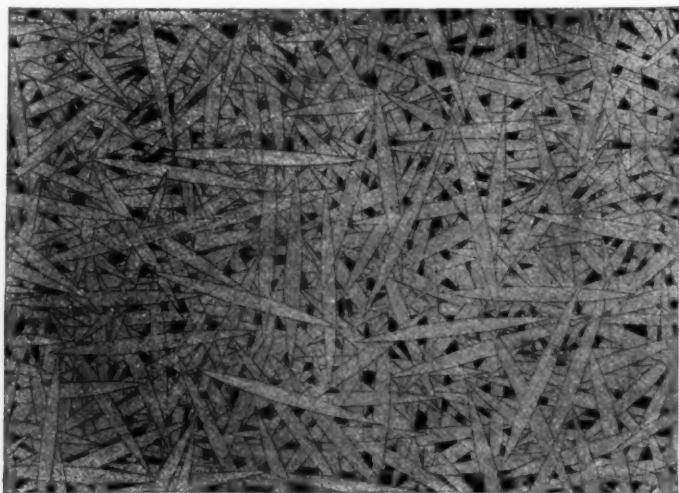


FIG. 11.—NASMYTH'S WILLOW LEAVES. (FROM HERSCHEL'S "OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY.")



FIG. 12.—THE CACTUS TYPE. (FROM SECCHI'S "LE SOLEIL.")

action occurs must be borne in mind. On the 21st, for instance, the umbra, or dark central hole, alone was large enough to let the whole globe of our own earth drop in without touching the sides! We shall have occasion to recur to this view of the 21st September again.

In looking at this spot and its striking changes, the reader must not omit to notice, also, a much less obvious feature: the vaguely seen mottlings which show all over the sun's surface, both quite away from the spots and also close to them, and which seem to merge into them.

I think if we assign one year rather than another for the birth of the youthful science of solar physics, it should be 1861, when Kirchhoff and Bunsen published their memorable research on Spectrum Analysis, and when Nasmyth observed what he called the "willow-leaf" structure of the solar surface (See Fig. 11). Mr. Nasmyth, with a very powerful reflecting telescope, thought he had succeeded in finding what these faint mottlings really are composed of, and believed that he had discovered in them some most extraordinary things. This is what he thought he saw: The whole sun is, according to him, covered with huge bodies of most definite shape, that of the oblong willow leaf, and of enormous but uniform size; and the faint mottlings the reader has just noticed are, according to him, made up of these. "These," he says, "cover the whole disk of the sun (except in the space occupied by the spots) in countless millions, and lie crossing each other in every imaginable direction." Sir John Herschel took a particular interest in the supposed discovery, and, treating it as a matter of established fact, proceeded to make one of the most amazing suggestions in explanation that ever came from a scientific man of deserved eminence. We must remember how much there is unknown in the sun still, and what a great mystery even yet overhangs many of our relations to that body which maintains our own vital action, when we read the following words, which are Herschel's own. Speaking of these supposed spindle-shaped monsters, he says:

"The exceedingly definite shape of these objects, their exact similarity to one another, and the way in which they lie across and athwart each other—all these characters seem quite repugnant to the notion of their being of a vaporous, a cloudy, or a fluid nature. Nothing remains but to consider them as separate and independent sheets, flakes, or scales, having some sort of solidity. And these . . . are evidently the immediate sources of the solar light and heat, by whatever mechanism or whatever processes they may be enabled to develop, and as it were elaborate, these elements from the bosom of the non-luminous fluid in which they appear to float. Looked at in this point of view, we cannot refuse to regard them as *organisms* of some peculiar and amazing kind; and though it would be too daring to speak of such organization as partaking of the nature of life, yet we do know that vital action is competent to develop at once heat and light and electricity."

Such are his words; and when we consider that each of these solar inhabitants was supposed to extend about two hundred by one thousand miles upon the surface of the fiery ocean, we may subscribe to Mr. Proctor's comment, that "Milton's picture of him who on the fires of hell 'lay floating many a rood,' seems tame and commonplace compared with Herschel's conception of these floating monsters, the least covering a greater space than the British Islands."

I hope I may not appear wanting in respect for Sir John Herschel—a man whose memory I reverence—in thus citing views which, if his honored life could have been prolonged, he would have abandoned. I do so because nothing else can so forcibly illustrate the field for wonder and wild conjecture solar physics

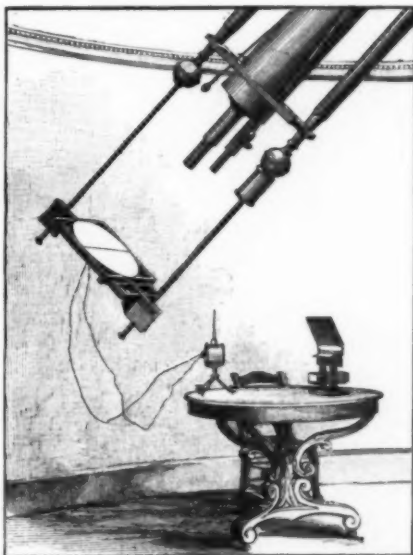


FIG. 13.—EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE AND PROJECTION.

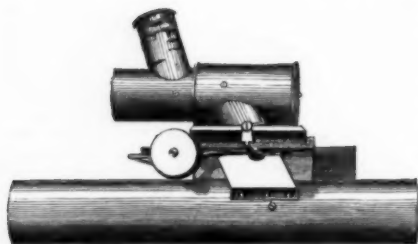


FIG. 14.—POLARIZING EYE-PIECE.

presented even a few years ago; and its supposed connection with that "Vital Force," which was till so lately accepted by physiology, serves as a kind of landmark on the way we have come.

This new science of ours, then, youthful as it is, has already had its age of fable.

After a time Nasmyth's observation was attributed to imperfect definition, but was not fairly disproved. He had, indeed, a basis of fact for his statement, and to him belongs the credit of first pointing out the existence of this minute structure, though he mistook its true character. It will be seen later how the real forms might be mistaken for leaves, and in certain particular cases they certainly do take on a very leaf-like appearance. Here is a drawing (Fig. 12) which Father Secchi gives of some of them in the spot of April 14th, 1867, and which he compares to a branch of cactus. He remarks somewhere else that they resem-

ble a crystallization of sal-ammoniac, and calls them veils of most intricate structure. This was the state of our knowledge in 1870. And it may seem surprising that such wonderful statements had not been proved or disproved, when they referred to mere matters of observation. But direct observation is here very difficult on account of the incessant tremor and vibration of our own atmosphere.

The surface of the sun may be compared to an elaborate engraving, filled with the closest and most delicate lines and hatchings, but an engraving which during ninety-nine hundredths of the time can only be seen across such a quivering mass of heated air as makes everything confused and liable to be mistaken, causing what is definite to look like a vaguely seen mottling. It is literally true that the more delicate features we are about to show are only distinctly visible even by the best telescope during less than one-hundredth of the time, coming out as they do in brief instants when our dancing air is momentarily still, so that one who has sat at a powerful telescope all day is exceptionally lucky if he has secured enough glimpses of the true structure to aggregate five minutes of clear seeing, while at all other times the attempt to magnify only produces a blurring of the image. This study, then, demands not only fine telescopes and special optical aids, but endless patience.

My attention was first particularly directed to the subject in 1870, shortly after the

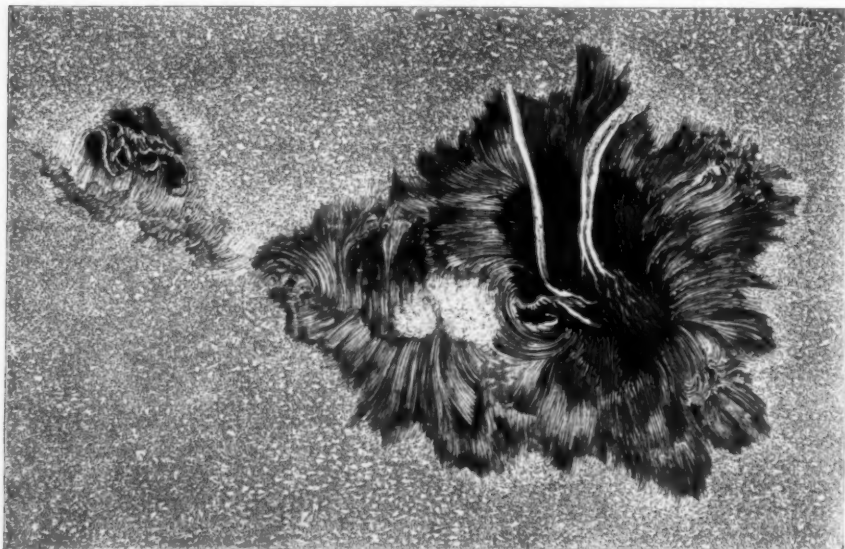


FIG. 15.—SPOT OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1870. (REDUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

regular study of the Photosphere was commenced at the Allegheny Observatory by means of its equatorial telescope of thirteen inches aperture, with the view of finding out what this vaguely seen structure really is. Nearly three years of constant watching were given to obtain the results which follow. The method I have used for it is indicated in the drawing, which shows the preliminary step of projecting the image of the sun directly upon a sheet of paper divided into squares and attached to the eye-end of a great equatorial telescope. When this is directed to the sun in a darkened dome, the solar picture is formed upon the paper as in a camera obscura, and this picture can be made as large or as small as we please by varying the lenses which project it. As the sun moves along in the sky its image moves across the paper; and as we can observe how long the whole sun (whose diameter in miles is known) takes to cross, we can find how many miles correspond to the time it is in crossing one of the squares, and so get the scale of the future drawing, and the true size in miles of the spot we are about to study. Then a piece of clock-work attached to the telescope is put in motion, and it commences to follow the sun in the sky, and the spot appears fixed on the paper. A tracing of the spot's outline is next made, but the finer details are not to be observed by this method, which is purely preliminary, and only for the purpose of fixing the scale and the

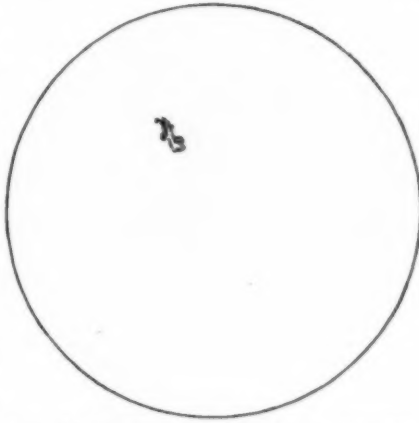


FIG. 16.—SUN ON MARCH 5, 1873. (FROM A DRAWING BY S. F. LANGLEY.)

points of the compass (so to speak) on the sun's face. The projecting apparatus is next removed and replaced by the polarizing eyepiece. Sir William Herschel used to avoid the blinding effects of the concentrated solar light by passing the rays through ink and water, but the phenomena of "polarization" have been used to better advantage in modern apparatus. This instrument, one of the first of its kind ever constructed, and in which the light is polarized with three successive reflections through the three tubes seen in the drawing,



FIG. 17.—SPOT OF MARCH 5, 1873. (REDUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. F. LANGLEY.)



FIG. 18.—"THE PLUME" SPOT OF MARCH 5 AND 6, 1873.
(FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

was made in Pittsburgh as a part of the gift of apparatus by one of its citizens to the Ob-

servatory, and has been most useful. By its aid the eye can be safely placed where the concentrated heat would otherwise melt iron. In practice I have often gazed through it at the sun's face without intermission from four to five hours, with no more fatigue or harm to the eye than in reading a book. By its aid the observer fills in the outline already projected on the paper.

The photograph has transported us already so near the sun's surface that we have seen details there invisible to the naked eye. We have seen that what we have called "spots" are indeed regions whose actual vastness surpasses the vague immensity of a dream, and it will not cause surprise that in them is a temperature which also surpasses greatly that of the hottest furnace. We shall see later, in fact, that the whole surface is composed largely of metals turned into vapor in this heat, and that if we could indeed drop our great globe itself upon the sun, it would be dissipated as a snow-flake. Now, we cannot suppose this

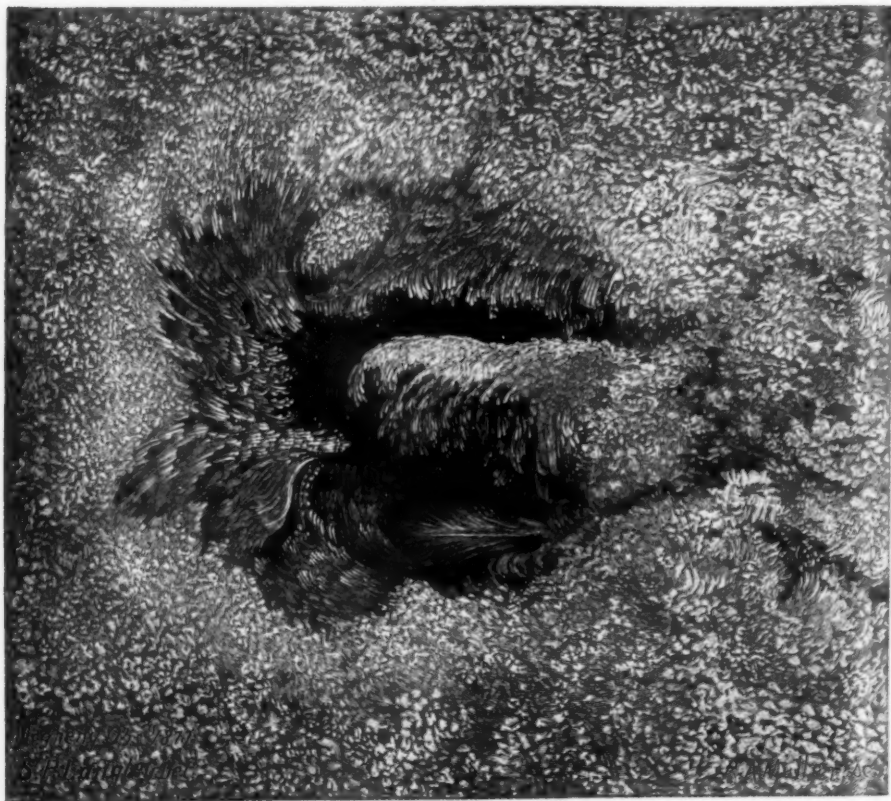


FIG. 19.—TYPICAL SUN SPOT OF DECEMBER, 1873. (REDUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

great space is fully described when we have divided it into the penumbra, umbra, and nucleus, or that the little photograph has shown us all there is, and we rather anticipate that these great spaces must be filled with curious things, if we could get near enough to see them. We cannot advantageously enlarge our photograph further; but if we could really come closer, we should have the nearer view that the work at Allegheny, I have just alluded to, now affords. On page 718 there is a draw-

the cords themselves are unraveled into threads, fine as threads of silk, and these again resolved into finer fibers, till in more and more web-like fineness it passes beyond the reach of sight! I am speaking, however, here rather of the wonderful original, as I so well remember it, than of what my sketch, or even the engraver's skill, can render.

On page 719 is quite another "spot," belonging to another year (1873). First, there is a view (Fig. 16) of the sun's disk with the



FIG. 20.—FROST CRYSTAL.

ing (Fig. 15) of the central part of the same great spot already cited, made on the 21st of September, 1870, and which may be compared with the photograph of that day. We have now a greatly more magnified view than before, but it is not blurred by the magnifying, and is full of detail. We have been brought within two hundred thousand miles of the sun, or rather less than the actual distance of the moon, and are seeing for ourselves what was a few years since thought out of the reach of any observer. See how full of intricate forms that void, black, umbral space in the photograph has become! The penumbra is filled with detail of the strangest kind, and there are two great "bridges," as they are called, which are almost wholly invisible in the photograph. Notice the line in one of the bridges which follows its sinuosities through its whole length of twelve thousand miles, making us suspect that it is made up of smaller parts as a rope is made up of cords (as, in fact, it is); and look at the end, where

spot on it (as it would appear in a small telescope), to show its relative size, and then a larger drawing of the spot itself (Fig. 17), on a scale of twelve thousand miles to the inch, so that the region shown to the reader's eyes, though but a "spot" on the sun, covers an area of over one billion square miles, or more than five times the entire surface of the earth, land and water. To help us to conceive its vastness, I have drawn in one corner the continents of North and South America on the same scale as the "spot." Notice the evidence of solar whirlwinds, and the extraordinary "plume" (Fig. 17), which is a something we have no terrestrial simile for. The appearance of the original would have been described most correctly by such incongruous images as "leaf-like," and "crystalline," and "flame-like"; and even in this inadequate sketch there may remain some faint suggestion of the appearance of its wonderful archetype, which was indeed that of a great flame leaping into spires and viewed through a win-

dow covered with frost crystals. Neither "frost" nor "flame" is really there, but we cannot avoid this seemingly unnatural union of images, which was fully justified by the marvelous thing itself. The reader must bear in mind that the whole of this was actually in motion, not merely turning with the sun's rotation, but whirling and shifting within itself, and that the motion was in parts occa-



FIG. 21.—CYCLONE SPOT. (DRAWN BY FATHER SECCHI.)

sionally probably as high as fifty miles per second,—per *second*, remember, not per hour,—so that it changed under the gazer's eyes. The hook-shaped prominence in the lower part (actually larger than the United States) broke up and disappeared in about twenty minutes, or while the writer was engaged in drawing it. The imagination is confounded in an attempt to realize to itself the true character of such a phenomenon.

On page 720 is a separate view of the plume (Fig. 18), a fac-simile of the original sketch, which was made with the eye at the telescope. The pointed or flame-like tips are not a very common form, the terminals being more commonly clubbed, like those in Father Secchi's "branch of cactus" type given on page 717. It must be borne in mind, too, if the drawing does not seem to contain all that the text implies, that there were but a few minutes in which to attempt to draw, where even a skilled draughtsman might have spent hours on the details momentarily visible, and that much must be left to memory. The writer's notebook at the time contains an expression of despair at his utter inability to render most of what he saw.

Let us now look at another and even more wonderful example. Figure 19 shows part of a great spot which the writer drew in December,

1873, when the rare coincidence happened of a fine spot and fine terrestrial weather to observe it in. In this, as well as in the preceding drawing, the pores which cover the sun's surface by millions may be noted. The luminous dots which divide them are what Nasmyth imperfectly saw, but we are hardly more able than he to say what they really are. Each of these countless "dots" is larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together! The wonderful "crystalline" structure in the center cannot be a real crystal, for it is ten times the area of Europe, and changed slowly while I drew it; but the reader may be sure that its resemblance to some crystallizations has not been in the least exaggerated. I have sought to study various actual crystals for comparison, but found none quite satisfactory. That of sal-ammoniac in some remote way resembles it, as Secchi says; but perhaps the frost crystals on a window-pane are better. Figure 20 shows one selected among several windows I had photographed in a preceding winter, which has some suggestions of the so-called crystalline spot-forms in it, but which lacks the filamentary thread-like components presently described. Of course the reader will understand that it is given as a suggestion of the appearance merely, and that no similarity of nature is meant to be indicated.

There were wonderful fern-like forms in this spot, too, and an appearance like that of pine-boughs covered with snow; for, strangely enough, the intense whiteness of the solar surface, in the best telescopes, constantly suggests cold. I have had the same impression vividly in looking at the immense masses of molten-white iron in a great puddling furnace. The salient feature here is one very difficult to see, even in good telescopes, but one which is of great interest. It has been shown in the previous drawings, but we have not enlarged on it. Everywhere in the spot are long white threads, or filaments, lying upon one another, tending in a general sense toward the center, and each of which grows brighter toward its inner extremity. These make up, in fact, as we now see, the penumbra, or outer shade, and the so-called "crystal" is really affiliated to them. Besides this, on closer looking we see that the inner shade, or umbra, and the very deepest shades, or nuclei, are really made of them, too. We can look into the dark center, as into a funnel, to the depth of probably over five thousand miles; but as far as we may go down we come to no liquid or solid floor, and see only volumes of whirling vapor, disposed not vaguely like our clouds, but in the singularly definite, fern-like, flower-like forms which

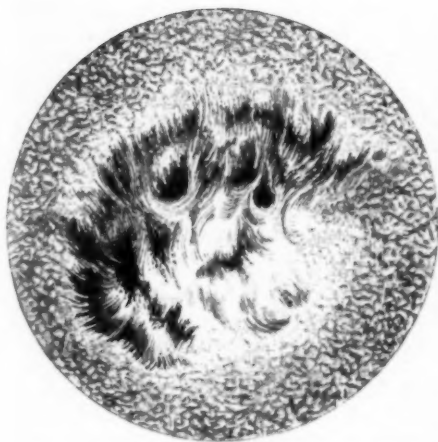


FIG. 22.—SPOT OF MARCH 31, 1875. (FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. P. LANGLEY.)

are themselves made of these "filaments," each of which is from three to five thousand miles long, and from fifty to two hundred miles thick, and each of which (as we saw in the first spot) appears to be made up like a rope, of still finer and finer strands, looking, in the rare instants when irradiation makes an isolated one visible, like a thread of gossamer, or the finest of cobweb. These suggest the fine threads of spun glass; and here there is something more than a mere resemblance of form, for both appear to have one causal feature in common, due to a viscous or "sticky" fluid; for there is much reason to believe that the solar atmosphere, even where thinner than our own air, is rendered viscous by the enormous heat, and owes to this its tendency to pull out in strings, in common with such otherwise dissimilar things, as honey, or melted sugar, or melted glass.

We may compare those mysterious things, the filaments, to long grasses growing in the bed of a stream, which show us the direction and the eddies of the current. The likeness holds in more ways than one. They are not lying, as it were, flat upon the surface of the water, but *within* the medium; and they do not stretch along in any one plane, but they bend down and up. Moreover, they are, as we see, apparently rooted at one end, and their tips rise above the turbid fluid and grow brighter as they are lifted out of it. But per-

haps the most significant use of the comparison is made if we ask whether the stream is moving in an eddy like a whirlpool or boiling up from the ground. The question in other words is, "Are these spots themselves the sign of a mere chaotic disturbance, or do they show us by the disposition of these filaments that each is a great solar maelstrom, carrying the surface matter of the sun down in to its body? or, finally, are they just the opposite—something comparable to fiery fountains or volcanoes on the earth, throwing up to the surface the contents of the unknown solar interior?"

Before we try to answer this question, let us remember that the astonishing rapidity with which these forms change, and still more the fact that they do not, by any means always change by a bodily removal of one part from another, but by a dissolving away and a fading out into invisibility, like the melting of a cloud into thin air—let us remember that all this assimilates them to something cloud-like and vaporous, rather than crystalline, and that as we have here seen, we can ourselves pronounce from such results of recent observation that these are not lumps of scorix floating on the solar furnace (as some have thought them), and still less, literal crystals. We can see for ourselves, I believe, that so far there is no evidence here of any solid, or even liquid, but that the surface of the sun is purely vaporous. Figure 23 shows a cirrous cloud in our own atmosphere, caught for us by photography, and which the reader will find it interesting to compare with the apparently analogous solar cloud-forms.

"Vaporous," we call them, for want of a better word, but without meaning that it is like the vapor of our clouds. There is no exact terrestrial analogy for these extraordinary



FIG. 23.—CIRROUS CLOUD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

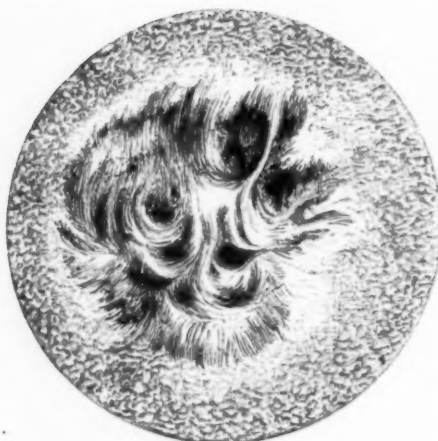


FIG. 24.—SPOT OF MARCH 31, 1875. (FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. F. LANGLEY.)

forms, which are in fact, as we shall see later, composed of iron and other metals—not of solid iron nor even of liquid, but iron heated beyond even the liquid state to that of iron-steam or vapor.

With all this in mind, let us return to the question, "Are the spots, these gigantic areas of disturbance, comparable to whirlpools or to volcanoes?" It may seem unphilosophical to assume that they are one or the other, and, in fact, they may possibly be neither; but it is certain that the surface of the sun would soon cool from its enormous temperature, if it were not supplied with fresh heat, and it is almost certain that this heat is drawn from the interior. As M. Faye has pointed out, there *must* be a circulation up and down, the cooled products being carried within, heated and brought out again, or the sun would, however hot, grow cold outside; and, what is of interest to us, the earth would grow cold also, and we should all die. No one, I believe, who has studied the subject, will contradict the statement, that, if the sun's surface were absolutely cut off from any heat supply from the interior, organic life in general upon the earth (and our own life in particular), would cease much within a month. This solar circulation, then, is of nearly as much consequence to us as that of our own bodies, if we but knew it; and now let us look at the spots again with this in mind.

Fig. 21 shows a drawing by Father Secchi of a spot in 1854; and it is, if unexaggerated, quite the most remarkable case of distinct cyclonic action recorded. I say "if unexaggerated" because there is a strong tendency in most designers to select what is striking in a spot,

and to emphasize that unduly, even when there is no conscious disposition to alter. Every one who sketches, may see a similar unconscious tendency in himself or herself, shown in a disposition to draw all the mountains and hills too high,—a tendency on which Ruskin, I think, has remarked. In drawings of the sun there is a strong temptation to exaggerate these circular forms, and we must not forget this in making up the evidence. There is great need of caution, then, in receiving such representations; but there certainly are forms which seem to be clearly due to cyclonic action. They are usually scattered, however, through larger spots, and I have never, in all my study of the sun, seen one such complete type of the cyclone spot as that first given from Secchi. Instances where spots break up into numerous subdivisions by a process of "segmentation" under the apparent action of separate whirlwinds are much more common. I have noticed, as an apparent effect of this segmentation what I may call the "honeycomb structure" from its appearance with low powers, but which with higher ones turns out to be made up of filamentary masses disposed in circular and ovoid curves, often apparently overlying one another, and frequently presenting a most curious resemblance to vegetable forms, though we appear to see the reality of whirlwinds in making them. I add some transcripts of my original pencil memoranda themselves, made with the eye at the telescope, which, though not at all finished drawings, may be trusted the more as being quite literal transcripts at first hand.

Figs. 22 and 24, for instance, are two sketches of a little spot, showing what, with low powers, gives the appearance I have called the honeycomb structure, but which we see here to be due to whirls which have disposed the filaments in these remarkable forms. The first was drawn at eleven in the forenoon of March 31, 1875, the second at three in the afternoon

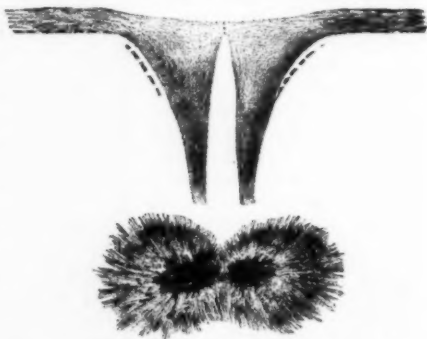


FIG. 25.—TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION OF FAYE'S THEORY.

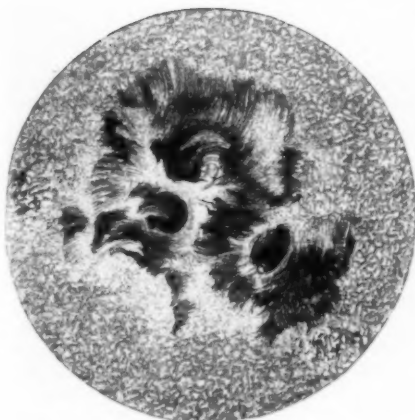


FIG. 26.—SPOT OF OCTOBER 13, 1876. (FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY S. F. LANGLEY.)

of the same day. The scale of the drawing is fifteen thousand miles to the inch, and the changes in this little spot in these few hours imply a cataclysm compared with which the disappearance of the American continent from the earth's surface would be a trifle.

The very act of the solar whirlwind's motion seemed to pass before my eyes in some of these sketches; for while drawing them as rapidly as possible, a new hole would be formed where there was none before, as if by a gigantic invisible auger boring downward.

M. Faye, the distinguished French astronomer, believes that, owing to the fact that different zones of the sun rotate faster than others, whirlwinds analogous to our terrestrial cyclones, but on a vaster scale, are set in motion, and suck down the cooled vapors of the solar surface into its interior, to be heated and returned again, thus establishing a circulation which keeps the surface from cooling down. He points out that we should not conclude that these whirlwinds are not acting everywhere, merely because our bird's-eye view does not always show them. We see that the spinning action of a whirlpool in water becomes more marked as we go below the surface, which is comparatively undisturbed, and we often see one whirl break up into several minor ones, but all sucking downward, and never upward. According to M. Faye, something very like this takes place on the sun, and in Fig. 25 he gives this section to show what he believes to occur in the case of a spot which has "segmented," or divided into two, like the one whose (imaginary) section is shown above it. This theory is to be considered in connection with such drawings as we have just shown, which are themselves, how-

ever, no way dependent on theory, but transcripts from nature.

I do not here either espouse or oppose the "cyclonic" theory, but it is hardly possible for any one who has been an eye-witness of such things to refuse to regard some such disturbance as a real and efficient cause in such instances as this.

Fig. 26, on nearly the same scale as the last, shows a spot which was seen on October 13, 1876. It looked at first, in the telescope, like two spots without any connection; then, as vision improved and higher powers were employed, the two were seen to have a subtle bond of union, and each to be filled with the most curious foliage-forms, which I could only indicate in the few moments that the good definition lasted. The reader may be sure, I think, that there is no exaggeration of the curious shapes of the original; for I have been so anxious to avoid the overstatement of curvature that the error is more likely to be in the opposite direction.

We must conclude that the question as to the cyclonic hypothesis cannot yet be decided, though the probabilities from telescopic evidence at present seem to me on the whole in favor of M. Faye's remarkable theory, which has the great additional attraction to the student that it unites and explains numerous other quite disconnected facts.

Turning now to the other solar features, let us once more consider the sun as a whole.

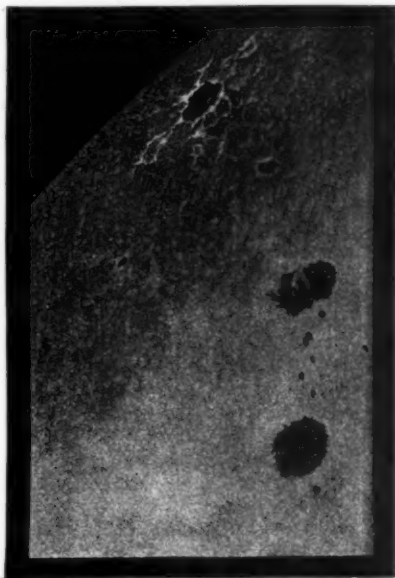


FIG. 27.—PHOTOGRAPH OF EDGE OF SUN. (BY PERMISSION OF WARREN DE LA RUE, LONDON.)

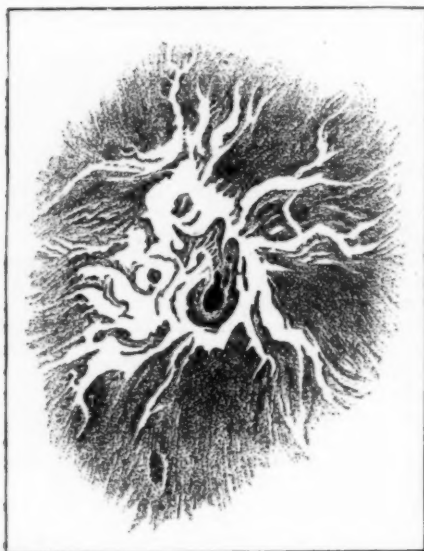


FIG. 28.—FACULA. (FROM A DRAWING BY CHACORNAC.)

Fig. 27 is a photograph taken from a part of the sun near its edge. We notice on it, what we see on every careful delineation of the sun, that its general surface is not uniformly bright, but that it grows darker as we approach the edge, where it is marked by whiter mottlings called faculæ, "something in the sun brighter than the sun itself," and looking in the enlarged view which we present of one of them (Fig. 28), as if the surface of partly cooled metal in a caldron had been broken into fissures showing the brighter glow beneath. These "faculæ," however, are really above the solar surface, not below it, and what we wish to direct particular attention to is that darkening toward the edge which makes them visible.

This is very significant, but its full meaning may not at first be clear. It is owing to an atmosphere which surrounds the sun, as the air does the earth. When we look horizontally through our own air, as at sunrise and sunset, we gaze through greater thick-

nesses of it than when we turn our eyes to the zenith. So when we look at the edge of the sun, the line of sight passes through greater depths of this solar atmosphere, and it dims the light shining behind it more than at the center, where it is thin.

This darkening toward the edge, then, means that the sun has an atmosphere which tempers its heat to us. Whatever the sun's heat supply is within its globe, if this atmosphere grow thicker, the heat is more confined within, and our earth will grow colder; if the solar atmosphere grow thinner, the sun's energy will be expended more rapidly and our earth will grow hotter. This atmosphere, then, is in considerable part, at least, the subject of the action of the spots; this is what they are supposed to carry down or to spout up.

We shall return to the study of it again; but what I want to point out now is that the temperature of the earth, and even the existence of man upon it, depends very much upon this, at first sight, insignificant phenomenon. What, then, is the solar atmosphere? Is it a permanent thing? Not at all. It is more light and unsubstantial than our own air, and is being whirled about by solar winds as ours toss the dust of the streets. It is being sucked down within the body of the sun by some action we do not clearly understand, and returned to the surface by some counter effect which we comprehend no better; and upon this imperfectly understood exchange depends in some way our own safety.

There used to be recorded in medical books the case of a boy, who, to represent Phœbus in a Roman masque, was gilded all over to produce the effect of the golden-rayed god, but who died in a few hours, because all the pores of the skin being closed by the gold-leaf, the natural circulation was arrested. We can count with the telescope millions of pores upon the sun's surface, which are in some way connected with the interchange which has just been spoken of; and if this, his own natural circulation, were arrested, or notably diminished, we should see his face grow cold, and know that our own health, with the life of all the human race, was waiting on his recovery.

S. P. Langley.

ÉMILE LITTRÉ.

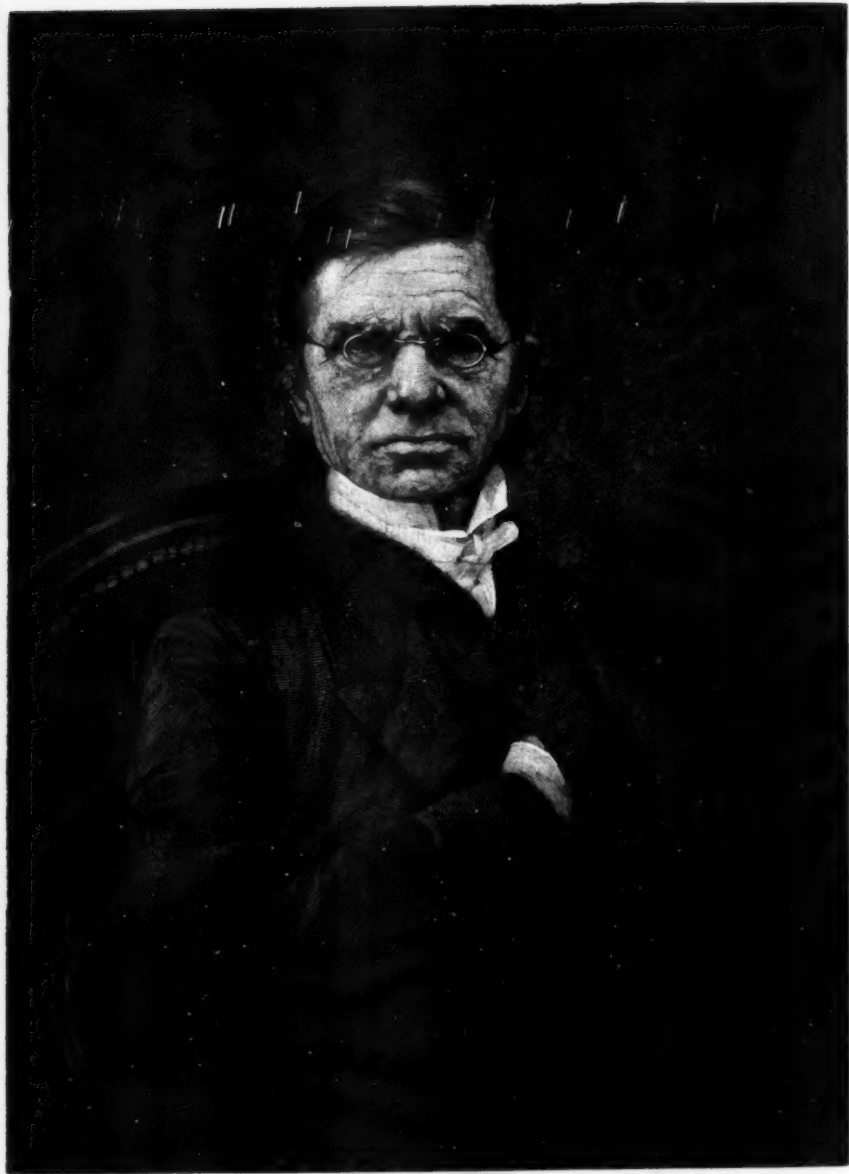
IN his own country Littré was never famous until Monseigneur Dupanloup began to attack him more than twenty years ago, and to denounce him as an atheist and the father of Darwinism. The Bishop's threat to retire from the French Academy if Littré was admitted to that body made the savant an object of public curiosity. Every one then wished to know exactly who Littré was, and tried to understand something about the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. Clerical journals spoke of the modest lexicographer, whose dictionary was then beginning to appear, as affording in his face and figure the one great argument in favor of Darwin's theory. Even professors of natural history were not wanting, who, to please elegant society, jocosely suggested that perhaps Littré was "the missing link." His unusually long arms and long sinewy hands were not lost sight of by clerical caricaturists. Another incident called public attention to the modest and gentle savant. It was the lawsuit about the will of Comte, the founder of the Positivist school of philosophy. Of the will Littré was an executor. Comte had started by declaring that nothing was to be received as a religious dogma unless it was susceptible of scientific proof; but he was later drawn by vanity, imagination, old habits, and his adoring love for Madame Clotilde de Vaux, to promulgate extravagant notions about religion. His scheme suppressed the Pope and set up a Pontiff-man (Homme Pontife), who was to be the highest incarnation of the generation from which he sprung. Comte, as might be expected, looked upon himself as the Pontiff-man, and Madame de Vaux was the celestial woman to complete l'Homme Pontife, and corresponded to the Virgin Mary.

Littré became Comte's disciple soon after 1840, when he first met him. But he refused to follow him in his vagaries, and after his death would not execute those clauses in the will, the object of which was to raise Madame de Vaux to a kind of celestial queenship. Who is this Littré? the unlearned *bourgeoisie* asked. The clerical press described him as a hideous pedant. M. Louis Veuillot abused him in the "Monde." Preachers attacked him in the pulpit. One of them told how he made war on the small birds in his garden, because two sparrows which had been bred in a hatching apparatus, and had received no sort of ornithological instruction, on being

let out in spring, proceeded to construct a nest without any scientific or experimental knowledge. But Littré was too much engaged in compiling his dictionary, and in other philological studies, to notice the small birds in his garden at Menil-le-Roi. Had he watched them, they might have taught him lessons analogous to those which Christian, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," learned at the Interpreter's House, and brought him to place his philosophy on a wider basis. Human instinct is not always able to give a reason for what it does. Nevertheless, it may be a surer guide than reason.

Littré was a year the senior of Victor Hugo, he having dated from the year 1801, famous for the pseudo-classic costumes which were so soon out of fashion. He was singularly fortunate in his hereditary antecedents. Temptation makes the sinner, and Littré was above the ordinary temptations of human nature. His virtues were inborn. His oldest surviving friend, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, said to me: "Littré sacrificed less than any one I ever knew to vanity, sensuousness, or falsehood. His leadings were all good." He was not so much governed by reason as by inherited virtue. Both father and mother were great characters—greater, perhaps, than their son, who lacked capacity for honest indignation and those militant qualities springing therefrom.

His father was a Norman of the picturesque old town of Avranches, where his ancestors had, time out of mind, been gold and silver smiths. Some of them worked in long ages past for the cathedrals and abbeys of their province, and one of them in the sixteenth century had a narrow escape from being burned as a heretic for denying the personality of the Devil. He was tried for the crime, and got off by recanting. Michael's Mount and Monastery are near Avranches, and all the glory of the archangel to which they were dedicated lay in the successful duel against Satan. The heretic had treated the Devil as a synthetic figure of speech in which all bad on earth was expressed. The last male Littré but one received a classical education, and might have followed the hereditary business if his mother had not died and his father taken for his second wife a person of sharp temper and unjust and covetous disposition. The young man left Avranches for Paris to get out of her way. Soon after he arrived there he heard that cred-



ÉMILE LITTRÉ.

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itors had seized on the paternal home, and in order to aid his parent in his distress Littré, who was himself penniless and unemployed, enlisted in the marines, and sent home the premium he had received from the recruiting officer. There was no conscription then, and blood-money was high in the branch of the King's service which he entered. France and England were at war, and English naval captains had been giving much trouble to France. This son, who was the lexicographer's father, took part in many engagements, and rose to the rank of sergeant-major. It was the highest grade to which a person of non-aristocratic blood could rise. He was in the combat of the Cybele with an English man-of-war off the coast of the Mauritius. The former had forty-four guns, and the latter, which was captured and taken into Port Louis as a prize, had fifty guns. Sergeant-major Littré so distinguished himself that the Governor and notables of the island treated him as the real victor, and presented him with a sword and ordered a public fête in his honor. He stayed eleven years in the Indian Ocean. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who owes to him his thorough knowledge of Greek, and was helped by him in the first volume of his translation of Aristotle, gave me the following rude portrait of him: "He was just and wise, and had a sound mind in a strong body. Though disfigured by small-pox, he was a man of grand presence, finely proportioned, athletic, active, daring, proud, independent, and a deep well of human kindness. He had a pronounced taste for botany, which the flora of the Mauritius called out. When there he learned with transport of the Revolution; but long before that event he was a Republican. He returned home, expecting to see the reign of justice, but arrived just in time to witness the *coup d'état* of Brumaire. He hated its author, and transmitted his sentiment to Émile, who was the meekest of men—kind except when the Bonapartes were presented to his mind. To hear of any of them was enough to throw him (Émile) in a passion, to make him, who was usually silent, loquacious and violent in speech."

I may here state that M. Wyruboff, a disciple of Littré and co-editor with him of "*La Revue Positiviste*," has also spoken to me of Littré's hatred of Napoleon and all his family. It was so ungovernable that one day, hearing the Bonapartes mentioned as he was stepping into an omnibus, he inveighed against them during a ride of several miles, regardless of the possible feelings of those who were in the vehicle with him. The lexicographer's mother was worthy of her husband. Though she dressed like a servant in her humble home

near the College of France, she looked one of nature's noblewomen. Boissy d'Anglas and Montgolfier, of balloon celebrity, were related to her. Her nearest kindred were Cévennes Protestants named Johannot, and lived at Annonay, where she was born. In 1797 her father, a paper manufacturer, was mayor of St. Etienne. Being an admirer of Greek philosophy, he called his daughter Sophia. He chanced to be at Lyons when that city rose against the Republic, and was cast into prison. Sophia went to stay with him, and not only exhorted him and his friends to be of good courage, but worked to liberate them. On learning that the national troops which invested Lyons formed but a small corps, she went into the Loire mountains to recruit peasants, and came back with her mother at the head of a large body of volunteers, which she led into the camp of Dubois Crancé. There she learned of the fall of the city, and with Madame Johannot hastened to the prison. Meeting friends on the road who told them all the captives had been massacred, the mother was paralyzed with grief and sank down. The daughter took her into a forsaken house, and leaving her there went to seek for the corpse of her father. She met him as she flew along the road. He was doomed, however, to be a martyr to his Republican faith. In the Thermidor reaction, he was again seized and finally massacred by a gang of Royalists, known as "The Company of Jesus and the Sun." His body was pierced with seventeen poignards and riddled with bullets. The daughter rushed to save him. Finding he was dead, she knelt beside his remains calling for vengeance, and so stirred the hearts of the people that the authorities ordered her arrest. How she met her husband I have not heard.

The present Madame Littré is a fervid Roman Catholic, and avoids speaking of her mother-in-law. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire knew the latter, venerates her memory, and ranks her with the heroines of Corneille. But he is unable to say under what circumstances she married. He heard in a general way that Littré the elder met her on the way from Toulon, where he was discharged, to Paris, and fell in love with her and she with him. Both were poor. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire knew when a boy the Littré family in their small house in the Rue Maçons-Sorbonne. It stood in a garden, where the table used to be spread for dinner in fine weather. Father and mother were hospitable, and welcomed the class-fellows of their sons. The garden was like the Academy at Athens. Old Littré's passion for study increased with age. His was a master mind treated with the sacred fire of enthusiasm, which he communicated to

the youngsters, among whom were Burnouf, who grew up to be the first Orientalist in Europe, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, and Hachette the publisher.

Émile and his brother followed the classes at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, which they had entered on scholarships won at public examinations. There was a sister, the darling of the group, who died in her teens. Boys and girl out of school hours aided their mother in her household tasks. She took a lively interest in their studies. Their father brushed up his classics to help them, and learned Sanskrit to know Greek better. Republicanism was the religious faith of all. One of Émile's names was Maximilien after Robespierre, who his mother would never admit was a monster, or a whit more severe than the Royalists deserved. A characteristic of the father was kindness to the poor. He held it a crime to pass by a starving man without giving him bread or money; and to teach his children to be pitiful, he related to them how he himself lacked food when his eldest son was an infant. Until 1871 the lexicographer was always poor. His wife kept what money he earned, so that he never had small change to give away. But he remembered his father's humane precepts and example, and when in the country practiced medicine for the exclusive benefit of poverty-stricken neighbors.

Litré was the greatest winner of prizes ever known at the high school where he was educated. He was first in every branch of learning taught to his class. At the last prize distribution that he attended as a pupil, he was given one hundred and seventeen volumes. He had then an athlete's muscles, and could lift from the floor, with outstretched arm and one leg, a chair on which a man was seated. In racing, walking, and swimming his staying powers were no less remarkable. At that time his mind appeared to suffer from a congestion of ideas. Litré in youth sometimes apprehended that he would die a lunatic. He threw himself into mathematics to drill his intellect, and prepared to enter the Polytechnic School. An accident changed the course of his life. In diving he hit his right shoulder against a sunken boat, and put it out of joint as well as broke it. When it was quite recovered he became the private secretary of Comte Daru, an ex-minister of Napoleon. The pain he suffered in writing lowered vitality, and brought on a gastric attack which lasted many years. Strength deserted nerves and muscles to concentrate itself in the brain. Will and memory acquired phenomenal tenacity. Though in miserable health from 1821 to 1831, in that decade he studied medicine, and learned all the lan-

guages and dialects with which he was familiar. The plan of the dictionary was already in his head. He had translated poems of Schiller and begun his translation of Hippocrates and "La Dictionnaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie."

In his twenty-sixth year he lost his father, and began to provide for his mother by giving lessons in Greek and Latin. He was abreast at the medical school with those students who have since won fame and fortune as surgeons and physicians, and had gone through all the courses needed to qualify for a diploma. But he had not ready money to pay the ultimate fees, and he would not borrow it or seek to obtain credit for what furniture he needed to set up as a doctor. In France a professional man thinks it *infra dig.* to live in a hotel or in lodgings. Litré was neither eager nor enterprising. He was always letting chances to get on slip through his fingers; and it was not in his nature to lament about them.

What Litré had above everything else was a strong and ever-active principle of growth that brought him steadily on and up. In the days of July he shook off his inertia, because he thought if his father were alive he would have handed him his old firelock, and told him to descend into the street and use it in defense of liberty and justice. Litré on that occasion fought manfully. The National Guard was dissolved. He put on its uniform, but, not being able to find his képi, donned a melon hat, and went to fight where resistance to the insurgents was hottest. For a whole day he was exposed to fire in the Cité and on the Quai Napoléon. One of his old and intimate schoolmates was shot beside him. His mother turned her house into a hospital, and her youngest son, until Émile returned home, attended to the wounded insurgents. Those who died were buried with civic honors at Père Lachaise. After the Revolution of 1830 the flush of physical courage forever subsided in him. He henceforth threw himself exclusively into science and literature.

M. Wyruboff, in analyzing for me Litré's odd disposition, said: "I never knew him to say no. Silence is generally held to give consent. If he was asked to do a thing, and made no answer, but turned the conversation to another subject, nothing was to be got out of him, and those who knew him felt that it would be loss of time to ask again." The same intimate friend and disciple told me that Litré was indifferent to applause or blame. He did not want to shine in the world, and would as lief have been obscure as famous, until in his sixty-sixth year he began to taste the pecuniary sweets of celebrity. He then

sold the copyright of his dictionary for two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and reserved for himself the price of every thirteenth impression of the work. His share in the "Dictionary of Medical Science" was mismanaged. The other works that he published brought him little profit. "Conservation, Révolution et Positivism," which may be regarded as the finest fruit of twenty years of deep thought, meditation, and study, was brought out at the price of a franc and a half, or thirty cents, in an edition of two thousand impressions, which it took ten years to sell. There was a good part of the stock on the booksellers' hands when the Bishop of Orleans began to attack the author. Scientists and eminent doctors bought his translation of Hippocrates, which he dedicated, in admiring and affectionate terms, to the memory of his father, Michel Littré.

Those monuments of erudition which he wrote for the "Journal des Savants" on the tongues and dialects of the Latin stock were hardly noticed by the public. They were the germ of his great dictionary. He explained in them the laws of accent, and showed how ancient Latin degenerated successively into the lower Latin of the peasants and artisans, and then into French, Spanish, Catalan, Italian, and Provençal. The southern Europeans have a sing-song mode of speech. The Latins did not pronounce as they wrote. When the barbarians overflowed them, the unaccustomed ears of the barbarians only heard the accented syllable, and cast aside the others. Local and pre-existing idioms were also grafted on the Roman tongue. Gallic ears had a predilection for sounds to which their mouths were accustomed. So had the Moors who invaded Spain, and the Franks and Normans who swept down on France north of the Loire. Littré reduced a Babel of confusion to perfect order.

He was encouraged by a small group of philologists, but the rest of the world was indifferent to his labors. While following his vocation, he kept himself for some time in bread and cheese by translating articles from foreign journals for the famous "National," which Thiers started, and Armand Carrel subsequently directed. He was five years a sub-translator. An article which a bookseller asked him to write upon an essay by Herschel on the Newtonian Philosophy revealed his superior attainments to Carrel, who then asked him to write leaders for the "Journal." The "Revue des Deux Mondes" paid him miserably for his scientific contributions, and nothing at all for the first of the series, which was a masterpiece of thought and medical research. It was headed "Les Grandes Épidémies." Be-

ing less hampered by editorial supervision in the "Revue Républicaine," his best work was done for that short-lived periodical. In his review for it of Cuvier's book, "Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles," and in an essay headed "Nouvelles Recherches des Géomètres sur la Chaleur de la Terre," all his scientific knowledge, speculative power, and poetic feeling were brought into play.

Littré was a poet as well as a book-worm and scientist. The contrast presented by his own littleness as compared with the vast shadows of the past, the endless perspectives of the future, and the infinity of space, oppressed him. The world and the beings on its surface appeared to him as if moving in a cloud of other worlds that were like dust driven on by a whirlwind. Science enabled man to cast a grave and longing look into the depths of the abyss which surrounds him. His stanzas "On Light" show how he longed to penetrate the mysteries of creation. I sometimes fancied he did not dare give the rein to speculation because he thought it his besetting intellectual sin, and might, if not kept down, lead him further than he wanted to go. He was tortured in early life by a desire to understand what is unknowable, but what may yet be partly divined.

His brother's premature death from a scalpel wound in a dissecting room plunged him into a state of gloom in which he remained stultified until he met Auguste Comte. What did he or could he know, he cried to his mother and his intimate friends, of God and the alleged eternity of the soul? He had not the power to believe in them. When his mother was dying she professed, he holding her in his arms, her deistical faith, and got him to promise that he would never examine a religious question unless in a spirit of candor and humility. She died in 1842.

Littré was already married and a father. His marriage was not preceded by any courtship. One day he said to his mother: "I have made up my mind to do one of two things—marry or commit suicide." His mother inferred that he had fallen in love with a girl of low station and meant to do an act of justice; but she wronged him, for he had never been in love, and his conduct had been blameless. Her daughter had been twelve years dead, and she was not acquainted with any family at once respectable enough to provide her with a daughter-in-law, well-reared and yet poor enough to be satisfied with a man who had no fixed income and no talent for making money. She spoke to a Norman doctor, who recommended a young lady from his province. The young lady was prosaic and a Roman Catholic. Her fanati-

cism was cold and inflexible. But as Littré was tolerant and gentle, and she relieved him from the material cares of home life, eking out well the small sums of money that he earned, they suited each other. They were able in 1848 to buy a peasant's cottage and garden ten miles from Paris, where they passed the hot months of the year. A centime was never spent in repairing it until after Littré entered the National Assembly, when his income rose to 25,000 francs a year. The furniture was rustic, and there was not much of it. Their Paris flat was in a third-story near the Luxembourg Garden, and small and meanly furnished, but very clean. A white table-cloth appeared on the board only when a woman relative or old friend of Madame Littré came to dine.

Littré's daughter received her religious training from her mother and her literary and scientific instruction from her father. She inherited his peaceable temper, and being intelligent was a satisfactory pupil. The hours reserved for pedagogy were in the forenoon. His dark, somber face, as he strove to stoop to the child's head, wore an expression of angelic benevolence. But he was not quite at ease. The wife listened too, not to learn, but to prepare an antidote for any false religious doctrine that he might instill into the girl's mind in speaking to her of moral obligations. The rest of the day was spent in collecting materials for literary and scientific works, and when he was in the country in attending to poor patients, or in strolling, book in hand, in the forest near which his cottage lay. If Madame Littré had allowed him, he would have followed the paternal example in being hospitable with simplicity. It pleased him to see friendly faces at his table. At meals he was amiable, and with old acquaintances almost gay. In his mother's time he used to propose healths, and sing short songs of his own composing. One of them ran thus:

"Hippocrates a dit qu'on s'enivre
Pour le moins une fois par mois,
Et ses fils qui devraient le suivre
Ne boivent par an qu'une fois."

It gave him pleasure to oblige, and he disliked to be thanked; but nothing could induce him to solicit the patronage of a man in high position for the benefit of himself or any other person. He was firmly attached to the elective principle, and would accept no office that was a gift. In 1840 he was a husband, father, and the prop of his widowed mother, and only earned a small and preca-

rious income. M. Cousin was Minister of Public Instruction. At the instance of Barthélemy St. Hilaire he proposed to found a chair at the School of Medicine for the history of medical art and science, and to ask Littré to fill it. The *savant* did not answer for himself yes or no, but recommended a Doctor Dezcimeris. When pressed he refused. His mother was set on to try to make him change his mind. The answer she received was: "If my father, who taught us to stand by the elective principle, were alive, would he ask me to take a chair as a gift? No. The matter is therefore decided, and for good." Both father and son also hated decorations and titles. M. de Villemain, on succeeding Cousin, sent Littré the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the violet one of the Academy. Littré refused them on the ground of principle. Gambetta was not more successful when he asked him to fill the chair of history at the Polytechnique. Membership in the Academy of Berlin was declined because it would render obligatory the wearing of the cross of the Order of Merit. Being an enemy of charlatanism, Littré never mentioned the offered honors, and newspapers were not informed of the sacrifices made to principle.

Littré had not a refined palate. He liked plain food best, and ate in moderation. He was generally through his dinner at half-past six, and at seven went to work, remaining at his desk until three in the morning. Then he walked up and down his parlor for half an hour, and went to bed toward four. He rose at eight in town, and often earlier when in the country. At the sea-side he liked to go to a boarding-house belonging to a convent. The quiet regularity and absence of luxury pleased him; and as prices were low and a chapel was in the house, his wife was always in good humor. When very poor they used to go to St. Quay for sea-bathing, and there they were lodged and boarded for a very small price, and cheaper than other families, partly because Littré gave medical advice to the community. He caught a bad cold at the Versailles Assembly, which stuck to him six years and finally killed him. A nun attended him. Her attention gave him an interest in the Christian faith which he never before experienced. But he never was converted to Roman Catholicism. His life for the last half-year of his existence was completely vegetative. The mind was gone, and he had no knowledge of what the priest who was called in was doing, when he administered to him baptism and the eucharist and the extreme unction.

Y. D.

A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," "Lady Barberina," etc.

VI.

MRS. MESH sat on one side of the fire, and Florimond on the other; he had by this time acquired the privilege of a customary seat. He had taken a general view of Boston. It was like a first introduction, for before his going to live in Paris he had been too young to judge; and the result of this survey was the conviction that there was nothing better than Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room. She was one of the few persons whom one was certain to find at home after five o'clock; and the place itself was agreeable to Florimond, who was very fastidious about furniture and decorations. He was willing to concede that Mrs. Mesh (the relationship had not yet seemed close enough to justify him in calling her Pauline) knew a great deal about such matters; though it was clear that she was indebted for some of her illumination to Rachel Torrance, who had induced her to make several changes. These two ladies, between them, represented a great fund of taste; with a difference that was the result of Rachel's knowing clearly beforehand what she liked (Florimond called her, at least, by her baptismal name), and Mrs. Mesh's only knowing it after a succession of experiments, of transposings and drapings, all more or less ingenious and expensive. If Florimond liked Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room better than any other corner of Boston, he also had his preference in regard to its phases and hours. It was most charming in the winter twilight, by the glow of the fire, before the lamps had been brought in. The ruddy flicker played over many objects, making them look more mysterious than Florimond had supposed anything could look in Boston, and, among others, upon Rachel Torrance, who, when she moved about the room in a desultory way (never so much *enfoncee*, as Florimond said, in a chair as Mrs. Mesh was) certainly attracted and detained the eye. The young man from his corner (he was almost as much *enfoncee* as Mrs. Mesh) used to watch her; and he could easily see what his aunt had meant by saying she had a serpentine figure. She was slim and flexible; she took attitudes which would have been awkward in other women, but which her charming

pliancy made natural. She reminded him of a celebrated actress in Paris, who was the ideal of tortuous thinness. Miss Torrance used often to seat herself for a short time at the piano, and though she never had been taught this art (she played only by ear), her musical feeling was such that she charmed the twilight hour. Mrs. Mesh sat on one side of the fire, as I have said, and Florimond on the other; the two might have been found in this relation—listening, face to face,—almost any day in the week. Mrs. Mesh raved about her new friend, as they said in Boston,—I mean about Rachel Torrance, not about Florimond Daintry. She had at last got hold of a mind that understood her own (Mrs. Mesh's mind contained depths of mystery), and she sacrificed herself, generally, to throw her companion into relief. Her sacrifice was rewarded, for the girl was universally liked and admired; she was a new type altogether; she was the lioness of the winter. Florimond had an opportunity to see his native town in one of its fits of enthusiasm. He had heard of the infatuations of Boston, literary and social; of its capacity for giving itself with intensity to a temporary topic; and he was now conscious, on all sides, of the breath of New England discussion. Some one had said to him,—or had said to some one, who repeated it,—that there was no place like Boston for taking up with such seriousness a second-rate spinster from Brooklyn. But Florimond himself made no criticism; for, as we know, he speedily fell under the charm of Rachel Torrance's personality. He was perpetually talking with Mrs. Mesh about it; and when Mrs. Mesh desecanted on the subject, he listened with the utmost attention. At first, on his return, he rather feared the want of topics; he foresaw that he should miss the talk of the studios, of the theaters, of the boulevard, of a little circle of "naturalists" (in literature and art) to which he belonged, without sharing all its views. But he presently perceived that Boston, too, had its actualities, and that it even had this in common with Paris,—that it gave its attention most willingly to a female celebrity. If he had had any hope of being himself the lion of the winter, it had been dissipated by the spectacle

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of his cousin's success. He saw that while she was there, he could only be a subject of secondary reference. He bore her no grudge for this. I must hasten to declare that from the pettiness of this particular jealousy poor Florimond was quite exempt. Moreover, he was swept along by the general chorus; and he perceived that when one changes one's sky one inevitably changes, more or less, one's standard. Rachel Torrance was neither an actress, nor a singer, nor a beauty, nor one of the ladies who were chronicled in the "Figaro," nor the author of a successful book, nor a person of the great world; she had neither a future, nor a past, nor a position, nor even a husband, to make her identity more solid; she was a simple American girl, of the class that lived in *pensions* (a class of which Florimond had ever entertained a theoretic horror); and yet she had profited to the degree of which our young man was witness, by those treasures of sympathy constantly in reserve in the American public (as has already been intimated) for the youthful-feminine. If Florimond was struck with all this, it may be imagined whether or not his mother thought she had been clever when it occurred to her (before any one else) that Rachel would be a resource for the term of hibernation. She had forgotten all her scruples and hesitation; she only knew she had seen very far. She was proud of her prescience, she was even amused with it; and for the moment she held her head rather high. No one knew of it but Lucretia, — for she had never confided it to Joanna, of whom she would have been more afraid in such a connection even than of her sister-in-law; but Mr. and Mrs. Merriman perceived an unusual lightness in her step, a fitful sparkle in her eye. It was, of course, easy for them to make up their mind that she was exhilarated to this degree by the presence of her son; especially as he seemed to be getting on beautifully in Boston.

"She stays out longer every day; she is scarcely ever home to tea," Mrs. Mesh remarked, looking up at the clock on the chimney-piece.

Florimond could not fail to know to whom she alluded, for it has been intimated that between these two there was much conversation about Rachel Torrance. "It's funny, the way the girls run about alone here," he said, in the amused, contemplative tone in which he frequently expressed himself on the subject of American life. "Rachel stays out after dark, and no one thinks any the worse of her."

"Oh, well, she's old enough," Mrs. Mesh rejoined, with a little sigh, which seemed to suggest that Rachel's age was really affecting.

Her eyes had been opened by Florimond to many of the peculiarities of the society that surrounded her; and though she had spent only as many months in Europe as her visitor had spent years, she now sometimes spoke as if she thought the manners of Boston more odd even than he could pretend to do. She was very quick at picking up an idea, and there was nothing she desired more than to have the last on every subject. This winter, from her two new friends, Florimond and Rachel, she had extracted a great many that were new to her; the only trouble was that, coming from different sources, they sometimes contradicted each other. Many of them, however, were very vivifying; they added a new zest to that prospect of life which had always, in winter, the denuded bushes, the solid pond and the plank-covered walks, the exaggerated bridge, the patriotic statues, the dry, hard texture of the public garden for its foreground, and for its middle distance the pale, frozen twigs, stiff in the windy sky, that whistled over the common, the domestic dome of the State House, familiar in the untinted air, and the competitive spires of a liberal faith. Mrs. Mesh had an active imagination, and plenty of time on her hands. Her two children were young, and they slept a good deal; she had explained to Florimond, who observed that she was a great deal less in the nursery than his sister, that she pretended only to give her attention to their waking hours. "I have people for the rest of the time," she said; and the rest of the time was considerable; so that there were very few obstacles to her cultivation of ideas. There was one in her mind now, and I may as well impart it to the reader without delay. She was not quite so delighted with Rachel Torrance as she had been a month ago; it seemed to her that the young lady took up — socially speaking — too much room in the house; and she wondered how long she intended to remain, and whether it would be possible, without a direct request, to induce her to take her way back to Brooklyn. This last was the conception with which she was at present engaged; she was at moments much pressed by it, and she had thoughts of taking Florimond Dainty into her confidence. This, however, she determined not to do, lest he should regard it as a sign that she was jealous of her companion. I know not whether she was, but this I know, — that Mrs. Mesh was a woman of a high ideal, and would not for the world have appeared so. If she was jealous, this would imply that she thought Florimond was in love with Rachel; and she could only object to that on the ground of being in love with him herself. She was

not in love with him, and had no intention of being; of this the reader, possibly alarmed, may definitely rest assured. Moreover, she did not think him in love with Rachel; as to her reason for this reserve, I need not, perhaps, be absolutely outspoken. She was not jealous, she would have said, she was only oppressed—she was a little over-ridden. Rachel pervaded her house, pervaded her life, pervaded Boston; every one thought it necessary to talk to her about Rachel, to rave about her in the Boston manner, which seemed to Mrs. Mesh, in spite of the Puritan tradition, very much more unbridled than that of Baltimore. They thought it would give her pleasure; but by this time she knew everything about Rachel. The girl had proved rather more of a figure than she expected; and though she could not be called pretentious, she had the air, in staying with Pauline Mesh, of conferring rather more of a favor than she received. This was absurd for a person who was, after all, though not in her first youth, only a girl, and who, as Mrs. Mesh was sure, from her biography,—for Rachel had related every item,—had never before had such unrestricted access to the fleshpots. The fleshpots were full, under Donald Mesh's roof, and his wife could easily believe that the poor girl would not be in a hurry to return to her boarding-house in Brooklyn. For that matter there were lots of people in Boston who would be delighted that she should come to them. It was doubtless an inconsistency on Mrs. Mesh's part that if she was overdone with the praises of Rachel Torrance which fell from every lip, she should not herself have forbore to broach the topic. But I have sufficiently intimated that it had a perverse fascination for her; it is true, she did not speak of Rachel only to praise her. Florimond, in truth, was a little weary of the young lady's name; he had plenty of topics of his own, and he had his own opinion about Rachel Torrance. He did not take up Mrs. Mesh's remark as to her being old enough.

"You must wait till she comes in. Please ring for tea," said Mrs. Mesh, after a pause. She had noticed that Florimond was comparing his watch with her clock; it occurred to her that he might be going.

"Oh, I always wait, you know; I like to see her when she has been anywhere. She tells one all about it, and describes everything so well."

Mrs. Mesh looked at him a moment. "She sees a great deal more in things than I am usually able to discover. She sees the most extraordinary things in Boston."

"Well, so do I," said Florimond, placidly.

"Well, I don't, I must say!" She asked him to ring again; and then, with a slight irritation, accused him of not ringing hard

enough; but before he could repeat the operation, she left her chair and went herself to the bell. After this she stood before the fire a moment, gazing into it; then suggested to Florimond that he should put on a log.

"Is it necessary,—when your servant is coming in a moment?" the young man asked unexpectedly, without moving. In an instant, however, he rose; and then he explained that this was only his little joke.

"Servants are too stupid," said Mrs. Mesh. "But I spoil you. What would your mother say?" She watched him while he placed the log. She was plump, and she was not tall; but she was a very pretty woman. She had round brown eyes, which looked as if she had been crying a little,—she had nothing in life to cry about; and dark, wavy hair, which, here and there, in short, crisp tendrils, escaped artfully from the form in which it was dressed. When she smiled she showed very pretty teeth; and the combination of her touching eyes and her parted lips was at such moments almost bewitching. She was accustomed to express herself in humorous superlatives, in pictorial circumlocutions; and had acquired in Boston the rudiments of a social dialect which, to be heard in perfection, should be heard on the lips of a native. Mrs. Mesh had picked it up; but it must be confessed that she used it without originality. It was an accident that on this occasion she had not expressed her wish for her tea by saying that she should like a pint or two of that Chinese fluid.

"My mother believes I can't be spoiled," said Florimond, giving a little push with his toe to the stick that he had placed in the embers; after which he sank back into his chair, while Mrs. Mesh resumed possession of her own. "I am ever fresh,—ever pure."

"You are ever conceited. I don't see what you find so extraordinary in Boston," Mrs. Mesh added, reverting to his remark of a moment before.

"Oh, everything! the ways of the people, their ideas, their peculiar *cachet*. The very expression of their faces amuses me."

"Most of them have no expression at all."

"Oh, you are used to it," Florimond said. "You have become one of themselves; you have ceased to notice."

"I am more of a stranger than you; I was born beneath other skies. Is it possible that you don't know yet that I am a native of Baltimore? 'Maryland, my Maryland!'"

"Have they got so much expression in Maryland? No, I thank you; no tea. Is it possible!" Florimond went on, with the familiarity of pretended irritation. "Is it possible that you haven't noticed yet that I never take it? *Boisson fade, écœurante*, as Balzac calls it."

"Ah, well, if you don't take it on account of Balzac!" said Mrs. Mesh. "I never saw a man who had such fantastic reasons. Where, by the way, is the volume of that de-praved old author which you promised to bring me?"

"When do you think he flourished? You call everything old, in this country, that isn't in the morning paper. I haven't brought you the volume, because I don't want to bring you presents," Florimond said; "I want you to love me for myself, as they say in Paris."

"Don't quote what they say in Paris! Don't sully this innocent bower with those fearful words!" Mrs. Mesh rejoined, with a jocose intention. "Dear lady, your son is not everything we could wish!" she added in the same mock dramatic tone, as the curtain of the door was lifted, and Mrs. Daintry rather timidly advanced. Mrs. Daintry had come to satisfy a curiosity, after all quite legitimate; she could no longer resist the impulse to ascertain for herself, so far as she might, how Rachel Torrance and Florimond were getting on. She had had no definite expectation of finding Florimond at Mrs. Mesh's; but she supposed that at this hour of the afternoon—it was already dark, and the ice, in many parts of Beacon street, had a polish which gleamed through the dusk—she should find Rachel. "Your son has lived too long in far-off lands; he has dwelt among outworn things," Mrs. Mesh went on, as she conducted her visitor to a chair. "Dear lady, you are not as Balzac was; do you start at the mention of his name?—therefore you will have some tea in a little painted cup."

Mrs. Daintry was not bewildered, though it may occur to the reader that she might have been; she was only a little disappointed. She had hoped she might have occasion to talk about Florimond; but the young man's presence was a denial of this privilege.

"I am afraid Rachel is not at home," she remarked. "I am afraid she will think I have not been very attentive."

"She will be in in a moment; we are waiting for her," Florimond said. "It's impossible she should think any harm of you. I have told her too much good."

"Ah, Mrs. Daintry, don't build too much on what he has told her! He's a false and faithless man!" Pauline Mesh interposed; while the good lady from Newbury street, smiling at this adjuration, but looking a little grave, turned from one of her companions to the other. Florimond had relapsed into his chair by the fire-place; he sat contemplating the embers, and fingering the tip of his mustache. Mrs. Daintry imbibed her tea, and told how often she had slipped coming down

the hill. These expedients helped her to wear a quiet face; but in reality she was nervous, and she felt rather foolish. It came over her that she was rather dishonest; she had presented herself at Mrs. Mesh's in the capacity of a spy. The reader already knows she was subject to sudden revulsions of feeling. There is an adage about repenting at leisure; but Mrs. Daintry always repented in a hurry. There was something in the air—something impalpable, magnetic—that told her she had better not have come; and even while she conversed with Mrs. Mesh she wondered what this mystic element could be. Of course she had been greatly preoccupied, these last weeks; for it had seemed to her that her plan with regard to Rachel Torrance was succeeding only too well. Florimond had frankly accepted her in the spirit in which she had been offered, and it was very plain that she was helping him to pass his winter. He was constantly at the house,—Mrs. Daintry could not tell exactly how often; but she knew very well that in Boston, if one saw anything of a person, one saw a good deal. At first he used to speak of it; for two or three weeks he had talked a good deal about Rachel Torrance. More lately his allusions had become few; yet to the best of Mrs. Daintry's belief his step was often in Arlington street. This aroused her suspicions, and at times it troubled her conscience; there were moments when she wondered whether, in arranging a genial winter for Florimond, she had also prepared a season of torment for herself. Was he in love with the girl, or had he already discovered that the girl was in love with him? The delicacy of either situation would account for his silence. Mrs. Daintry said to herself that it would be a grim joke if she should prove to have plotted only too well. It was her sister-in-law's warning in especial that haunted her imagination, and she scarcely knew, at times, whether more to hope that Florimond might have been smitten, or to pray that Rachel might remain indifferent. It was impossible for Mrs. Daintry to shake off the sense of responsibility; she could not shut her eyes to the fact that she had been the prime mover. It was all very well to say that the situation, as it stood, was of Lucretia's making; the thing never would have come into Lucretia's head if she had not laid it before her. Unfortunately, with the quiet life she led, she had very little chance to observe; she went out so little, that she was reduced to guessing what the manner of the two young persons might be to each other when they met in society, and she should have thought herself wanting in delicacy if she had sought to be intimate

with Rachel Torrance. Now that her plan was in operation, she could make no attempt to foster it, to acknowledge it in the face of Heaven. Fortunately, Rachel had so many attentions, that there was no fear of her missing those of Newbury street. She had dined there once, in the first days of her sojourn, without Pauline and Donald, who had declined, and with Joanna and Joanna's husband for all "company." Mrs. Daintry had noticed nothing particular then, save that Arthur Merriman talked rather more than usual,—though he was always a free talker,—and had bantered Rachel rather more familiarly than was perhaps necessary (considering that he, after all, was not her cousin) on her ignorance of Boston, and her thinking that Pauline Mesh could tell her anything about it. On this occasion Florimond talked very little; of course he could not say much when Arthur was in such extraordinary spirits. She knew by this time all that Florimond thought of his brother-in-law, and she herself had to confess that she liked Arthur better in his jaded hours, even though then he was a little cynical. Mrs. Daintry had been perhaps a little disappointed in Rachel, whom she saw for the first time in several years. The girl was less peculiar than she remembered her being, savored less of the old studio, the musical parties, the creditors waiting at the door. However, people in Boston found her unusual, and Mrs. Daintry reflected, with a twinge at her depravity, that perhaps she had expected something too disheveled. At any rate, several weeks had elapsed since then, and there had been plenty of time for Miss Torrance to attach herself to Florimond. It was less than ever Mrs. Daintry's wish that he should (even in this case) ask her to be his wife. It seemed to her less than ever the way her son should marry,—because he had got entangled with the girl in consequence of his mother's rashness. It occurred to her, of course, that she might warn the young man; but when it came to the point she could not bring herself to speak. She had never discussed the question of love with him, and she didn't know what ideas he might have brought with him from Paris. It was too delicate; it might put notions into his head. He might say something strange and French, which she shouldn't like; and then perhaps she should feel bound to warn Rachel herself,—a complication from which she absolutely shrank. It was part of her embarrassment now, as she sat in Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room, that she should probably spoil Florimond's entertainment for this afternoon, and that such a crossing of his inclination would make him the more dangerous. He had told her

that he was waiting for Rachel to come in; and at the same time, in view of the lateness of the hour and her being on foot, when she herself should take her leave, he would be bound in decency to accompany her. As for remaining after Rachel should come in, that was an indiscretion which scarcely seemed to her possible. Mrs. Daintry was an American mother, and she knew what the elder generation owes to the younger. If Florimond had come there to call on a young lady, he didn't, as they used to say, want any mothers round. She glanced covertly at her son, to try and find some comfort in his countenance; for her perplexity was heavy. But she was struck only with his looking very handsome, as he lounged there in the firelight, and with his being very much at home. This did not lighten her burden, and she expressed all the weight of it—in the midst of Mrs. Mesh's flights of comparison—in an irrelevant little sigh. At such a time her only comfort could be the thought that at all events she had not betrayed herself to Lucretia. She had scarcely exchanged a word with Lucretia about Rachel since that young lady's arrival; and she had observed in silence that Miss Daintry now had a guest in the person of a young woman who had lately opened a kindergarten. This reticence might surely pass for natural.

Rachel came in before long, but even then Mrs. Daintry ventured to stay a little. The visitor from Brooklyn embraced Mrs. Mesh, who told her that, prodigal as she was, there was no fatted calf for her return; she must content herself with cold tea. Nothing could be more charming than her manner, which was full of native archness; and it seemed to Mrs. Daintry that she directed her pleasantries at Florimond with a grace that was intended to be irresistible. The relation between them was a relation of "chaff," and consisted, on one side and the other, in alternations of attack and defense. Mrs. Daintry reflected that she should not wish her son to have a wife who should be perpetually turning him into a joke; for it seemed to her, perhaps, that Rachel Torrance put in her thrusts rather faster than Florimond could parry them. She was evidently rather wanting in the faculty of reverence, and Florimond panted a little. They presently went into an adjoining room where the lamp-light was brighter; Rachel wished to show the young man an old painted fan which she had brought back from the repairer's. They remained there ten minutes. Mrs. Daintry, as she sat with Mrs. Mesh, heard their voices much intermingled. She wished very much to confide herself a little to Pauline,—to ask her whether she thought Rachel was

in love with Florimond. But she had a foreboding that this would not be safe; Pauline was capable of repeating her question to the others, of calling out to Rachel to come back and answer it. She contented herself, therefore, with asking her hostess about the little Meshes and regaling her with anecdotes of Joanna's progeny.

"Don't you ever have your little ones with you at this hour?" she inquired. "You know this is what Longfellow calls the children's hour."

Mrs. Mesh hesitated a moment. "Well, you know, one can't have everything at once. I have my social duties now; I have my guests. I have Miss Torrance,—you see she is not a person one can overlook."

"I suppose not," said poor Mrs. Daintry, remembering how little she herself had overlooked her.

"Have you done brandishing that superannuated relic?" Mrs. Mesh asked of Rachel and Florimond as they returned to the fireside. "I should as soon think of fanning myself with the fire-shovel!"

"He has broken my heart," Rachel said. "He tells me it is not a Watteau."

"Do you believe everything he tells you, my dear? His word is the word of the betrayer."

"Well, I know Watteau didn't paint fans," Florimond remarked, "any more than Michael Angelo."

"I suppose you think he painted ceilings," said Rachel Torrance. "I have painted a great many myself."

"A great many ceilings? I should like to see that!" Florimond exclaimed.

Rachel Torrance, with her usual promptness, adopted this fantasy. "Yes, I have decorated half the churches in Brooklyn; you know how many there are."

"If you mean fans, I wish men carried them," the young man went on; "I should like to have one *de votre façon*."

"You are cool enough as you are; I should be sorry to give you anything that would make you cooler!"

This retort, which may not strike the reader by its originality, was pregnant enough for Mrs. Daintry; it seemed to her to denote that the situation was critical; and she proposed to retire. Florimond walked home with her; but it was only as they reached their door that she ventured to say to him what had been on her tongue's end since they left Arlington street.

"Florimond, I want to ask you something. I think it is important, and you mustn't be surprised. "Are you in love with Rachel Torrance?"

Florimond stared, in the light of the street-lamp. The collar of his overcoat was turned

up; he stamped a little as he stood still; the breath of the February evening pervaded the empty vistas of the "new land." "In love with Rachel Torrance? *Jamais de la vie!* What put that into your head?"

"Seeing you with her, that way, this evening. You know you are very attentive."

"How do you mean, attentive?"

"You go there very often. Isn't it almost every day?"

Florimond hesitated, and, in spite of the frigid dusk, his mother could see that there was irritation in his eye. "Where else can I go, in this precious place? It's the pleasantest house here."

"Yes, I suppose it's very pleasant," Mrs. Daintry murmured. "But I would rather have you return to Paris than go there too often," she added, with sudden energy.

"How do you mean too often? *Qu'est-ce que vous prend, ma mère?*" said Florimond.

"Is Rachel—Rachel in love with you?" she inquired, solemnly. She felt that this question, though her heart beat as she uttered it, could not be mitigated by a circumlocution.

"Good heavens! mother, fancy talking about love in this temperature!" Florimond exclaimed. "Let one at least get into the house."

Mrs. Daintry followed him reluctantly, for she always had a feeling that if anything disagreeable were to be done, one should not make it less drastic by selecting agreeable conditions. In the drawing-room, before the fire, she returned to her inquiry. "My son, you have not answered me about Rachel."

"Is she in love with me? Why, very possibly!"

"Are you serious, Florimond?"

"Why shouldn't I be? I have seen the way women go off."

Mrs. Daintry was silent a moment. "Florimond, is it true?" she said, presently.

"Is what true? I don't see where you want to come out!"

"Is it true that that girl has fixed her affections—" and Mrs. Daintry's voice dropped.

"Upon me, *ma mère*? I don't say it's true, but I say it's possible. You ask me, and I can only answer you. I am not swaggering, I am simply giving you decent satisfaction. You wouldn't have me think it impossible that a woman should fall in love with me? You know what women are, and how there is nothing, in that way, too queer for them to do."

Mrs. Daintry, in spite of the knowledge of her sex that she might be supposed to possess, was not prepared to rank herself on the side of this axiom. "I wished to warn you," she simply said; "do be very careful."

"Yes, I'll be careful; but I can't give up the house."

"There are other houses, Florimond."

"Yes, but there is a special charm there."

"I would rather you should return to Paris than do any harm."

"Oh, I sha'n't do any harm; don't worry, *ma mère*," said Florimond.

It was a relief to Mrs. Daintry to have spoken, and she endeavored not to worry. It was doubtless this effort that, for the rest of the winter, gave her a somewhat rigid, anxious look. People who met her in Beacon street missed something from her face. It was her usual confidence in the clearness of human duty; and some of her friends explained the change by saying that she was disappointed about Florimond,—she was afraid he was not particularly liked.

VII.

By the first of March this young man had received a good many optical impressions, and had noted in water-colors several characteristic winter effects. He had perambulated Boston in every direction, he had even extended his researches to the suburbs; and if his eye had been curious, his eye was now almost satisfied. He perceived that even amid the simple civilization of New England there was material for the naturalist; and in Washington street, of a winter's afternoon, it came home to him that it was a fortunate thing the impressionist was not exclusively preoccupied with the beautiful. He became familiar with the slushy streets, crowded with thronging pedestrians and obstructed horse-cars, bordered with strange promiscuous shops, which seemed at once violent and indifferent, overhung with snowbanks from the housetops; the avalanche that detached itself at intervals fell with an enormous thud amid the dense procession of women, made for a moment a clear space, splashed with whiter snow, on the pavement, and contributed to the gayety of the Puritan capital. Supreme in the thoroughfare was the rigid groove of the railway, where oblong receptacles, of fabulous capacity, governed by familiar citizens, jolted and jingled eternally, close on each other's rear, absorbing and emitting innumerable specimens of a single type. The road on either side, buried in mounds of pulverized, mud-colored ice, was ploughed across by laboring vehicles, and traversed periodically by the sisterhood of "shoppers," laden with satchels and parcels, and protected by a round-backed policeman. Florimond looked at the shops, saw the women disgorged, surging, ebbing, dodging the avalanches, squeezed in and out of

the horse-cars, on their little platforms, where flatness was enforced, and made himself as perpendicular as possible. The horses steamed in the sunny air, the conductor punched the tickets and poked the passengers, some of whom were under and some above, and all alike stabled in trampled straw. They were precipitated, collectively, by stoppages and starts; the tight, silent interior stuffed itself more and more, and the whole machine heaved and reeled in its interrupted course. Florimond had forgotten the look of many things, the details of American publicity; in some cases, indeed, he only pretended to himself that he had forgotten them, because it helped to entertain him. The houses—a bristling, jagged line of tall and shorts, a parti-colored surface, expressively commercial—were spotted with staring signs, with labels and pictures, with advertisements familiar, colloquial, vulgar; the air was traversed with the tangle of the telegraph, with festoons of bunting, with banners not of war, with inexplicable loops and ropes; the shops, many of them enormous, had heterogeneous fronts, with queer juxtapositions in the articles that peopled them, an incompleteness of array, the stamp of the latest modern ugliness. They had pendant stuffs in the doorways, and flapping tickets outside. Every fifty yards there was a "candy store"; in the intervals was the painted panel of a chiropodist, representing him in his professional attitude. Beyond the plates of glass, in the hot interiors, behind the counters, were pale, familiar, delicate, tired faces of women with polished hair and glazed complexions. Florimond knew their voices; he knew how women would speak when their hair was "treated," as they said in the studios, like that. But the women that passed through the streets were the main spectacle. Florimond had forgotten their extraordinary numerosity, and the impression that they produced of a deluge of petticoats. He could see that they were perfectly at home on the road; they had an air of possession, of perpetual equipment, a look, in the eyes, of always meeting the gaze of crowds, always seeing people pass, noting things in shop-windows, and being on the watch at crossings; many of them evidently passed most of their time in these conditions, and Florimond wondered what sort of *interieurs* they could have. He felt at moments that he was in a city of women, in a country of women. The same impression came to him *dans le monde*, as he used to say, for he made the most incongruous application of his little French phrases to Boston. The talk, the social life, were so completely in the hands of the ladies, the masculine note was so subordinate, that

on certain occasions he could have believed himself (putting the brightness aside) in a country stricken by a war, where the men had all gone to the army, or in a seaport half depopulated by the absence of its vessels. This idea had intermissions; for instance, when he walked out to Cambridge. In this little excursion he often indulged; he used to go and see one of his college-mates, who was now a tutor at Harvard. He stretched away across the long, mean bridge that spans the mouth of the Charles,—a mile of wooden piles, supporting a brick pavement, a roadway deep in mire, and a rough timber fence, over which the pedestrian enjoys a view of the frozen bay, the backs of many new houses, and a big brown marsh. The horse-cars bore him company, relieved here of the press of the streets, though not of their internal congestion, and constituting the principal feature of the wide, blank avenue, where the puddles lay large across the bounding rails. He followed their direction through a middle region, in which the small wooden houses had an air of tent-like impermanence, and the February mornings, splendid and indiscreet, stared into bare windows and seemed to make civilization transparent. Further, the suburb remained wooden, but grew neat, and the painted houses looked out on the car-track with an expression almost of superiority. At Harvard the buildings were simple and fresh; they stood in a yard planted with slender elms, which the winter had reduced to spindles; the town stretched away from the horizontal palings of the collegiate precinct, low, flat and immense, with vague, featureless spaces and the air of a clean encampment. Florimond remembered that when the summer came in the whole place was transformed. It was pervaded by verdure and dust, the slender elms became profuse, arching over the unpaved streets, the green shutters bowed themselves before the windows, the flowers and creeping-plants bloomed in the small gardens, and on the piazzas, in the gaps of dropped awnings, light dresses arrested the eye. At night, in the warm darkness,—for Cambridge is not festooned with lamps,—the bosom of nature would seem to palpitate, there would be a smell of earth and vegetation,—a smell more primitive than the odor of Europe,—and the air would vibrate with the sound of insects. All this was in reserve, if one would have patience, especially from March to June; but for the present the seat of the University struck our poor little critical Florimond as rather hard and bare. As the winter went on, and the days grew longer, he knew that Mrs. Daintry often believed him to be in Arlington street when he was walk-

ing out to see his friend the tutor, who had once spent a winter in Paris, and who never tired of talking about it. It is to be feared that he did not undeceive her so punctually as he might, for, in the first place he was at Mrs. Mesh's very often; in the second, he failed to understand how worried his mother was; and in the third, the idea that he should be thought to have the peace of mind of a brilliant girl in his keeping was not disagreeable to him.

One day his Aunt Lucretia found him in Arlington street; it occurred to her about the middle of the winter that, considering she liked Rachel Torrance so much, she had not been to see her very often. She had little time for such indulgences; but she caught a moment in its flight, and was told at Mrs. Mesh's door that this lady had not yet come in, but that her companion was accessible. Florimond was in his customary chair by the chimney corner (his aunt perhaps did not know quite how customary it was), and Rachel, at the piano, was regaling him with a composition of Schubert. Florimond, up to this time, had not become very intimate with his aunt, who had not, as it were, given him the key of her house, and in whom he detected a certain want of interest in his affairs. He had a limited sympathy with people who were interested only in their own, and perceived that Miss Daintry belonged to this preoccupied and ungraceful class. It seemed to him that it would have been more becoming in her to feign at least a certain attention to the professional and social prospects of the most promising of her nephews. If there was one thing that Florimond disliked more than another, it was an eager self-absorption; and he could not see that it was any better for people to impose their personality upon committees and charities than upon general society. He would have modified this judgment of his kinswoman, with whom he had dined but once, if he could have guessed with what anxiety she watched for the symptoms of that salutary change which she expected to see wrought in him by the fascinating independence of Rachel Torrance. If she had dared, she would have prompted the girl a little; she would have confided to her this secret desire. But the matter was delicate; and Miss Daintry was shrewd enough to see that everything must be spontaneous. When she paused at the threshold of Mrs. Mesh's drawing-room, looking from one of her young companions to the other, she felt a slight pang, for she feared they were getting on too well. Rachel was pouring sweet music into the young man's ears, and turning to look at him over her shoulder while she played; and he with his head tipped back and his eyes on

the ceiling hummed an accompaniment which occasionally became an articulate remark. Harmonious intimacy was stamped upon the scene; and poor Miss Daintry was not struck with its being in any degree salutary. She was not reassured when, after ten minutes, Florimond took his departure; she could see that he was irritated by the presence of a third person; and this was a proof that Rachel had not yet begun to do her duty by him. It is possible that when the two ladies were left together her disappointment would have led her to betray her views, had not Rachel almost immediately said to her: "My dear cousin, I am so glad you have come; I might not have seen you again. I go away in three days."

"Go away? Where do you go to?"

"Back to Brooklyn," said Rachel, smiling sweetly.

"Why on earth — I thought you had come here to stay for six months?"

"Oh, you know, six months would be a terrible visit for these good people; and of course no time was fixed. That would have been very absurd. I have been here an immense time already. It was to be as things should go."

"And haven't they gone well?"

"Oh yes, they have gone beautifully."

"Then why in the world do you leave?"

"Well, you know, I have duties at home. My mother coughs a good deal, and they write me dismal letters."

"They are ridiculous, selfish people. You are going home because your mother coughs? I don't believe a word of it!" Miss Daintry cried. "You have some other reason. Something has happened here; it has become disagreeable. Be so good as to tell me the whole story."

Rachel answered that there was not any story to tell, and that her reason consisted entirely of conscientious scruples as to absenting herself so long from her domestic circle. Miss Daintry esteemed conscientious scruples when they were well placed, but she thought poorly on the present occasion of those of Mrs. Mesh's visitor; they interfered so much with her sense of fitness. "Has Florimond been making love to you?" she suddenly inquired. "You mustn't mind that — beyond boxing his ears."

Her question appeared to amuse Miss Torrance exceedingly; and the girl, a little inarticulate with her mirth, answered very positively that the young man had done her no such honor.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Lucretia; "I was in hopes he would give you a chance to take him down. He needs it very much. He's dreadfully puffed up."

"He's an amusing little man!"

Miss Daintry put on her nippers. "Don't tell me it's you that are in love!"

"Oh, dear no! I like big, serious men, not small, Frenchified gentlemen, like Florimond. Excuse me if he's your nephew, but you began it. Though I am fond of art," the girl added, "I don't think I am fond of artists."

"Do you call Florimond an artist?"

Rachel Torrance hesitated a little, smiling. "Yes, when he poses for Pauline Mesh."

This rejoinder for a moment left Miss Daintry in visible perplexity; then a sudden light seemed to come to her. She flushed a little; what she found was more than she was looking for. She thought of many things quickly, and among others she thought that she had accomplished rather more than she intended. "Have you quarreled with Pauline?" she said presently.

"No, but she is tired of me."

"Everything has not gone well, then, and you *have* another reason for going home than your mother's cough?"

"Yes, if you must know, Pauline wants me to go. I didn't feel free to tell you that; but since you guess it —" said Rachel, with her rancorless smile.

"Has she asked you to decamp?"

"Oh, dear, no! for what do you take us? But she absents herself from the house; she stays away all day. I have to play to Florimond to console him."

"So you *have* been fighting about him?" Miss Daintry remarked, perversely.

"Ah, my dear cousin, what have you got in your head? Fighting about sixpence! If you knew how Florimond bores me! I play to him to keep him silent. I have heard everything he has to say, fifty times over!"

Miss Daintry sank back in her chair; she was completely out of her reckoning. "I think he might have made love to you a little!" she exclaimed, incoherently.

"So do I! but he didn't — not a crumb. He is afraid of me — thank Heaven!"

"It isn't for you he comes, then?" Miss Daintry appeared to cling to her theory.

"No, my dear cousin, it isn't."

"Just now, as he sat there, one could easily have supposed it. He didn't at all like my interruption."

"That was because he was waiting for Pauline to come in. He will wait that way an hour. You may imagine whether he likes me for boring her so, that, as I tell you, she can't stay in the house. I am out myself as much as possible. But there are days when I drop with fatigue; then I must rest. I can assure you that it is fortunate that I go so soon."

"Is Pauline in love with him?" Miss Daintry asked gravely.

"Not a grain. She is the best little woman in the world."

"Except for being a goose. Why, then, does she object to your company—after being so enchanted with you?"

"Because, even the best little woman in the world must object to something. She has everything in life, and nothing to complain of. Her children sleep all day, and her cook is a jewel. Her husband adores her, and she is perfectly satisfied with Mr. Mesh. I act on her nerves, and I think she believes I regard her as rather silly to care so much for Florimond. Excuse me again."

"You contradict yourself. She *does* care for him, then?"

"Oh, as she would care for a new *coupé*! She likes to have a young man of her own—fresh from Paris—quite to herself. She has everything else—why shouldn't she have that? She thinks your nephew very original, and he thinks her what she is,—the prettiest woman in Boston. They have an idea that they are making a 'celebrated friendship,'—like Horace Walpole and Madame du Defand. They sit there face to face—they are as innocent as the shovel and tongs. But, all the same, I am in the way, and Pauline is provoked that I am not jealous."

Miss Daintry got up with energy. "She's a vain, hollow, silly little creature, and you are quite right to go away; you are worthy of better company. Only you will not go back to Brooklyn, in spite of your mother's cough; you will come straight to Mount Vernon Place."

Rachel hesitated to agree to this. She appeared to think it was her duty to quit Boston altogether; and she gave as a reason that she had already refused other invitations. But Miss Daintry had a better reason than this,—a reason that glowed in her indignant breast. It was she who had been the cause of the girl's being drawn into this sorry adventure; it was she who should charge herself with the reparation. The conversation I have related took place on a Tuesday; and it was settled that on the Friday Miss Torrance should take up her abode for the rest of the winter under her cousin Lucretia's roof. This lady left the house without having seen Mrs. Mesh.

On Thursday she had a visit from her sister-in-law, the motive of which was not long in appearing. All winter Mrs. Daintry had managed to keep silent on the subject of her doubts and fears. Discretion and dignity recommended this course; and the topic was a painful one to discuss with Lucretia, for the bruises of their primary interview still occasionally throbbed, but at the first sign of alleviation the excellent woman overflowed, and she lost no time in announcing to Lucretia, as a Heaven-sent piece of news, that

Rachel had been called away by the illness of poor Mrs. Torrance, and was to leave Boston from one day to the other. Florimond had given her this information the evening before; and it had made her so happy that she couldn't help coming to let Lucretia know that they were safe. Lucretia listened to her announcement in silence, fixing her eyes on her sister-in-law with an expression that the latter thought singular; but when Mrs. Daintry, expanding still further, went on to say that she had spent a winter of misery, that the harm the two together (she and Lucretia) might have done was never out of her mind, for Florimond's assiduity in Arlington street had become notorious, and she had been told that the most cruel things were said,—when Mrs. Daintry, expressing herself to this effect, added that from the present moment she breathed, the danger was over, the sky was clear, and her conscience might take a holiday,—her hostess broke into the most prolonged, the most characteristic, and most bewildering fit of laughter in which she had ever known her to indulge. They were safe, Mrs. Daintry had said! For Lucretia this was true, now, for herself, at least; she was secure from the dangers of her irritation; her sense of the whole affair had turned to hilarious music. The contrast that rose before her between her visitor's anxieties and the real position of the parties, her quick vision of poor Susan's dismay in case *that* reality should meet her eyes, among the fragments of her squandered scruples,—these things smote the chords of mirth in Miss Daintry's spirit, and seemed to her in their high comicality to offer a sufficient reason for everything that had happened. The picture of her sister-in-law sitting all winter with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on the wrong object was an image that would abide with her always; and it would render her an inestimable service,—it would cure her of the tendency to worry. As may be imagined, it was eminently open to Mrs. Daintry to ask her what on earth she was laughing at, and there was a color in the cheek of Florimond's mother that brought her back to propriety. She suddenly kissed this lady very tenderly—to the latter's great surprise, there having been no kissing since her visit in November—and told her that she would reveal to her some day, later, the cause of so much merriment. She added that Miss Torrance was leaving Arlington street, yes; but only to go as far as Mount Vernon Place. She was engaged to spend three months in that very house. Mrs. Daintry's countenance, at this, fell several inches, and her joy appeared completely to desert her. She gave her sister-in-law a glance of ineffable re-

proach, and in a moment she exclaimed: "Then nothing is gained! it will all go on here!"

"Nothing will go on here. If you mean that Florimond will pursue the young lady into this mountain fastness, you may simply be quiet. He is not fond enough of me to wear out my threshold."

"Are you very sure?" Mrs. Daintry murmured, dubiously.

"I know what I say. Hasn't he told you he hates me?"

Mrs. Daintry colored again, and hesitated. "I don't know how you think we talk," she said.

"Well, he does, and he will leave us alone."

Mrs. Daintry sprang up with an elasticity that was comical. "That's all I ask!" she exclaimed.

"I believe you hate me too!" Lucretia said, laughing; but at any risk, she kissed her sister-in-law again before they separated.

Three weeks later Mrs. Daintry paid her another visit; and this time she looked very serious. "It's very strange. I don't know what to think. But perhaps you know it already?" This was her *entrée en matière*, as the French say. "Rachel leaving Arlington street has made no difference. He goes there as much as ever. I see no change at all. Lucretia, I have not the peace that I thought had come," said poor Mrs. Daintry, whose voice had failed, below her breath.

"Do you mean that he goes to see Pauline Mesh?"

"I'm afraid so, every day."

"Well, my dear, what's the harm?" Miss Daintry asked. "He can't hurt *her* by not marrying her."

Mrs. Daintry stared; she was amazed at her sister-in-law's tone. "But it makes one suppose that all winter, for so many weeks, it has been for *her* that he has gone!" and the image of the *l'été-a-tête* in which she had found them immured that day, rose again before her; she could interpret it now.

"You wanted some one; why may not Pauline have served?"

Mrs. Daintry was silent, with the same expanded eyes. "Lucretia, it is not right!"

"My dear Susan, you are touching," Lucretia said.

Mrs. Daintry went on without heeding her. "It appears that people are talking about it; they have noticed it for ever so long. Joanna never hears anything, or she would have told me. The children are too much. I have been the last to know."

"I knew it a month ago," said Miss Daintry, smiling.

"And you never told me?"

"I knew that you wanted to detain him. Pauline will detain him a year."

Mrs. Daintry gathered herself together. "Not a day, not an hour, that I can help! He shall go, if I have to take him."

"My dear Susan," murmured her sister-in-law on the threshold. Miss Daintry scarcely knew what to say; she was almost frightened at the rigidity of her face.

"My dear Lucretia, it is not right!" This ejaculation she solemnly repeated, and she took her departure as if she were decided upon action.

She had found so little sympathy in her sister-in-law that she made no answer to a note Miss Daintry wrote her that evening, to remark that she was really unjust to Pauline, who was silly, vain, and flattered by the development of her ability to monopolize an impressionist, but a perfectly innocent little woman and incapable of a serious flirtation. Miss Daintry had been careful to add to these last words no comment that could possibly shock Florimond's mother. Mrs. Daintry announced, about the 10th of April, that she had made up her mind she needed a change, and had determined to go abroad for the summer; and she looked so tired that people could see there was reason in it. Her summer began early; she embarked on the 20th of the month, accompanied by Florimond. Miss Daintry, who had not been obliged to dismiss the young lady of the kindergarten to make room for Rachel Torrance, never knew what had passed between the mother and the son, and she was disappointed at Mrs. Mesh's coolness in the face of this catastrophe. She disapproved of her flirtation with Florimond, and yet she was vexed at Pauline's pert resignation; it proved her to be superficial. She disposed of everything with her absurd little phrases, that were half slang and half quotation. Mrs. Daintry was a native of Salem, and this gave Pauline, as a Baltimorean and a descendant of the Cavaliers, an obvious opportunity. Rachel repeated her words to Miss Daintry, for she had spoken to Rachel of Florimond's departure, the day after he embarked. "Oh, yes, he's in the midst of the foam, the cruel, crawling foam! I 'kind of' miss him afterwards, he was so useful round the fire. It's his mother that charmed him away; she's a most uncanny old party. I don't care for Salem witches, anyway; she has worked on him with philters and spells!" Lucretia was obliged to recognize a grain of truth in this last assertion; she felt that her sister-in-law must indeed have worked upon Florimond, and she smiled to think that the conscientious Susan should have descended, in her last resort, to an artifice, to a pretext. She had probably persuaded him she was tired of Joanna's children.

REPLY.

WHAT, then, is Love? she said.
 Love is a music, blent in curious key
 Of jarring discords and of harmony;
 'Tis a delicious draught which, as you sip,
 Turns sometimes into poison on your lip.
 It is a sunny sky infolding storm,
 The fire to ruin or the fire to warm,
 A garland of fresh roses fair to sight,
 Which then becomes a chain and fetters tight.
 It is a half-heard secret told to two,
 A life-long puzzle or a guiding clew,
 The joy of joys, the deepest pain of pain.
 All these Love has been and will be again.

How may I know? she said.
 Thou mayest *not* know, for Love has conned the art
 To blind the reason and befool the heart;
 So subtle is he, not himself may guess
 Whether he shall be more or shall be less;
 Wrapped in a veil of many colored mists,
 He flits disguised wheresoe'er he lists,
 And for the moment is the thing he seems:
 The child of vagrant hope and fairy dreams
 Sails like a rainbow bubble on the wind,
 Now high, now low, before us or behind;
 And only when our fingers grasp the prize,
 Changes his form and swiftly vanishes.

Then best not love, she said.
 Dear child, there is no better and no best.
 Love comes not, bides not at thy slight behest.
 As well might thy frail fingers seek to stay
 The march of waves in yonder land-locked bay,
 As stem the surging tide which flows and fills
 'Mid human energies and human wills.
 The moon leads on the strong, resisting sea;
 And so the moon of love shall beckon thee,
 And at her bidding thou wilt leap and rise
 And follow o'er strange seas, 'neath unknown skies,
 Unquestioning; to dash, or soon or late,
 On sand or cruel crag, as is thy fate.

Then woe is me! she said.
 Weep not; there is a harder, sadder thing,
 Never to know this sweetest suffering!
 Never to see the sun, though suns may slay,
 Or share the richer feast as others may.
 Sooner the sealed and closely guarded wine
 Shall seek again its purple-clustered vine,
 Sooner the attar be again the rose,
 Than Love unlearn the secret that it knows!
 Abide thy fate, whether for good or ill,
 Fearlessly wait, and be thou certain, still,
 Whether as foe disguised or friendly guest
 He comes, Love's coming is of all things best.

Susan Coolidge.

A PROBLEMATIC CHARACTER.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," "Ilka on the Hill-top," etc.

VI.

IT was about six weeks after Madame de Salincourt's departure from Kingsbridge that she received a letter from France which suddenly changed the aspect of her future. Her uncle and only surviving relative in France, Count Tellefer, who but eight months ago had been foremost in his condemnation of her, had apparently neglected to bring his will into harmony with his recent disapprobation, and now he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving the compromised niece, if not a princely, at all events a very handsome fortune. The will bore a date about three years old, and the Count had found his death rather suddenly while hunting the wild boar in northern Italy, in the company of some scion of the house of Savoy; so it was only fair to conjecture that Fate had played a trick on him in her favor. The cause of Count Tellefer's displeasure and of Madame's escapade to the United States was an affair which it can hardly be indiscreet to reveal, as the "Figaro" gave a scandalous publicity to it at the time of its occurrence. A friend of Madame's, of a very illustrious name and high connections, had rented an expensively furnished house on the Boulevard Hausmann, and, becoming involved in gambling debts, had pawned one precious article of furniture after another, and finally vacated the premises without notice, transferring some valuable *bric-à-brac* and *objets de vertu* to Madame's boudoir for safe-keeping. Now, the miserable plebeian who had had the honor of such a distinguished tenant had the insolence to appeal to the courts of law. Madame's friend was arrested, and at the trial some very damaging testimony was given. Monsieur de Salincourt, who was an irascible man and susceptible as to his honor, made haste to challenge His Grace, and had his brains blown out for his trouble. Madame, to be sure, although she suffered the humiliation of being obliged to testify in her own behalf at the trial, was triumphantly acquitted of any wrong intention in harboring stolen goods. But, for all that, she was under a cloud, and a

very dense one; and when poverty was added to her other trials, she found the French capital unendurable and fled to the United States. Her first thought had been to seek refuge with her well-to-do relatives in England (her mother having been of English birth), but a brief correspondence sufficed to show that she had nothing to expect from that quarter. England was apparently not the place to repair a damaged reputation.

When Madame accepted the "professorship" in the Female Seminary at Catoville, she was greatly relieved to find that there was no one in that locality who read metropolitan journals or interested himself in transatlantic scandals. She had persuaded herself that all she needed for perfect contentment now was peace, and Catoville promised to supply this source of happiness in abundant measure. A six months' experiment, however, sufficed to convince her that, after all, peace was not what she wanted; that, in fact, the serene and idyllic future she had sketched for herself was not at all to her taste. She therefore feigned no regret when the letter with the large official seals arrived, informing her of her uncle's death, and she computed instinctively the value of her wealth as a means of overcoming the opprobrium incident upon the scandal which, though a year old, could not even in Paris be yet wholly forgotten. Still, a year is a long time in Paris,—equivalent to five years elsewhere,—and Madame was brave enough and pretty enough to face the remnant of prejudice that might still be lingering in the minds of her former friends. She therefore took a smiling farewell of the "twenty-two," who wept in chorus, kissed Alice lightly on both cheeks, and invited her to visit her at her home in Paris. She had suddenly become again the grand lady of the world; she was stately and beautiful, but not over-affectionate. The mere anticipation of wealth dignified her and made her a little bit ashamed of her intimacy with these twenty-two innocent plebeians.

During the first week in March she sailed in the *Ville de Paris* for Havre.

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VII.

HANNIBAL TARLETON had made arrangements for an extended Western tour when he learned from Alice that Madame de Salincourt was on her way to France. His interest in the picturesqueness of the West thus suffered an unaccountable abatement, and he went rather disconsolately to Uncle Joel, "the soap man," who was his banker, counselor, and the scape-goat of his ill humor, and declared that he would never amount to much unless he could spend a couple of years abroad. Uncle Joel, who had a great distrust of whatever came from abroad, declared that if his ward would only take pains to learn all that could be learned at home, he would make as good an artist as he would care to see; in response to which remark Hannibal observed that he did not doubt it, but that he had aspired to pleasing a more fastidious public than Uncle Joel. The soap manufacturer, who was gifted with an indomitable good-nature, replied that he did well to aspire as high as possible, and that if he cared to go to New York he, Uncle Joel, would be happy to pay his expenses for a year or two, until he had learned the true characteristics of American art. Thus ended the first discussion of this fateful topic; but the tenth, which was more stormy, resulted in Hannibal's throwing up all the prudent investments which Uncle Joel had made for him, and drawing a check for some six thousand dollars,—his whole paternal inheritance,—which the manufacturer was forced to honor. Two days later he bought a first-class ticket and sailed for Europe; and his first inquiries on his arrival in Paris were for Madame de Salincourt.

Hannibal was not much impressed with the neighborhood in which Madame had taken up her residence. His topographical knowledge was too defective and his nostrils were not sufficiently delicate to perceive the faint odor of ancient aristocracy in those musty and silent courts. Madame's house, which had been among her inheritances from her late uncle, had a close-buttoned and forbidding look from the outside, and it exhibited a dampish gray tint which did not look to him either venerable or picturesque. The narrow windows were all closely shuttered, and the ponderous gate, which was likewise shut, was obviously intended for carriages only, and made a man feel ashamed to walk through it on foot. Nevertheless, Hannibal had no hesitation in ringing the bell vigorously; while his heart rose in pity for Madame, who, he concluded, must be living in rather reduced circumstances. He

was somewhat relieved when he entered a large and sunny court, which was better kept than the street without; and, glancing up at the white and cheerful façade, he made the reflection that the house, through some inadvertency of the builder or the street commissioner, had come to turn its back to the public. Approaching the front door, over which a conical glass roof was projecting, he handed his card to a servant, and asked, in such poor French as he could command, if Madame was at home. The reply was returned in a few minutes that "Madame the Countess would be happy to see Monsieur."

"Ah, the deuce," thought Hannibal, "is she a Countess? She never told me that. Who would have suspected that she was such a grand personage?"

He kept throwing uneasy glances about him as he mounted with the servant to the second floor, noticing with quickened surprise the rich stuffs and warmly blending colors of carpets and draperies, the laughing chase of cupids and nymphs over the frescoed ceilings and walls, and the faint perfume exhaling from groups of exotic plants, skillfully arranged at each landing of the stairs. He had just time to blush at his naïve inferences regarding Madame's economic situation when he was ushered into a magnificent apartment, where he found himself face to face with a lady who held out her hand to him, and with an affable but somewhat distant smile bade him be seated. He obeyed half mechanically, but forgot all the eloquent speeches which he had composed on his way across the Seine. It required a second look to convince him that this lady was really his friend. She was so regal in her attire, so gracious and yet so remote, that it seemed a forlorn hope to renew the intimacy on which a moment ago he had confidently counted. Prosperity had evidently agreed with her. She looked blooming and radiant; but it required no subtlety of observation to convince him that he was standing in the presence, not of Madame, but of the Countess de Salincourt.

"It was so kind of you to come to see me, Mr. Tarleton," she was saying, with an evident intention to relieve his embarrassment. "I had not counted on the pleasure of meeting you so soon again. I supposed you were wedded to America, and prospectively to Miss Beach. How is your dear fiancée? I sincerely trust she is well."

"She is very well indeed, thank you," said Hannibal, stiffly. "At all events, she was when I last heard from her. You have, however, seen her later than I have."

"Ah, indeed, is that possible? You know I was so fond of her. She was such a dear,

sweet little thing. With due respect for your talents, Mr. Tarleton, I think you have been undeservedly fortunate in gaining the affections of such a jewel of a girl. She is just the woman to make a man like you happy. And now, I trust you will use your time well and profit by the grand opportunities which Paris offers you. I know you have not the heart to disappoint her. She expects you to be great, and you are bound, for her sake, to be great. May I ask if you have already selected a master?"

"I arrived in Paris only this morning," he replied sullenly. "I have had no time to look about yet."

"And how very good of you to call upon me so soon. I need not say that if I can be of any service to you, it will afford me great pleasure. I know Gérôme, and, in fact, all the masters here who teach. Perhaps you would like me to furnish you with introductions?"

"No, I thank you," said Hannibal, rising with his old restless manner and taking a couple of strides across the floor. He felt as if he were being slowly smothered in eider-down or some other soft and insidious substance; and he was conscious of a savage impulse to knock down some precious piece of furniture and fling the fragments out of the window. He paused moodily in the middle of the floor and stood for a moment staring at the cupids in the ceiling.

Madame observed him narrowly, and it occurred suddenly to her that he was an interesting barbarian, and that in all probability something might be made of him. The defiant light in his eyes pleased her, and his tall and shapely form made him an impressive person in spite of his indifferent costume.

"I cannot allow you to leave me yet," she said, with something of her old friendliness, seeing that he was approaching the door. "I am afraid I shall shock you dreadfully; but as an old friend I think I may venture to take a liberty. I want you to see Paris at its best, and if you will do me the honor to come to my Wednesday evenings I shall be happy to make you acquainted with the literary and artistic world of France. But—but, you know, the French are an idle and frivolous folk, who judge every aspirant to fame more by the cut of his coat than by the cut of his genius. Now, will you promise to pardon me if I send a friend of mine to you whose instinct is unerring in the matter of costume, and will you listen to his advice like a good and obedient boy and submit your eccentric proclivities to the verdict of his taste? You see I have the kindest intentions with you;

otherwise I should certainly not take the risk of incurring your displeasure."

Her insinuating manner and the caressing accents of her voice had an intolerably soothing effect upon him. He felt as if she were stealing his strength, as if she were inclosing him like the Lady of Shalott in a cobwebby net from which he could not or would not extricate himself. The luxurious richness of the room, the odor of the flowers, and above all her wonderful beauty, formed a kind of intoxicating exotic atmosphere about him and robbed him of his resolution and courage.

"She has been making a fool of me," he muttered to himself, as he descended the stairs, followed by a liveried servant. "The deuce take her and her confounded politeness."

For all the rest of the day he went about in a state of feverish discontent, chafing under his sense of humiliation; but when Wednesday came he presented himself smiling and in irreproachable attire at the door of the Countess de Salincourt.

VIII.

MADAME had a way of rhapsodizing about her friends when they were within earshot, and making them blush by the extravagance of the praise which she lavished upon them. Hannibal learned in this manner at one of the Wednesday receptions that she entertained the highest respect for his character and genius, and that she prophesied for him a most brilliant future. For all that, she gradually fell into a way of criticising him to his face with a kind of maternal frankness which he was far from relishing. She sometimes adopted a tone toward him like that of his elder male relatives who, when he was a boy, made a point of asking him how he was getting on in his studies, and whether he got many whippings at school. "Now, my dear Mr. Tarleton," she said to him during one of the *tête-à-têtes* which usually followed the reception, "you lack repose. You do not control your thoughts and emotions; on the contrary, they control you. I always know approximately what you are going to say a couple of seconds before you have opened your mouth. Your eyes, your expression, your whole countenance betray you while you are still fashioning your thoughts. You are a child of impulse; you are too vehement. I want to make a man of the world of you; I want to have you succeed; and you will never succeed so long as you remain in such a shocking state of innocence. I want you

to study the cool and impassive manners of the celebrated gentlemen you meet here in my *salon*. They can be vivacious, and even impassioned, but they never forget themselves. There is always a cool undercurrent of calculation beneath all their vehemence."

In this strain Madame could deliver long harangues to which Hannibal listened in rebellious silence. He acknowledged, in the abstract, that everything she said was true, although he suspected the futility of cultivating a manner which was radically at variance with his nature. He was dimly grateful to her for taking so lively an interest in his welfare, but he chafed and fumed at the fate which had placed such a gulf between them, making it impossible for him to approach her again on terms of equality, asking for a return of the love he bore her. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was daily lapsing more completely under her sway; and although she outwardly took pains to emphasize the didactic and to ignore the sentimental aspect of their relation, he was yet rational enough to observe that she was in a hundred subtler ways encouraging his devotion. It occurred to him that in all probability it was his engagement to Alice which thus restrained her; that, though she possibly loved him, she was too conscientious to deprive her friend of her lover; and that her didactic manner was merely a shield which she raised in self-defense when she feared that her own emotion might betray her. Hannibal pondered long on this ingenious theory, and he finally arrived at the conclusion that it was his duty to break his engagement with Alice. He therefore lost no time in writing her the following letter:

"PARIS, May 31st, 187-.

"MY DEAR ALICE: I am not the man you took me for, and I am utterly unworthy of your love. I want you to forget all about me and to blot out my name from your memory. I wish I could explain to you my motives for making such an extraordinary demand upon you; but I can't. I am a pitiful wretch, who had no business in the world to mar the happiness of the dearest and best girl that was ever born. I wish you would curse me, as I deserve, and call me hard names. But, for Heaven's sake, don't sit pale and tearless and silent at the window, gazing listlessly out; don't say I have outgrown you, and that you were never my equal. Don't speak well of me, or I shall go mad. The fact is, I am a terrible coward, and the consequences of my own villainy appall me. I am in a horrible frame of mind, but, I am sorry to say, I am perfectly sane. I am not even very unhappy; so, don't waste any pity upon me. If I were unhappy, I should, at all events, save my self-respect. Now it is beyond redemption. I will write no boshy stuff at the end, but merely sign myself,

"Yours with sympathy and respect,

"HANNIBAL TARLETON."

It was with a profound sense of relief that he heard this letter drop at the bottom of the

mail-box. He had carried it in his pocket for three days before he could find it in his heart to send it. Now it was at last beyond his reach, unless he chose to reclaim it at the General Post-office. He was afraid of having the appearance of indecent haste in communicating to the Countess what he had done, and therefore allowed nearly a week to pass without approaching her. He was inexpressibly miserable, but he felt a virtuous satisfaction in his misery as an expiation for the suffering he had caused one who had no power to harm him in return. The first reception in June, however, offered him an apt opportunity for divulging his uncomfortable secret. Madame had taken his arm and was about to introduce him to an elderly dowager whom she was telling him, *sotto voce*, that he must cultivate, as she was of enormous social importance.

"This, my dear Marchioness, is my young friend from the Sierras," she was saying, with her usual vivacity. "He is an artist of brilliant promise, and I hope you will give him the benefit of your weighty favor when he appears in the Salon. I am perfectly sure you will when you hear that he is engaged to marry a beautiful and lovely maiden who now sits in the far West, waiting for his return with Parisian laurels about his brow."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Hannibal, promptly. "I am no longer engaged."

"Ah, that is a great pity," observed the stout Marchioness, in a husky bass voice. "You have spoiled a delightful situation. There is nothing I love so much as romantic situations. I was just beginning to feel an interest in you, and had resolved to use all my influence in your favor for the sake of the lovely maiden in the West. But now you have taken away all incentive for generosity. As a good-looking young man, with fair talents and good connections, you are certainly not an object of pity. I reserve my sympathy for the lonely maiden of the Sierras. Now, why did you break with her, when she was seated in such a picturesque attitude of love-lorn expectancy?"

"Because he is a bad, naughty boy," replied Madame, who had small confidence in Hannibal's French. "I shall take him severely to task for his perfidy when I get him *tête-à-tête*."

"He does not look as if he dreaded the interview," said the Marchioness, with a ghastly archness, which was made up chiefly of wrinkles.

"No, he is too hardened, too depraved," responded Madame, lightly. "If you cannot lead him from the error of his ways, my dear Marchioness, what can I hope to do?"

In this strain they kept discussing the young

delinquent, while he stood by with a puzzled frown, comprehending perfectly what they were saying, but unable to frame a reply to their remarks with sufficient rapidity to apply it at the proper moment. Growing discouraged at last, he made a stiff bow to the Marchioness, murmuring something about his inability to converse in French, and retired into a corner, where he stood listening absently to the buzz of conversation about him. He watched with uncontrollable impatience the departure of the guests, feeling a haughty contempt for their elaborate courtesy and the polished insincerity of their manners.

"If this is the kind of creature she wants to make of me," he muttered, scowling magnificently at a dapper little landscape painter, whom Madame had lauded as a model of deportment, "she will find that she has got an uncomfortable job on her hands. The Titans didn't smirk and crook their spines in this ridiculous style when they stormed the heavens. I must make an end of this, before I am shorn of my strength and the Philistines have taken me captive."

He had felt at a disadvantage the whole evening; the epigrammatic small-talk, of which he often missed the point, had wearied and irritated him, and his own insignificance had stimulated instead of quelling his vanity. If Madame had not been so radiantly lovely, he would have picked up his hat long ago and left without saying good-bye. He allowed, however, the last guest to depart without showing any disposition to follow his example. Madame was standing in the middle of the room with her society smile slightly enfeebled, still on her visage, as if she were listening to some invisible interlocutor. Nearly one hundred candles burned in Venetian-glass chandeliers about the walls and under the ceiling, and poured a soft flood of light down upon her head and shoulders. She had developed a preference of late for candle-light, because gas-light, as she had recently discovered, was no longer becoming to her complexion.

"Ah," she exclaimed, with light surprise, as she saw Hannibal standing before her, "I had forgotten you were here."

"Well," he said sulkily, "I wish you would forget me altogether. I suppose I am ungrateful, but the fact is, Madame, I am tired of your patronage."

She looked at him for a moment with an inscrutable expression, as if she were weighing some important resolution.

"Monsieur Hannibal," she said at last, with abruptness, "are you in earnest? You may know, once for all, that my patience has a limit, and that I am not to be trifled with."

"Yes, by the heavens, Madame, I am terri-

bly in earnest," he cried passionately. "You have made a fool of me from the first moment you saw me, and I will endure it no longer. It can be no secret to a woman of your astuteness that I came to France merely for the purpose of seeing you, and that I am insanely in love with you. Of course you are too grand now to listen to me, but I am a blunt man, and I don't care if I shock you. To me, it is not an amusing position, but a matter of life and death."

"Well, Monsieur Tarleton," she replied coolly and with a perceptible sneer, "since brutal frankness is in order, I will confess that I did know all and more than you give me credit for. But I was mistaken, it appears, in supposing that you were sufficiently civilized to refrain from confessing your absurd devotion to me, which could lead to nothing but unpleasantness."

Whether it was because her plausibility convinced him, or because he saw the futility of argument, he felt suddenly as if mental resources were failing him. A whiff of Parisian atmosphere had invaded his mind, and he began dimly to see the absurdity of his position, as in all probability it appeared to Madame. She had defeated him utterly, but she had defeated herself, too; for he could not but suspect that her zeal in his behalf had had some ulterior aim. He could not tell why, but the process of disillusion had begun, his admiration for her had suffered a shock; and he did not feel half the pang nor a shadow of the despair which he had anticipated, when he reached her his hand, saying, with tolerable composure:

"Good-bye, Madame. I start to-morrow for Rome."

IX.

NOT much was heard of Hannibal Tarleton during the next four years. Only vague rumors floated across the sea from time to time, and his friends in Kingsbridge felt safe in inferring that he was, at all events, alive. What sort of a life he was leading they were at a loss to conjecture, but, on general principles, took it for granted that he was doing no credit either to himself or to anybody else. People began to speak of him under their breath, and to shake their heads ominously when his name was mentioned, and it was generally understood that his relatives did not like to be questioned about him. Some one, it was reported, who had a slight acquaintance with him, had seen and talked with him at a place in the Via Margutta in Rome, where they were painting from living models. A lady who had once visited in the

town had seen him at the baths of Lucca; but beyond the fact that he wore a full beard, a broad-brimmed slouched hat, and a blue flannel blouse with plaits down the back, she had nothing to communicate. Uncle Joel and Mr. Beach were both of opinion, however, that he must have sunk pretty low when he could appear in public in such a costume.

Alice Beach was understood to have taken the rupture of their engagement much to heart; she had, however, come very near forfeiting the sympathy of the town by her refusal to join in its condemnation of her delinquent lover. The two Misses Glenn, who had come upon a visit of condolence, and naturally expected a complete unbosoming, had gone away much shocked at her reticence and her enigmatical behavior. "She is silly about him yet," the Misses Glenn reported. "She expects him to come back, and she is too shrewd to cut off her nose to spite her face."

Whether this was a correct statement of the situation or not, it seemed sufficiently plausible to gain general credence; and when, in the spring of 187-, four years after Hannibal's disappearance, Alice accepted an urgent invitation from the Countess de Salincourt to visit her in Paris, there seemed no escape from the conclusion that she had gone on a journey of exploration in search of her errant knight. In this spirit, at all events, her departure was commented upon in Kingsbridge. Mr. Beach, too, I am inclined to think, shared this view, and did all in his power to thwart so quixotic an enterprise; but when it was found that Uncle Joel had so far conquered his prejudices against monarchy as to consent to the introduction of his soap in Europe, and actually intended supervising this hazardous undertaking in person, an escort seemed providentially provided, and there was no longer any valid ground for objection. Uncle Joel and his niece therefore started without delay for Paris, and were most graciously received by the Countess.

Madame had found some unexpected thorns in her path during recent years, and she had found them by the most uncomfortable process, viz.: by stepping on them. From the moment of her return from her exile she had found life a much more intricate affair than she had previously suspected. She had, to be sure, captured for her Wednesdays a real Marchioness, who, for the sake of Madame's unimpeachable Bonapartism, had consented to let bygones be bygones; but, after having remained for some time the solitary titled adornment of the Salincourt *salon*, the Marchioness kissed her hostess very affectionately, and never

crossed her threshold again; nor was she at home when Madame called. Even socially Bonapartism was daily becoming a less and less profitable investment, and Madame, after two or three other unpleasant encounters with titled ladies, began to develop republican propensities. With the male aristocrats she had better luck, although not enough to rob her defeat with the ladies of its bitterness. Nevertheless, her charms were yet more than sufficient to overcome the staunchest political prejudice; and with the added attraction of a large rent-roll and investments in the funds, she was quite excusable in thinking that her matrimonial career was not yet closed. Thirty-two is no great age in France, and secure investments are said to prolong in some subtle way the period of florescence in a marriageable woman. Madame had had chances enough, of course, of sacrificing her independence; but they had not been the kind of chances which she had desired. In the meanwhile she felt very melancholy at times in her gilded solitude, and there were even moments when her conscience vaguely pricked her, recalling with morbid vividness her treacherous conduct toward a certain little maiden in the United States who had once been very kind to her. It was one day while her transatlantic recollections were causing her annoyance that she read a notice in a journal of two very remarkable pictures which had been forwarded for exhibition by the American artist, Mr. Hannibal Tarleton, in Rome. Mr. Tarleton, the correspondent continued, had made a good deal of noise in the artistic circles in Rome (and all circles in Rome were more or less artistic), and his pictures had been the talk of the town. He had burst upon the horizon of the American colony like an unheralded comet, which had put all the prognostications of the astronomers to shame. American art, and particularly the question whether there were any such thing as American art, were the problems of the hour, and excited much virulent discussion. Mr. Tarleton, it was rumored, meant to be in Paris in time for the opening of the Salon; and Paris, being the artistic Areopagus of the world, would have to pronounce the final verdict upon his claims to recognition.

Madame had hardly finished this paragraph when she flew to her writing-desk and penned an epistle in which her "irrepressible yearning for her dear, beloved Alice" found a most exuberant expression; and the dear, beloved Alice, who suspected none but the literal meaning in her friend's occult diplomacy, packed her trunks and was exported by Uncle Joel to the delightful city where all

good Americans are said to go once, either before or after their demise. It is needless to say that Madame had made no allusion in her letter to the broken engagement, nor had she even mentioned Hannibal's name; but in her heart she had plotted a little romance which was to atone for all her former misdeeds. She would reunite the estranged lovers, and, in so doing, she would provide a charming companion for herself during the summer, and she would derive a great deal of innocent amusement from the unraveling of her plot.

Alice's appearance appealed at once to Madame's dramatic susceptibility. At the very first glance the distinct New England flavor of the girl's personality impressed her. She was delightfully alien, and by her very novelty might be made a grand social success. She had changed much in four years, as every girl is apt to do between seventeen and twenty-one. She looked less prim, but still pure and placid and grave. Her type had slowly unfolded into a modest bloom, which revealed a wealth of unobtrusive charm to the patient observer. At Madame's side she could hardly be called graceful; her movements were too simple and natural, too obviously unpremeditated, to challenge attention. They bore about the same relation to the elaborate elegance and *empressement* of her hostess's manner that a hymn does to a Strauss waltz. Some of the Puritanic rigidity had survived in her, no doubt, but its effect was partly counteracted by a rare and lovely smile, which was both innocent and mature, both childlike and womanly. She seemed somewhat taller than before, and had fairly reached middle height, although her slenderness made her look taller than she really was.

"Now, my love," said Madame, when her first effusive greetings and the leave-taking with Uncle Joel were at an end, "let us examine your wardrobe and see if you have anything presentable in the Parisian sense. You must know, my dear, that I intend to introduce you to the *beau monde*, and I mean to make a sensation with you. I know of old that you are a good and obedient girl, who will give me *carte-blanche* in the matter of costume. You know, my dear, that with a little art you might be made very impressive."

"But I don't care to be made impressive, Madame," protested Alice. "I am really quite satisfied with myself as I am."

"But I am not satisfied with you as you are," insisted Madame, with smiling vehemence. "That is, of course, you are very sweet as you are, but you are too—what shall I say?—unobtrusive. You are like the kind of sweet little wild-flower which grows in the

grass, and which you have to hunt for a good while before you find it. When you do find it, you see at once that it is lovely; but the chances are always against your finding it. Now, Parisian gentlemen, you must know, have not the patience to go on such fatiguing botanical excursions. You must emphasize your charms, and place them within convenient distance of the masculine eye-glass, if you want them to be discovered."

"But I am sure I have no ambition to be discovered by the Parisian gentlemen," said Alice, in vague alarm. "Please, Madame, let us have a nice quiet time here at home, you and I, and let us go to the famous galleries and see pictures and statuary; and if you choose, let me hear music and do all I can to improve myself. But don't exhibit me as an American curiosity."

Madame responded with a caress which expressed a mixture of affection and patronage. "You delicious little goose," she exclaimed, gayly. "Improve yourself! Who in the world ever heard of coming to Paris for the purpose of improving one's self? No, this time you must yield to my superior wisdom. Moreover," she added, with a bright look, "the most improving thing in Paris is its society. That gives a woman the *belle air*, the *aplomb*, without which no success is possible. It is only English blue-stockings and long-haired novices in art who go to the Louvre and the Luxembourg. Nobody of position and prominence, in fact, nobody who is anybody, goes to such places. No; the Long-champs races—that is where you meet the great world; that is where you must be seen if you want to be anybody. Self-improvement, my dear child, isn't at all the thing here; it is held to be decidedly bad form; and you know one must always avoid doing things that are in bad form. I mean to make a little *Parisienne* of you before you leave me. You have some admirable points, and if you are brought out under the proper auspices, you may become the belle of the season."

Thus Madame kept discoursing while softly bustling about her guest, helping her unpack her trunks, spreading out dress after dress upon the silken coverlet of the bed, smoothing out the wrinkles, and subjecting each new article that emerged from the depths to her critical scrutiny. The suite of rooms which she had placed at the young girl's disposal was in such a quaintly antique style that Alice, who was clandestinely romantic, found herself walking on tiptoe and talking in a hushed voice, as if she were afraid of disturbing the ghost of the dead grandees who must have stalked through these apartments in the times

when powdered wigs and silk stockings were yet in fashion. Madame's gay and inconsequent chatter jarred upon her, and seemed out of keeping with the faded splendor of her surroundings. The fact was, the late Count Tellefer, who had been a passionate sportsman, had never had the spare cash to rejuvenate the third floor of his house and bring it into harmony with the century; and the superb tapestries à la Louis XV., and the florid rococo which then prevailed in furniture, as in everything else, were thus left undisturbed, until by some freak of fate they drifted into a second youth and once more became fashionable. Time, and perhaps a slight settling of the wall, had added here and there a little twist to the noses and the smiles of the coquettish ladies in the *Fête Champêtre*, and the Gobelins gentlemen in their faded complexions looked a trifle weary of their prolonged love-making. More youthful and perennial was the love of the porcelain shepherd, who carried a basket of lucifer matches on his back, and whose devotional attitude toward the pale-pink and blue shepherdess, who carried a similar burden, seemed to have suffered no change with the centuries. She was too evidently made for him, and the opposite corner of the mantel-piece would have been conscious of her absence. The porcelain clock, too, which stood half-way between these two love-lorn figures, suggested Arcadian associations; it had a light and frivolous heart-beat, like a little gay old woman whom old age had failed to sober. The same charming levity was more remotely suggested in the tarnished gilding and the buoyant outlines of the long mirrors, in the exaggerated chubbiness of the cupids who peeped forth from behind the dusty-red cloud under the cracked frescoed ceiling, and in the slender and gracefully carved legs of the chairs, which seemed only to be waiting for the first bang of the orchestra to "balance to partners" and glide away courtesying to an old-time minuet.

When, after a long and somewhat fatiguing discussion of millinery, races, young men, and Parisian customs, Alice found herself alone in her boudoir, she slipped into a plain little New England wrapper, which seemed oddly out of place amid all this magnificence. She remained for a while standing in the middle of the room, trying by an effort of will to conquer her glaring sense of her own alienism; but feeling the attempt to be futile, she surrendered herself to it, first shyly, then gradually, with a luxuriousness which was intellectual, perhaps, rather than physical. It seemed all so delightfully strange; she realized acutely that she was in the Old World. And in the

next moment she reflected upon the impossibility of her ever becoming acclimated and learning to breathe this atmosphere without a conscious effort. Her American self, which had hitherto seemed as natural and indefinable as any other growth of the soil, became suddenly a palpable and definable thing,—a matter of consciousness and reflection. She resolved to remain stanch against all Madame's blandishments, and not to compromise an inch of her republican dignity. While being intensely alive to the historic flavor of her surroundings, she yet thanked God, in her simplicity, that she had not been born a countess and been surrounded from the cradle by these insidious incentives to worldliness. Even her own reflection seemed strange to her as she stood undoing her hair before the gilded and gorgeously draped toilet-table (which had an air à la Pompadour), and she paused in a tremor before she could persuade herself to repose her slim little body in a bed so formidable with historic associations. She fell to wondering how Hannibal, with his susceptible nature, had withstood the allurements of this wicked European society; for she did not for a moment doubt that the European society had made strenuous efforts to beguile him. She hoped and prayed that he had proved himself strong, and had not forgotten his descent from a God-fearing New England governor. With this fervent hope she drifted away into unconsciousness, but awoke after a brief slumber in an agony of terror. She had dreamed that she was Marie Antoinette, and that she was being led away to execution. She had to relight the lamp to convince herself of her identity.

x.

"LOOK, Alice," said Madame; "our heroes are training for revenge."

Alice looked, but saw only a dozen men who were seated at little tables on the sidewalk, outside of a fashionable restaurant. "I don't understand," she said.

"Don't you know the latest theory of our defeat in 1870?" asked the other, vivaciously, lolling back against the soft cushions of her landau. "It was a war between wine and beer, some kind-hearted philosopher has discovered, wishing to deprive the defeat of its bitterness. The beer, as you know, was victorious. Therefore, we now all drink. Drive on, Lampère," she went on, addressing the coachman, "to the Bois."

Madame had lost the thread of her discourse, and she sat for some minutes smiling distractedly, trying vainly to recover it.

"You were saying," began Alice, tenta-

tively, "that the kind-hearted philosopher wished —"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Madame, with a *nonchalant* air. "He wished to deprive the beer of its bitterness—or, I mean the defeat. Therefore our heroes now drink beer in anticipation of another tussle; they endeavor to grow ponderous, and the imperial is hidden in a bushy Teutonic beard. All those things tell in war. I, for my part, maintain that it was a war between the imperial and the full beard, or between the blonde and black. I should not be astonished if blonde-dyed beards soon became the fashion on the boulevards."

She spoke with light persiflage, but with a nervousness, which, however, wholly escaped her friend's observation. Alice was too absorbed in the sights of the streets, the gay toilets, the magnificent equipages, and the stately buildings, to watch the variable moods of the Countess. She had not observed the tall young man who sat before a small table on the sidewalk of the Boulevard des Italiens, smoking reflectively, while regarding the crowds that were surging past him with an air of languid interest; and if she had seen him, she would have been at a loss to know why Madame should be in the least agitated by his presence. She would have concluded, possibly, that it was her own turn to look agitated. The fact was, Madame was in a flurry, not, as she imagined, on her own account, but lest her beautiful plot should come to naught. She had not been aware that Hannibal had arrived in the city yet, and it was of the utmost importance to her that he should gain no inkling of Alice's presence until she should herself choose to inform him. She was a little humiliated, too, perhaps, at the thought that he had made no effort to see her, and that, judging by his apparent health and contentment, the love for her which he had once so fervently avowed had left no leanness or sentimental ravages behind it. He looked irritatingly healthy, she reflected, for a disappointed lover. "A French lover," she said, thinking aloud, "would have a sufficient regard for the proprieties to look dispirited and emaciated, if he were rejected. Common decency and a regard for the feelings of the lady who rejected him would demand it. He would be too polite to walk about flaunting his insolent health in the face of the world."

"What makes you think of lovers?" asked Alice, wonderingly. "They are a very unsafe subject to generalize about."

"All men are potential lovers, Madame went on, with a mock-didactic air; "at all events, it is only in that capacity that I find them interesting. I have had men of all civilized nationalities in love with me, and some

barbarians besides. When M. de Salincourt was alive, it was rumored that he was offered a fabulous sum for me by a Turkish pasha, whom I met at a ball at the Tuilleries. He never said two words to me, but, the same rumor asserted, on receiving M. de Salincourt's indignant refusal my pasha quietly strangled himself, and made no more ado about it. That is the kind of lover I should like. That is the kind of flattery to which I am keenly susceptible. If a man paid me such a compliment again, I think I could do anything for him in a moderate way, as, for instance, assuming his name, wearing weeds for him, and spending his money."

"You must have been very unhappy in your married life, Madame," said Alice, gravely, "since you can talk in that bitter and reckless way about what was meant to be the happiest and most beautiful relation on earth."

"No, my dear," replied Madame, lightly, "I was not *very* unhappy. Unhappiness, at all events, has a certain dignity. I was only moderately wretched, with the kind of wretchedness which a man feels in the morning after a night's carousal. He has a headache, his tongue is parched; the world seems out of gear. He orders soda, and swears mildly while performing his toilet. It is a kind of undignified wretchedness for which there is no effective remedy. Soda is merely a makeshift. There have been moments when the execrable cupids who dragged ponderous garlands over M. de Salincourt's walls seemed to mock me with their stereotyped smirk. I often felt tempted to fling something at them. But I know that M. de Salincourt would only have smiled politely, and ordered the servant to remove the débris. He was always polite, ingeniously and cruelly polite. Sometimes I thought I should go mad, but I hadn't even the force of character to do that."

Odd as it may seem, it was Hannibal's failure to call which had untuned Madame and made her indulge in this autobiographical retrospect. When she planned her little intrigue, which was supposed to have the reunion of Alice and Hannibal as its *dénouement*, she forgot to take her own vanity into account, imagining that she would find a disinterested delight in watching the reawakening of a passion of which she was herself not the object. She was still laboring under this delusion when the carriage drove up before her own door; and although she had not quite conquered her irritation, she did not allow it to interfere with the sentimental programme which she still continued to contemplate with much satisfaction. She went quickly to her boudoir, rang for her

maid, and having with her assistance arrayed herself in a less stately and more convenient costume, she sat down at her writing-desk and wrote a note to an artistic friend, who was a member of that year's hanging committee, and requested him, at the earliest possible moment, to send her the address of Mr. Hannibal Tarleton.

The next morning, having obtained the desired information from her friend, she ordered her landau, and, excusing herself to Alice on the plea of urgent business, drove to the Boulevard Malesherbes, where Hannibal had taken temporary lodgings. She sent up her card, with the request that the gentleman would have the kindness to come down and see her in her carriage. She was nervous and a little apprehensive lest he should refuse to renew his acquaintance with her, but felt much relieved when, at the end of a few minutes, she saw his tall figure emerging from the door. There was something quiet and commanding in his aspect which immediately impressed her, and she was conscious of an inexplicable flutter as he raised his hat to her, and in a leisurely manner stepped up to the carriage.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Tarleton," she said in English, holding out her hand to him with great cordiality. "I heard, by accident, from a friend that you were in Paris, and I thought it was very unkind of you that you should slight your old friends, now that you are great and famous. I thought I was entitled to a little recognition for having been one of the first to prophesy an illustrious career for you."

"It was my intention to call upon you, Madame," said Hannibal gravely. "I have hardly been a week in the city yet, and I am very busy."

"A week, a week!" exclaimed Madame, theatrically; "how can you have the cruelty to utter such words to me? But I will not scold you now. Perhaps you will do me the honor to step into my carriage and take a ride with me through the Bois. I have a hundred things to say to you."

She beckoned to the footman, who jumped down from the box and flung open the door of the carriage. Hannibal, after a moment's hesitation, seated himself at her side, and the sleek horses trotted away over the smooth asphalt pavement in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe.

"And how have you spent these many years away from friends and kindred?" queried Madame, with effusion.

"Very pleasantly, I thank you," was his laconic reply.

"Do you know that you are very provok-

ing?" she ejaculated, shaking her fan at him with an archness which took no account of her years.

"No, I was not aware of it," he answered, simply. "I assure you I am quite ready to bear any amount of cross-examination. But I have no intention of volunteering information which I have no reason to suppose will interest you."

"Ah, you have your revenge," cried Madame sententiously. "You are cruel, cruel, cruel!"

Hannibal raised his hat with a mock-serious air and made Madame a profound bow.

"Search my heart, Madame," he exclaimed, with a theatrical gesture; "if you find a trace of such monstrous wickedness there, punish me as I deserve."

Madame made no immediate answer, but sat gazing at the young man, shaking her head slowly and with a mournful mien, which also had a touch of histrionic art in it.

"Ah, my dear friend," she murmured sadly, "I see you have passed beyond my control. You have lost the charming sincerity which I valued so highly in you; you have become cold and worldly like the rest."

"Very likely, Madame," he replied, without being in the least affected by her tragic manner. "I remember once upon a time having a charming and valued friend whose words unto me were law. She chid me mercilessly for my barbaric sincerity and lack of repose; and having always held her to be an authority on the subject of masculine charms, I did not fail to take her words to heart. I don't know if you ever were introduced to her?"

"No, I don't think I ever was," she said, her seriousness gradually dissipating, and a roguish gleam kindling in the corner of her eye. "And now," she went on, with another abrupt change of manner, "having paid our tribute to the god of nonsense, let us burn a small sacrifice on the altar of sense. I am informed on good authority that you are about to lay siege to Paris, to take it by storm. The Salon will open to-morrow, and to-morrow there will also be an article about you in the 'Figaro,' which will make all the city talk about you. Having been the first to discover your genius, I think it is only just that I should also have the privilege of being the first to celebrate your greatness when it is no longer a mere promise, but an accomplished fact. Therefore I intend, with your consent, to give a dinner for you on Wednesday, and to invite some thirty or forty people of the artistic and literary coteries."

"That is a very handsome offer, Madame," he replied after a brief meditative pause, "and I hope you will not think me churlish if I object to being celebrated, especially in ad-

vance of my achievements. Of course, I expect to accomplish something before I die, although I feel by no means so confident about it as I did four years ago. I have learned a vast deal in Italy, and among other things modesty. My two pictures in the Salon contain some very good work, but they fall far short of being an adequate expression of my own first conception, and they are not entitled to the adjective great. You will, therefore, do me a favor if you will postpone your dinner until I have done something which is really worthy of so flattering a recognition."

"Ah, but, my dear sir," broke out Madame impatiently, "I have already ordered my *pâtés*, and my Scotch salmon, and my pheasants à la *Sainte-Alliance*, and the choicest brands of wines, and a Tower of Babel filled with charlotte-russe, with the angel of fame standing on the top of it, blowing a bassoon upon which your name is inscribed in sugar. Now, you surely cannot resist that."

She improvised this tempting bill of fare on the spur of the moment, and without a pang at its wholly fictitious character. She leaned over toward Hannibal and fixed upon him a look of acute distress.

"I admit that this is all very touching," he said, with a frank laugh. "The Tower of Babel especially appeals to me, and the angel of fame who shouts my name so prematurely to the universe, I find it hard to resist. I sympathize strongly with his impudent generosity, and although I hope to give him employment some day, I must beg of him to put away his instrument in a case lined with green baize until further notice."

"But that is terrible, Mr. Tarleton" cried Madame in dismay. "You have not the faintest regard for my feelings. You treat the whole affair as if it were a joke. But I assure you it is anything but a joke to have to countermand a dinner."

"You do me injustice," he responded promptly. "I am quite able to appreciate the serious side of the affair, and am also grateful to you for your desire to honor me. But, as I have said, I cannot consent on the terms you propose. If, however, you will give a dinner and invite me on the same terms as you do your other guests, I shall be happy to spend an evening in your company. That has the advantage of being embarrassing neither to you nor to me. And please remember to dethrone the angel of fame, or scrape my name off his trumpet."

"Well, I am at your mercy," sighed Madame. "You really take me by the throat and say, 'I want it this way and no other.' And I, being at a disadvantage, have no choice but to consent."

"That is a very pathetic way of putting it, and you make me feel heartily ashamed of my brutality. And now, perhaps you will have the kindness to drive me home. I have an appointment at twelve."

Madame made merely a feint of keeping up the conversation during the remainder of the ride. She could not quite recover from her amazement at Hannibal's *sang-froid*, and the bantering superiority with which he treated her. He was not discourteous, but he was armed at all points and allowed her to gain no advantage over him. He seemed to have found the formula which expressed her, and with that the mysterious fascination which she had formerly exercised over him had vanished. Madame felt all this dimly, and a vague perturbation filled her mind. She was dissatisfied with herself, and while being vexed with him she still felt strangely attracted to him. There were both vigor and repose in his bearing—a rare combination. He had none of the artificial elegance which characterizes the aristocrat of the Old World, but a frank and spirited straightforwardness which was very winning. Madame even thought that he looked stately as he stood on the sidewalk raising his hat to her before entering the door of his hotel, and her eyes lingered with pleasure on his tall form.

"She is an odd piece," soliloquized Hannibal, seating himself at the window and lighting a cigar. "It is like meeting one's own ghost, seeing the woman with whom you were once in love. It is a severe reflection upon my intelligence that I could ever have been in love with Madame de Salincourt. She is impressive yet, and she never will be anything but interesting. Her honesty, however, is problematic, and the archness which was yet charming at twenty-eight loses some of its fascination at thirty-two. Nevertheless, she has played a conspicuous rôle in my life, and whatever happens I shall remain her debtor. It is hardly fair to throw overboard one's unintentional benefactress."

Thus quoth Mr. Hannibal Tarleton. But Madame, the moment she reached home, ran to her boudoir, locked her door, and seizing a carved, ivory-framed hand-glass, scrutinized her face with an anxious expression.

"I must be getting old," she murmured. "It is what I have always said: 'The love of a man never survives the crow's-feet.'"

XI.

MADAME's stately *salon*, frescoed all over with mythological reminiscences of the rococo period, was filled with a subdued conversa-

tional hum. Some forty or fifty guests were scattered about the room in irregular groups, of which some celebrated artist or author or beautiful woman was invariably the center. Gorgeous heaps of flowers were arranged with fine effect upon tables and stands, and a multitude of candles blazed from the Venetian chandeliers. The ebony chairs and sofas, all elaborately carved, were upholstered in oriental tapestries of rich colors, and the draperies of windows and doors shone with a soft subdued splendor. Madame, who always felt radiant in a radiant toilet, stood near the middle of the room, greeting every one who entered with some appropriate compliment, and exciting admiration by her ready wit and the brilliancy of her repartees. Alice, who stood at her elbow and was introduced to every one who approached the hostess, was delighted no less at the fertility of her mind than at the beauty of her appearance. It was a mystery to Alice that all the world did not fall in love with Madame, and she reflected gravely that if she had been a man she certainly would have been powerless to resist her fascinations. As for herself, she always felt very modest, and almost insignificant, at her friend's side, but she no longer disliked the feeling. Even though one did not in all respects approve of Madame, it was a great privilege to be near her. Alice had acquired of late a kind of elder-sisterly sentiment for her; she was very anxious to benefit her morally, and, though she had sufficient tact not to be importunate, she was secretly much interested in her spiritual welfare. She had even taken courage once or twice to give her a cautious little lecture on the sin of paying insincere compliments, and she meant to repeat the experiment, unmindful of the fact that Madame had, on the last occasion, embraced her with a sort of humorous tenderness and called her a delicious little Puritan. She was a little bit uneasy at the thought that she had herself made a concession to Madame's worldliness in consenting to appear in a Worth toilet and sending all her home-made dresses to be metamorphosed by a Parisian *modiste*. She was just wondering whether there was anything sinful in the stately self-consciousness which seemed to be the sublimated effect of a long train, rustling satin, and an elaborate coiffure, when the door was flung open and the footman announced in a loud voice: "Monsieur 'Annibal Tarleton." The floor suddenly seemed to undulate under Alice's feet, and she took two or three steps hastily toward the center-table, against which she leaned, striving to quell the agitation which was rippling through her nerves.

"I have a young friend here," Madame was saying to Hannibal, when he had shaken hands with her and lightly apologized for his churlish conduct at their last meeting. "She is a very charming young girl, and I know you will thank me for placing her at your side at the table. I shall just have time to present you."

With a mysterious eagerness in her face she took the young man's arm and conducted him to the table where Alice was standing.

"Miss Beach," she said, "may I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Tarleton?"

There was an embarrassing pause, during which the hum of conversation was suddenly hushed, and the little group at the table seemed the center of attention. Madame glanced imploringly at Hannibal, whose face was grave but unperturbed. Alice did not raise her eyes, but gazed fixedly at some figure in the carpet.

"Monsieur le Capitaine de Calambert," shouted the liveried functionary at the door, and the hostess, grateful of an opportunity to absent herself, dropped Tarleton's arm, and, with her gracious society smile, hastened to receive the military guest.

"Alice," murmured Hannibal, in a voice which was joyful and tender and yet penitent, "give me your hand; I am overjoyed to see you."

She raised her hand slowly, and he felt it trembling in his grasp.

"Look at me, Alice," he said, pleadingly. "This is a strange place for you and me to meet after so long a separation. I cannot say to you now what I would like to say, but I should like to know, at least, that you do not feel toward me as—as—I deserve you should feel," he finished, hurriedly.

"I have no ill feeling toward you, Hannibal," she answered, raising her Madonna-like face and meeting his frank gaze with a kind of solemn wistfulness.

"Pardon me, Mr. Tarleton," said Madame, who, as soon as she had assured herself that her *coup de théâtre* had proved a success, was anxious to interrupt the interview. "Would you have the kindness to conduct me to the table?"

She had begun already to repent of her generosity, wondering confusedly how she could avert the *dénouement* which, a week ago, she had been so desirous of precipitating. Alice's narrow conscientiousness, her prudishness, and all the qualities to which she had been wont to apply the adjective "delicious," became suddenly hateful, almost repellent to her. And absurd as it may appear, leaning on Hannibal's arm, and glancing up at his sunburned neck, his strong,

well-formed ear, and the soft, densely curling blonde beard, she was conscious of an immense liking for him; and as, at a beck from her, he headed the procession to the dining-room, she marveled at her own blindness in having failed to discover that he was really *distingué*. The table was a work of art, such as one sees only in Paris, and perhaps occasionally in New York; but amid all the artistic arrangements of china and silver and flowers, Hannibal saw nothing except the angel of fame on the top of the Tower of Babel, waving in one hand a diminutive copy of the "Figaro," and with the other supporting a trumpet from which issued, in a sort of spray of sugar, the name, "Hannibal Tarleton."

"That was very unkind of you," he said, seating himself at Madame's side. "I shall never put any trust in your promises again."

"My dearest friend," exclaimed the lady, with effusion, "does not the Bible say that we must not hide our light under a bushel, but put it on a candlestick? What is my Tower of Babel, pray, but a somewhat elaborate candlestick? You are by nature morbidly modest, and I am morbidly vain. Therefore it is the duty of a true friend to quell my vanity and stimulate yours. *Comprenez-vous?*"

"It is not hard to comprehend," responded Hannibal gravely; "it is harder to forgive."

Madame sent a rapid glance around the table to see that everything was in order. The gentlemen were busy smelling their *boutonnieres*, or putting them in their button-holes, and the ladies were fastening the superb bouquets, which each one found at her plate, in some appropriate and unoccupied spot of their costumes.

"I had better make a clean breast of it at once," she said confidentially, seeing that her attention was nowhere required. "These people have all been invited to meet you. You are for the moment a celebrity, whether you choose to be or not. The 'Figaro' has made you momentarily famous, and I flatter myself that I had something to do with it; it depends only upon yourself whether you wish to perpetuate your fame. To-day all Paris is talking about you, and curious to see you. You are our wild man from the West, who has come to found a new Titanic school of art, and you share with the midgets, Tatra the bareback rider, and Judic of the Opéra Bouffe, the celebrity of the hour. To-day you are one of the things 'to do,' to be pointed out to strangers, and to be commented upon in the newspapers; a month hence you may be forgotten. Therefore it behooves you to behave beautifully while the public gaze is upon you, so

that you may leave a nice posthumous fame behind you to comfort you when you shall have returned to your native obscurity."

Hannibal had listened, at first with annoyance, then with surprise, and at last with amusement, to Madame's harangue, and when she had finished he leaned over toward her and said gallantly:

"I surrender to your mercy, Countess, and to your eloquence."

"Ah, you are doing nobly! That is Parisian, that is civilized. That is the kind of music which appeals to my ears."

Hannibal was conscious, as soon as he had uttered his compliment, that a pair of grave blue eyes were fixed upon him in painful surprise. He turned about quickly, but yet not quickly enough to catch Alice's expression; she was apparently listening with conscientious earnestness to the light chatter of her French neighbor, M. de Calas, a dramatist who had achieved distinction by being hissed off the boards of the Théâtre Français. He was a small and dapper man, with good features and a dark, forked beard. He seemed to be vain of his hands, which certainly were fine; for he bent them backward and looked at them frequently while he talked.

"I am going to write a play, Mademoiselle," he was saying, picking up a gold-handled tea-spoon and twirling it between his thumb and forefinger, "and you are going to be its heroine. That is enough to save it from being hissed. I am going to call it *Mademoiselle la Puritaine*. You know, I rather pride myself on the hostility the public has hitherto shown toward my dramatic productions. I was hissed, not because I was feeble, but because I was new. I am a sort of dramatic impressionist. I call a spade a spade, while the traditions of the Français require that I should call it

'A constellation sable, grim and drear,
Pregnant with chance of good and evil fate,'

or something in that style. I persevere and educate my public. In you I shall introduce a new and striking type—not the American adventuress, who runs about marrying men promiscuously and flourishing pistols in drawing-rooms,—not, in other words the types which superficial charlatans like Sardou delight in, but a true product of the democratic soil, a pure and plain maiden, a silent and unostentatious heroine, a —"

"Pardon me, Monsieur," interrupted Hannibal, who could contain himself no longer, "Miss Beach must have been making a confidant of you on very short acquaintance. In

the days when I knew her she used to be shy to a fault and morbidly shrinking. France must have wrought a great transformation in her."

He spoke French with a confidence and fluency which commanded the Frenchman's respect and Alice's admiration. She was so wrought up by the consciousness of his presence that she could not trust herself at once to embark in the conversation; and she sat trembling lest her power of will should prove insufficient to master her agitation.

"Ah, M. Tarleton," replied the dramatist, with exquisite *bonhomie*, "permit me to explain. Mademoiselle Beach has kindly opened two little garret windows in the roof of her soul, otherwise called eyes, and graciously permitted me to gaze in through them. It was sufficient. You must remember that I am skilled in that kind of observation. It is, if you choose, the artistic divination."

There was a lover-like ardor in M. de Calas's speech which irritated Hannibal beyond endurance; he neglected his soup and did poor justice to the delicious salmon, because the idea of this little Frenchman standing on tiptoe and gazing through Alice's eyes into her pure and sequestered New England soul, seemed both a sacrilege and an insult which ought to be resented. It did not mend matters in the least that M. de Calas was so deferential and polite that it was impossible to quarrel with him without putting one's self greatly in the wrong. Before he could frame a sufficiently cutting and yet not discourteous reply to his antagonist, Madame had again claimed his attention, and a celebrated painter on the other side of the table had raised his glass and nodded to him in a fraternal way. If Alice had not just then found her voice and replied in good but somewhat laborious French to her cavalier's undisguised flatteries, he would have taken sincere delight in such a recognition from so great a master. He was forced, however, to do violence to his feelings, as one guest after another lifted his glass to drink with him; and he was obliged to have his wits about him, in order not to neglect, after the proper lapse of time, to return these compliments. Difficult as it was, he resolved to be deaf in his right ear and to conquer his restlessness. It was of importance that he should make a good impression, and he had seen enough of the world to know that the way to impress society agreeably is to appear interested in every one else's concerns, and to forget one's own. He therefore embarked in a lively discussion with Madame on the comparative beauty of Bohemian and Venetian glass (of both of which the table

displayed a choice selection), promised to present her with a proof of his skill in hammering brass (a revived art which was just then getting into fashion), and listened with devout attention to the *littérateurs* who gave their opinions with much decision concerning contemporary art, and to the artist who found much fault with contemporary literature. The pheasants à la *Sainte-Alliance*, which were a culinary triumph, led to some irreverent criticism of the three sovereigns who had combined to drag Europe back into the old Slough of Despond, after the Revolution had kindled the Beacon of Hope and shown the nations in the dim crimson distance the Mount of Salvation. It was Madame who especially shone in this debate; she waved with zest her Jacobin banner, which had the effect of irritating a stout artist who sat half-way down the table, and whose breast was much bespattered with native and foreign orders.

"But, my dear Countess," he cried, "what has become of your Bonapartism? And I who revered you for being somehow entangled with the destiny of France, and receiving private communications from Chiselhurst!"

"I am sorry to undeceive you, Monsieur," she replied, with animation, "but you do me too much honor. There was a time when her Majesty did not disdain addressing an occasional note to me; but since my return from America I have experienced a profound change of sentiments. My conversion to the Republic is, in fact, chiefly due to my friend Mademoiselle Beach, who is a Red of the deepest dye, and repeats the Declaration of Independence every night on her knees, before going to bed."

A burst of laughter greeted this sally, and Alice, finding herself the center of attention, blushed with embarrassment. She rapidly recovered herself, however, and, fixing her serious eyes upon her friend, answered calmly:

"I am very happy to know, Madame, that I have converted you to the Republic, although I was not aware of it until this moment. Whether I am a Red, as you say, I cannot tell, because I do not know what a Red is, but I am certainly a good Republican."

"Brava, Mademoiselle, brava!" cried M. de Calas, ecstatically. "I knew you had the stuff of a heroine in you. I could imagine you repeating those words fearlessly from the steps of the guillotine, with a furious mob of kings and emperors surging at your feet."

"The kings and emperors are not sufficiently numerous now to be dangerous," she said, smiling.

"But they are sufficiently furious, Mademoiselle," he retorted promptly.

The time had now come when the champagne was in order; and at a beck from the Countess the illustrious artist at her left arose and proposed, in very choice and flattering language, the toast to the honored guest of the evening. The toast was drunk with acclamation, while Hannibal stood bowing in all directions with a dignified simplicity, as if he had been accustomed from the cradle to the homage of his fellow-men. But as he was about to seat himself, and before touching the glass to his lips, he clinked it lightly against that of Alice, who sat silent and absorbed, gazing with burning cheeks at her plate.

"Alice," he said, gently, "are you to be the only one who will not drink my health?"

She woke up with a start, and looked into his face with a faint smile.

"You know I never drink anything," she whispered.

"That is very unkind," he said, turning away with an air of disappointment.

"It is a queer thing, that New England conscience," he thought to himself, as he sat down. "It is the only constant thing in this inconstant world; the only absolute and uncompromising thing in a world of fleeting vanities and makeshifts."

Letting his eyes glide down the length of the table, with its blaze of light and its glitter of precious glass and silver, he recalled in his memory the plain white crockery, the simple fare, and the serious talk at his father's table, and he saw the sober and toil-worn faces of the men and women who were wont to gather at his fireside. He remembered affectionately the stern simplicity and uprightness of the folk among whom his childhood had been spent, and he felt keenly his spiritual remoteness from the witty and frivolous men and the gorgeously attired women with whom he was now consorting. He had, indeed, drifted far from his native moorings, but with such a slow and imperceptible movement that he had not until this moment been aware of the distance he had traversed. And even now these reflections merely scudded like a light fog through his mind, and the musical confusion of voices about him soon reminded him of his obligation to make some acknowledgment of the toast in his honor. The Tower of Babel was already being demolished, and the angel of fame, with "Figaro," trumpet, and all, was dethroned, and was brought to him prostrate upon a blue Sèvres plate, with a little painted scene *à la* Watteau in its center. Seizing the sugar image by the waist, he arose, while the Countess tapped her glass lightly with her knife.

"This generous little prophet," he said in French, "has had the kindness to anticipate

my fame by some ten or fifteen, or possibly twenty years; and there is even another possibility which I shrink from contemplating, namely, that he is a false prophet, who has assumed the rôle merely in obedience to the wishes of our honored hostess, the Countess de Salincourt, who is, probably, no less irresistible to angels than she is to men. The Countess has desired that I shall become famous, and behold, I shall blush with shame if I prove churlish enough to oppose her wishes. And as there appears to be a third party to this benevolent conspiracy, and that, indeed, the most illustrious master of modern French art, I should have to be the most accomplished blockhead of the century in order to be able to defeat his predictions. It seems, then, that I have to-night received such a launch toward immortality, that by the mere *vis inertiae* I cannot escape drifting toward an illustrious future. In that case, I cannot express too strongly my gratitude toward those who have kindly assembled here to be the sponsors of my fame; and while including all, I desire particularly to address my thanks to the Countess de Salincourt, whose health I have the honor to propose."

Bowing toward the Countess and touching his glass to hers, he drank and seated himself, amid the vociferous applause of the company; and the great master (whose name I dare not mention, because all the world would recognize it) again nodded smilingly to his young colleague, and with an expression which plainly said that he had acquitted himself well. Alice, who had sat with tingling ears, feeling a weight of unaccountable responsibility and a dread lest Hannibal should break down, drew a sigh of relief when he had finished; and her eyes shone with pleasure when she perceived that he had not only not disgraced himself, but added a fresh leaf to his laurels. She glanced shyly at his face when he was again seated, but turned away quickly as soon as she caught his eye. He was serenely content and radiant, and her coolness had lost all power to discourage him.

"Here, Alice," he said cheerfully, putting the angel of sugar upon her plate, "be you the keeper of my fame. You can both make and unmake it. I am a poor hand at taking care of it myself; it is much safer in your keeping."

"That is a terrible responsibility," she answered, still with averted face; "and I hardly think I will assume it."

"Do, do," he pleaded with a strange earnestness; "do it for my sake."

The bonbons and the rare fruits came in due order, each accompanied by the appropriate wine; and at last came the Turkish

coffee, served black in little blue cups, which instead of saucers rested upon brass frames, resembling tiny gridirons. The Countess was in the highest of spirits as she rose from the table, pushing back her chair and inviting her guests to follow her example. She was conscious of a delicious exaltation, which lent a soft luster to her eyes, a flush to her cheek, and brilliancy to her speech. Hannibal kept constantly repeating to himself, as he walked at her side and listened to her

musical laugh, that she was a *chef-d'œuvre* of a woman. She was supremely *civilized*. That word seemed to express her better than any other. And he marveled at his own callousness in being able to bask in the favor of this charming woman without experiencing a thrill of rapture at the mere touch of her hand. Four years ago, to be thus distinguished by her preference would have thrown him into a fever of happiness. What, then, had wrought the change during these four years?

(To be continued.)



PERIWINKLE.

TINKLE, tinkle,
Periwinkle!

Soft and clear,
Far or near,

Still the mellow notes I hear!

Up and down the sunny hills,

Here you go, there you go,

Where the happy mountain rills

Tinkle soft, tinkle low;

Where the willows, all a-quiver,

Dip their long wands in the river,

And the hemlock shadows fall

By the gray rocks, cool and tall—

In and out,

And round about,

Here you go,

There you go!

Tinkle, tinkle,
Periwinkle!

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Floats the music on the air!

Through the pastures wide and free,

Here you go, there you go,

Making friends with bird and bee,

Flying high, flying low;

In and out, where lilies blowing

Nod above wild grasses growing,

Where the sweet-fern and the brake

All around rich odors make,

Where the mosses cling and creep

To the rocks, and up the steep—

In and out

You wind about,

Here and there,

Everywhere!

Tinkle, tinkle,
Periwinkle!

Day is done,

And the sun

Now its royal couch hath won!

Homeward through the winding lane,

Here you go, there you go,

While the bell in sweet refrain

Tinkles clear, tinkles low,—

Tinkles softly through the gloaming,

"Drop the bars—I'm tired of roaming

Here and there, everywhere

Through the pastures wide and fair.

Home is best,

Home and rest!"

Through the bars goes Periwinkle,

While the bell goes tinkle, tinkle,

Low and clear,

Saying softly, "Night is here!"

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENTS IN OUR POPULATION.

THERE has arisen in Europe a line of historical research which occupies itself in tracing the origins of existing nations, and which has not only engaged the energies of some of the brightest and best-stored minds, but has aroused remarkable popular interest, making the studies of Taine, Freeman, and Green among the most widely read of recent works, and proving that contemporaneous peoples have a desire to know their beginnings and trace their growth.

Such studies are not a new thing in this country, so far as relates to the population as it existed before the beginning of the great European immigration in the present century. But this great immigration, introducing a vast population, a large part of whom are more fruitful than the old inhabitants, has rendered the study of the original stock of value simply as revealing the origin of the one element which we now call the native American. Is it not possible that before long the study of our early colonization, of the composition and character of the colonizing bodies, etc., may be, as relates to the real American nation, like a study of the inhabitants of Britain before the arrival of Angles, Danes, Saxons, or Normans, of interest merely in connection with a more comprehensive and exact study to follow? The current of foreign immigration still pours in upon us, fluctuating from time to time, but in the long run steadily augmenting. The American nation is in the formative stage, and though our Angles, Danes, Saxons, and Normans are coming together, and under our eyes, their numbers being carefully recorded from year to year, the problem of their blending, of the evolution of the type which is to become dominant and to survive, is still to be solved. But an assemblage and consideration of the data at hand bearing on this problem may not be without interest to this generation, and perhaps not without utility to those generations which are to come.

We may consider with profit the number and proportion of the various foreign elements, their grouping, and their probable influence upon distinct districts.

As the great mass of the immigration has come since the year 1820,* the numbers of the foreign element in the first and second degrees may be estimated with approximate accuracy from the number of persons of foreign birth and parentage given in the census returns of 1880. While 10,138,758 immigrants had landed in the United States from 1820 to the middle of 1880, there were in the country, in 1880, 14,955,996 persons of foreign birth or having one parent foreign-born. If from this sum we take 33,252, the surprisingly large number of persons of foreign birth having both parents born in the United States, who are for all the purposes of this study "natives," we have a population foreign in the first and second degrees of 14,922,744, of whom 6,679,943 were foreign-born. This number still does not represent quite all the new element, since a large number of small children figuring in the census of 1880 must have had parents of the younger generation of the new population born upon our soil. There is no record of these third-degree foreigners, of course, and we must proceed without regard to them, simply assuming that the figures relating to the old stock embrace a certain number, not proportionately large, who belong to the new. We may judge of the relation in which this mass of people of foreign birth and parentage stands to the population which we are accustomed to regard as the haven of our nationality—the stock to which all other elements are to be assimilated if possible—by comparing it with the white population of native parentage. The whole population of the country, minus persons of foreign birth and parentage, native negroes, and Indians, is 28,601,676.† This is not much more than half the population.

* Savage, in the introduction to his "Genealogical Dictionary," says: "I suppose that nineteen-twentieths of the people of these New England colonies in 1775 were descendants of those found here in 1692." The proportion was doubtless much the same in other parts of the original thirteen colonies, and had not altered much in 1820. The common estimate of the number of immigrants arriving in the country from the end of the War of Independence to the year 1820, when alien arrivals were first numbered, namely, 250,000, is believed by excellent authorities to be excessive. Probably 175,000 would fully cover the number.

† Native colored.....	6,566,776
Native civilized Indians.....	64,587
Foreign birth and parentage.....	14,922,744
	<hr/>
	21,554,107
Population of the United States, including civilized Indians.....	50,155,783
Deduct.....	21,554,107
	<hr/>
Growth from 1820 to 1880.....	28,601,676

The problem presented would be, how two diverse masses of population so nearly equal in numbers can be safely assimilated to each other. And with the immigration continuing increasingly, and the negroes multiplying faster than the whites, manifestly the hope of completely molding the mass to the existing form becomes vain.

Let us observe the distribution of the foreign elements, observing (1) where they have settled in greatest proportions, and (2) how the principal immigrant nationalities have grouped themselves.

Of all the States and territories, the one having the largest proportion of inhabitants of foreign birth is Nevada, where the natives in 1880 were 58.8 + per cent. of the population, and the foreign-born 41.1+. The State or territory having the smallest percentage of persons of foreign birth was North Carolina, with only one-fourth of one per cent. foreign-born. After Nevada, in proportion of foreign population, is Arizona, where 40 per cent. of the people are of foreign birth, mainly Mexican. Next below Arizona is Dakota, with 38.4 per cent. of the people of foreign birth. Next comes Minnesota, with 34.3 per cent. foreign; next California, with 33.9 per cent. foreign; next Wisconsin, 30.9 foreign; next Utah, 30.5 per cent.; next Montana, 29.5 per cent.; next Wyoming, 28.7 per cent.; next Rhode Island, 26.8 per cent.; next Massachusetts, 24.9 per cent.; then New York, 23.9 per cent. From here the scale descends steadily. We find the Northern States, from causes well known, drawing nearly all the immigration. Not one of the former slave States has 10 per cent. of foreign-born people; most of them have less than .5 per cent., and several less than one. Taking the Southern States through, the proportion of inhabitants of foreign birth is about four in one hundred.

The distribution of the various foreign elements, their choice of surroundings best suited to their needs and ambitions, is of interest as revealing their own character, and as exercising an influence upon the destiny of the States of the Union. Let us take the nationalities in the order of their numerical strength in the whole country, and observe the proportion in which they are found in the various States and territories.

The natives of the present German Empire form the most numerous element in our foreign population. They numbered, in 1880, 1,966,742, which was 3.9 per cent. of the whole population. This number is, of course, exclusive of the natives of the Grand Duchy of Austria and of German Switzerland, who may be considered, in this enumeration, as fairly offsetting those natives of the German

Empire among the immigrants (Poles, Jews, and a few others) who are not German by race. The Germans are distributed among the States and territories as follows, in the order of their number in each:

New York.....	355,913	Oregon	5,034
Illinois.....	235,786	Tennessee	3,983
Ohio.....	192,597	Virginia	3,759
Wisconsin.....	184,328	Arkansas	3,620
Pennsylvania.....	168,426	Alabama	3,238
Missouri.....	106,800	Georgia	2,965
Michigan.....	89,085	South Carolina.....	2,846
Iowa.....	88,268	Mississippi	2,556
Indiana.....	80,756	Nevada	2,213
Minnesota.....	66,592	Washington	2,198
New Jersey.....	64,935	Rhode Island.....	1,966
Maryland.....	45,481	Montana	1,705
California.....	42,532	Delaware	1,179
Texas.....	35,347	Arizona	1,110
Nebraska.....	31,125	Florida	978
Kentucky.....	30,413	North Carolina.....	950
Kansas.....	28,034	Utah	885
Louisiana.....	17,475	Wyoming	801
Massachusetts.....	16,872	New Hampshire.....	789
Connecticut.....	15,627	Idaho	750
West Virginia.....	7,029	New Mexico	729
Colorado.....	7,012	Maine.....	688
Dakota.....	5,925	Vermont	396
Dist. of Columbia	5,055		

Looking down the table, we see that we quickly leave the sea-board. The Germans, for the most part, have a desire to become cultivators and proprietors. They are thinly represented in manufacturing communities, and strongly in agricultural and trading communities. The mining districts have very few of them. Although New York has the largest number of Germans of all the States, she has not the largest proportion of them. What we may call the German character of the States and territories may be exhibited by a table of the percentages of inhabitants of German birth in all the States and territories having at least one per cent. of their population born in the German Empire:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Wisconsin.....	14.0	Indiana.....	4.0
Minnesota.....	8.5	Pennsylvania.....	3.9
Illinois.....	7.6	Colorado.....	3.6
New York.....	7.0	Nevada.....	3.5
Nebraska.....	6.8	Washington.....	2.9
Ohio.....	6.0	Kansas.....	2.8
New Jersey.....	5.7	Dist. of Columbia.....	2.8
Iowa.....	5.4	Oregon.....	2.8
Michigan.....	5.4	Arizona.....	2.7
California.....	4.9	Connecticut.....	2.5
Missouri.....	4.9	Texas.....	2.2
Maryland.....	4.8	Kentucky.....	1.8
Dakota.....	4.3	Louisiana.....	1.8
Montana.....	4.3	West Virginia.....	1.1

This shows Wisconsin to be, by a very large proportion, the most German of our States. The States having the largest German-born percentages are, with the exception of New

York and New Jersey, geographically in a group. They are Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Nebraska. It is here that the future population must be most strongly impressed with the German type.

If we now take the Irish-born, who, 1,854,571 in number (3.7 per cent. of the whole population), form the next strongest foreign element, we find them distributed as follows in the order of their numbers, in the various States and territories:

New York.....	499,445	Texas.....	8,103
Pennsylvania...	236,505	Dist. of Columbia	7,840
Massachusetts...	226,700	West Virginia...	6,459
Illinois.....	117,343	Tennessee.....	5,975
New Jersey.....	93,079	Delaware.....	5,791
Ohio.....	78,927	Nevada.....	5,191
Connecticut.....	70,638	Virginia.....	4,835
California.....	62,962	Georgia.....	4,148
Missouri.....	48,898	Dakota.....	4,104
Iowa.....	44,061	Oregon.....	3,659
Michigan.....	43,413	Alabama.....	2,966
Wisconsin.....	41,907	Mississippi.....	2,753
Rhode Island...	35,281	South Carolina...	2,626
Minnesota.....	25,942	Arkansas.....	2,432
Indiana.....	25,741	Montana.....	2,408
Maryland.....	21,865	Washington.....	2,243
Kentucky.....	18,250	Utah.....	1,321
Kansas.....	14,993	Arizona.....	1,296
Louisiana.....	13,807	Wyoming.....	1,093
Maine.....	13,421	Idaho.....	981
New Hampshire..	13,052	New Mexico.....	795
Vermont.....	11,657	Florida.....	652
Nebraska.....	10,133	North Carolina..	611
Colorado.....	8,203		

We find 1,178,452 of the Irish, or 63 per cent. of them, in the Atlantic sea-board States north of North Carolina, leaving one-third of the Irish-born to be scattered over the rest of the country. The Irishman comes to this country with a less definite purpose than the German. His ambition, his dream, has been simply to reach our shores, and his life of misery upon the soil in Ireland has disinclined him to agriculture. His exuberant fancy has led him, moreover, to picture life everywhere in America as easy and prosperous. His love of movement and the spectacular is charmed by the magnificence of the eastern cities. Too often he is penniless. He becomes the drudge of the cities' streets and of the coal-mines and cotton-mills. Let us see in what proportion the Irish-born stand in the States and territories having one or more per cent.:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Rhode Island.....	12.75	Wisconsin.....	3.1
Massachusetts...	12.71	Dakota.....	3.0
Connecticut.....	11.1	Idaho.....	3.0
New York.....	8.4	Washington.....	2.9
Nevada.....	8.3	Iowa.....	2.7
New Jersey.....	8.2	Michigan.....	2.6
California.....	7.2	Ohio.....	2.3
Montana.....	6.1	Missouri.....	2.2
Pennsylvania.....	5.5	Maryland.....	2.2
Wyoming.....	5.2	Nebraska.....	2.2
Dist. of Columbia..	4.4	Maine.....	2.0
Colorado.....	4.2	Oregon.....	2.0

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Delaware.....	3.9	Kansas.....	1.5
New Hampshire...	3.7	Louisiana.....	1.4
Vermont.....	3.5	Indiana.....	1.3
Illinois.....	3.4	Kentucky.....	1.1
Minnesota.....	3.3	West Virginia.....	1.0
Arizona.....	3.1		

Next in order are the immigrants from Great Britain,—English, Scotch, and Welsh,—in number 917,598. A certain proportion of these, but a proportion not ascertainable from figures so far made public by the Census Bureau, are not Britannic in race, but Irish, being born in English manufacturing cities of Irish parents; and they become a part of the Irish element in our national structure. These are, of course, set down to their proper element in the figures giving parent nativity. We give the States and territories in the order of the number of their British-born inhabitants:

New York.....	151,914	New Hampshire..	4,631
Pennsylvania...	130,360	Oregon.....	4,254
Illinois.....	75,859	Virginia.....	3,815
Ohio.....	64,340	Vermont.....	3,777
Massachusetts...	60,732	Dakota.....	3,456
Michigan.....	54,827	Louisiana.....	3,320
New Jersey.....	39,803	West Virginia...	3,044
Wisconsin.....	30,150	Tennessee.....	2,792
California.....	33,097	Idaho.....	2,497
Iowa.....	32,526	Washington.....	2,478
Utah.....	25,258	Dist. of Columbia	2,200
Missouri.....	21,249	Montana.....	1,821
Kansas.....	20,059	Delaware.....	1,770
Connecticut.....	20,045	Wyoming.....	1,667
Rhode Island...	15,709	Georgia.....	1,612
Indiana.....	14,767	Arkansas.....	1,505
Minnesota.....	12,609	Alabama.....	1,441
Colorado.....	11,684	Mississippi.....	1,367
Nebraska.....	11,080	North Carolina..	1,163
Maryland.....	8,813	Florida.....	1,113
Texas.....	8,434	South Carolina..	1,038
Kentucky.....	5,481	Arizona.....	1,016
Maine.....	5,401	New Mexico.....	477
Nevada.....	5,147		

The British we find distributed rather more evenly than the Irish and Germans; a smaller proportion than of the former, and a larger proportion than of the latter, remaining upon the sea-board. The heaviest proportionate British population is, we find, in the Western territories, where the English form a large contingent of the working miners. In Utah they are especially strong, owing to the success of the Mormon propaganda in Great Britain. The British percentages are as follows:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Utah.....	17.5	Pennsylvania.....	3.0
Nevada.....	8.2	Wisconsin.....	2.8
Wyoming.....	8.0	Dakota.....	2.5
Idaho.....	7.6	Nebraska.....	2.4
Colorado.....	6.0	Oregon.....	2.4
Rhode Island.....	5.6	Illinois.....	2.2
Montana.....	4.6	Iowa.....	2.0
New Jersey.....	3.5	Kansas.....	2.0
Massachusetts...	3.3	Ohio.....	2.0
Connecticut.....	3.2	Minnesota.....	1.6
Michigan.....	3.2	Delaware.....	1.2
Washington.....	3.2	Vermont.....	1.1
New York.....	3.0		

British America furnishes the next largest contingent—717,157 all told. These people can by no means be added at once to the British element, as might be supposed. The English-speaking natives of Canada are easily assimilated, being to a great extent Americanized before they emigrate, and, as far as race-influence goes, may be counted a part of the native population. But the French-speaking Canadians, on the contrary, are not easily assimilated; they are gregarious, tenacious of language and manners, indifferent to the privileges of citizenship, and for the most part of monarchical opinions. Our own census figures furnish no clew to the proportion of Canadians in the United States who are descendants of the French colonists, but I approximate them from Canadian statistics at 275,000. The entire British-American population is distributed as follows:

Michigan	148,866	Washington	2,857
Massachusetts	119,302	Montana	2,481
New York	84,182	Texas	2,472
Maine	37,114	Kentucky	1,070
Illinois	34,043	Utah	1,036
Minnesota	29,631	Maryland	988
Wisconsin	28,965	Arkansas	787
New Hampshire	27,142	Louisiana	726
Vermont	24,620	Virginia	585
Iowa	21,097	Idaho	584
California	18,889	Arizona	571
Rhode Island	18,306	Tennessee	545
Connecticut	16,444	Wyoming	542
Ohio	16,146	Dist. of Columbia	452
Kansas	12,536	Florida	446
Pennsylvania	12,376	North Carolina	425
Dakota	10,678	Georgia	348
Missouri	8,685	West Virginia	295
Nebraska	8,622	New Mexico	280
Colorado	5,785	Alabama	271
Indiana	5,569	Mississippi	261
New Jersey	3,536	Delaware	246
Nevada	3,147	South Carolina	141
Oregon	3,019		

I make no further analysis of the British-American population, as its divided character in respect to race renders a reduction to percentages of little value.

Next in order are the Scandinavians, an interesting element, as they are massed so strongly in a certain district that they cannot fail to impress themselves upon the population and affect the type there to a marked extent. The persons of Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish nativity in the country in 1880 were 440,262 in number, and were distributed among the States and territories as follows:

Minnesota	107,768	Kansas	14,403
Wisconsin	66,284	Utah	12,765
Illinois	65,414	California	9,722
Iowa	46,046	Pennsylvania	8,901
Dakota	17,869	Massachusetts	5,971
Nebraska	16,685	Missouri	4,517
New York	16,494	Indiana	3,886
Michigan	16,445	New Jersey	3,115

Colorado	3,033	Tennessee	374
Connecticut	2,682	Arkansas	342
Texas	2,662	Arizona	282
Ohio	2,006	New Hampshire	240
Oregon	1,942	Georgia	214
Washington	1,524	Alabama	212
Maine	1,360	Kentucky	189
Idaho	1,185	Virginia	138
Rhode Island	887	S. Carolina	128
Nevada	786	Dist. of Columbia	115
Montana	644	Vermont	113
Louisiana	633	Delaware	113
Florida	569	N. Carolina	92
Wyoming	511	New Mexico	79
Mississippi	457	W. Virginia	62
Maryland	413		

Of these Scandinavians, 350,914, or more than three-fourths of the whole, are in a group of eight North-western States and territories. Their proportionate representation, in the districts where they are appreciable, is as follows:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Minnesota	13.6	Iowa	2.8
Dakota	13.1	Illinois	2.1
Utah	8.8	Kansas	1.4
Wisconsin	5.0	Michigan	1.0
Nebraska	3.6		

Of the remaining foreign elements of our population, none may be said to be measurable in relation to the mass of the people. Even the Scandinavians are fewer than one per cent. of the total population, and their influence is measurable only because they are massed in a definitive area, which is also a prosperous and important one.

The natives of France, numbering 106,971 in the whole country, are found in sufficient numbers to be worthy of consideration only in these States:

New York	20,321	California	9,550
Ohio	10,136	Illinois	8,524
Louisiana	9,992	Pennsylvania	7,949

Only in California and Louisiana do the natives of France constitute one per cent. of the population. In both these States they join with other southern Europeans, and descendants of southern Europeans, to make a considerable population of Latin race. The French natives and French Canadians together form an element of Gallic race of about 380,000 in the whole country, which is considerably less than the Scandinavian, and preponderates over other foreign elements in the three northern States of New England only.

The next largest element are the Chinese. The natives of China in the country number 104,468, only the following States and territories having more than 1,000:

California	73,548	Washington	3,166
Oregon	9,472	Montana	1,756
Nevada	5,402	Arizona	1,626
Idaho	3,366	New York	1,015

There were in 1880 only 1,186 Chinese born in the country; that is to say, the entire Chinese immigration has produced scarcely more than a thousand of this race born on our soil, against the 2,756,054 children of Irish in excess of the 1,854,571 Irish immigrants, and the 3,243,313 children of Germans in excess of the 1,966,742 German immigrants. This fact assures us, much more strongly than could any conclusions drawn from the habits of the Chinese race, that they are merely sojourners, and that we may drop at once consideration of them as an element in the formation of the future American people.

In examining the figures of foreign parent nativity in the "Compendium of the Tenth Census," which department of the work should yield us most important and interesting data concerning the growth of the various new elements, we are confronted with the unfortunate circumstance that the census gives us the results of inquiries into the parentage of the inhabitants in but thirty-six States and territories. We are given, indeed, an estimate of the whole number of persons having parents born in the United States, in Germany, in Ireland, in Scandinavia, in British America, and in Great Britain, and the whole number of those having parents born in other countries than those specified, and also the number having parents of each of these nationalities in each of thirty-six States and territories; but some of the most important of the States, including New York, are absent from the list. The figures given, however, taken in connection with the returns of the foreign-born, enable us to reach some interesting facts and deductions regarding the race elements in the different States and territories.

If we take a map of the United States and put upon each State and territory the color red just in the proportion that the foreign-born exist in it, we shall find the New England States, to begin with, the descendants of whose early settlers have set in a great measure their stamp upon the nation, deeply tinted with the foreign color. Rhode Island is deepest of them all; 26.4 per cent. of her population are foreign-born, and 51.9 per cent. are of foreign parentage. Of Rhode Island's population, 12.75 per cent. are of Irish birth and 28 per cent. of Irish parentage, while the French Canadians follow closely with 10 per cent. born of foreign parents. As the fruitfulness of these two strong new Roman Catholic elements is, in the first generation at least, considerably greater than that of the old inhabitants, it is plain that Rhode Island must be a future

stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church, and that the character of the people, supposing a mixture of the whole to take place, is likely to be much modified, in a direction from grave to gay, from serious to mercurial. If mixture does not take place, a strong and compact element, separate from the original inhabitants, will take its place in the State, presumably to be counted on for all time — ruling, if united, in the State's affairs. Rhode Island is likely to be the first State in the Union to have a majority of its electors of Roman Catholic creed; and the property qualification for foreign voters will not long operate to prevent such a result.

Massachusetts we must color an almost imperceptible shade lighter than Rhode Island. There we have a foreign-born population of 24.9 per cent., and a population of foreign parentage of 49.5 + per cent. The percentage of the latter is increasing, for the percentage of foreign parentage in Massachusetts in 1870 was 43 of the whole. One-half only of the people of Massachusetts have both parents native,* and not all of those are of the Yankee stock; 12.71 per cent. of the population are of Irish birth, 6.6 per cent. British-American, and 3.3 per cent. British. The Irish are diminishing relatively to the whole foreign-born population, and the Canadians increasing. The number of persons in Massachusetts, in 1880, having one or both parents born in Ireland, was 545,275; if we add to this one-half of those reporting parents born in the "Old Country" simply — certainly not an excessive estimate, considering the proportion of the Irish to all other foreigners in Massachusetts — we have 554,275 as the number of persons of Irish parentage in the State, or nearly 31 per cent. of the whole population. The situation is substantially the same as that in Rhode Island.

Connecticut approaches nearly to the proportion of foreign-born of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, having 21.0 per cent. of foreign birth — 11.1 of the population being Irish, 3.2 British, 2.5 Canadian; and in Connecticut alone, of the New England States, does the German element become measurable in comparison with others, with 2.5 per cent. of the population.

In the northern New England States the foreign map shades much lighter, with 9.1 per cent. of foreign birth in Maine, 5.7 per cent. of the whole population being Canadian and 2 per cent. Irish. In New Hampshire 13.4 per cent. are of foreign birth, 7.7 per cent. being Canadian and 3.7 Irish. In Vermont 12.4

* For these and all figures relating to foreign parent nativity, see "Compendium of the Tenth Census," pp. 1407-8-9. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, has drawn from the federal census, and published, figures in detail relating to that State which the "Compendium" does not give.

per cent. of the inhabitants are foreign, 7.1 per cent. being Canadians and 3.5 Irish. These three States are little affected by their foreign population, as the French Canadians, the chief element, are very unstable. They are likely to remain distinctively foreign longer than any other foreign population, maintaining as they do constant communication with the country of their origin.

Turning to New York, which, although the principal landing-place for the immigrants, and the State containing the largest gross foreign population, is not the most foreign State, we find 23.9 per cent. of its population foreign-born. It ranks twelfth on the list of States and territories in relative proportion of foreign-born. The Irish lead among the foreign elements, being 8.4 per cent. of the whole population. They are followed closely by the Germans, who are 7 per cent.; and 3 in every 100 were born in Great Britain. More than one-third of the foreign-born population of the State is concentrated in New York City. The immigrant races stand in such proportions as to offset each other and prevent the preponderant influence of any one nationality (I speak of influence upon the type, and not of political influence, in which respect the race caring most for public affairs, and having most gifts for them, must excel). Supposing the original stock to draw from all in equal proportion, it will not be sensibly modified.

Our foreign map grows lighter in shade as we move southward, New Jersey having 19.6 per cent. of foreign birth, 8.2 per cent. of the population being Irish-born, 5.7 German, and 3.5 British. Pennsylvania has 16.1 per cent. foreign-born, 5.5 per cent. of the whole population being Irish, 3.9 per cent. German, and 3.0 per cent. British. Delaware has 6.5 per cent. foreign-born, of whom something more than half are Irish, the rest being of various nationalities. Maryland has 8.1 per cent. foreign-born, 4.8 per cent. German and 2.2 per cent. Irish—the Irish here first losing their leadership in the Atlantic States south of New Hampshire. In the District of Columbia the foreign-born are 9.7 per cent., the Irish being 4.4 per cent. of the whole population, and the Germans 2.8 per cent. West Virginia has 3 per cent. only of foreign-born, the Germans being slightly in excess of the Irish. In Virginia there is not one foreign-born person to one hundred natives, the percentage of native-born being 99.02. Here, as in all the remaining States of the South bordering on the Atlantic or the Gulf (except Florida, where 1.8 per cent. are West Indians), until Louisiana is reached, we have fewer than 1 per cent. of foreign nativity, and the few for-

eigners, living mostly in the cities, are of diverse nationalities. Our Southern States are scarcely so much affected, as yet, by foreign settlement as are some of the countries of Europe by immigration from neighboring nations. The presence of a lately enslaved race keeps away, in nearly all of them, all but traders and a few handicraftsmen and farmers.

Reaching Louisiana, we find a foreign-born population of 5.8 per cent., of whom 1.8 per cent. are Germans, 1.4 per cent. Irish, and 1 per cent. French. Here, however, 15.5 per cent. of the people are of foreign parentage, indicating that the immigration has not been as large recently as it had been earlier in the State's history. We find in Louisiana the peculiar feature presented of a population, a large proportion of which, of colonial origin, speaks a foreign language, but is essentially American in the political sense. Though not yet assimilated in manners, and though holding themselves socially to some extent apart, the Louisiana Creoles have no foreign feeling in the sense that they acknowledge a stronger tie to a foreign nationality than is consistent with enthusiastic and loyal American citizenship. In this respect they present a contrast to the descendants of the French colonists in Canada, with whom the tie to France is still very strong, though the political bonds of Canada with that country were severed generations before Louisiana became a part of the American republic. This difference would seem to be significant of the stronger assimilating power of a people under republican institutions, which more easily enlist the loyalty and affection of new citizens than monarchical systems. The Creoles of Louisiana may in this respect be compared with the descendants of the German colonists of Pennsylvania, who still preserve the use of a German dialect, but have no thought of acknowledging any other nationality than the American. We may perceive, in the Louisiana French and the Pennsylvania Germans, what may be the result should the Germans or Scandinavians, now new elements and in many respects still foreign, concentrate in any place in sufficient bulk to preserve their language from one generation to another.

In Texas we find the foreign map growing a shade darker, with 7.3 per cent. foreign-born. A new element here appears, in the shape of the natives of Mexico, who number 43,161 in the State, or 2.7 per cent., while the Germans are 2.2 per cent. The Mexican-born population, which is joined to a considerable native population of Mexican origin, is unassimilable and undesirable. It is not, however, sufficiently strong or influential to cause

trouble. The Mexican-born population in the United States is 68,399, and is confined almost entirely to the States and territories bordering on the Mexican republic. Turning northward to Arkansas, we find the foreign-born population again sinking to a trifle more than 1 per cent. The causes—commercial importance and the possession of large tracts of land untouched by the blight of servile labor—which have made Louisiana and Texas an exception to the other Southern States in the matter of foreign immigration, no longer operate. Tennessee has but 1 per cent. of foreign-born and Kentucky 3.6 per cent. The Germans form much the larger part of Kentucky's small foreign population, and almost all live in the Ohio river cities. Missouri is another exception to the Southern rule. It stands in the track of immigration, and contains 9.8 per cent. of foreign-born. The Germans are 4.9 per cent. of Missouri's population, and the Irish 2.2 per cent. Twenty-one per cent. of the people are of foreign parentage, and the proportion is rapidly increasing.

The Western States (so called) and territories present by far the most inviting field for a study of race-influence in America. We find that this section is not only the most profoundly affected by foreign immigration, but that its increase in population from other causes is fastest. Moreover, on account of the probability that it will some time contain a much larger portion of the population of the country than any other region, it is likely to do most to fix the permanent national type and character.

Ohio, the oldest of the Western States, does not color the foreign map so deeply as certain States further east. The foreign-born here are 12.8 per cent., the Germans leading with 6 per cent. of the whole population of the State; 2.3 per cent. are Irish, and 2 per cent. British. We see that the foreign influence here is strongly Germanic. Proceeding to Indiana, we find the foreign percentage still less, with 7.3 per cent. foreign-born. Exactly four per hundred of Indiana's population are Germans, and 1.3 per cent. Irish. (We may note that the Irish people remain in the background, as here, in nearly all the remaining Western States and territories.) The comparative fewness of foreigners in Indiana may be due to the undeveloped state of her manufactures and the absence of very large cities, and also, in some degree, to the considerable colored population. In Michigan the foreign-born population is very strong, being 24.8 per cent. The natives of British America (mainly English-speaking Upper Canadians) are the leading foreign element in the State—9.0

per cent. of the whole population; 5.4 per cent. are Germans, 3.2 British, 2.6 Irish, 1 Scandinavian, and 2+ per cent. of other foreign birth. Michigan, again, shows a very strong preponderance of Germanic elements. Illinois has a smaller percentage of foreign population than Michigan, namely, 19 per cent.; 7.6 persons in a hundred are Germans, 3.4 Irish, 2.2 British, 2.1 Scandinavians, 1.1 British Americans; the rest are of various nationalities. The country districts of Illinois are largely occupied by natives, but nearly half the people of the city of Chicago are foreign-born, and other large towns have a large foreign population.

Wisconsin we find one of the most interesting States in the Union for a study of this sort. The percentage of foreign-born, 30.9, is higher than in any State we have yet considered, and the population of foreign parentage in 1880 reached the enormous percentage of 72.5+, showing that fewer than 28 per hundred of the inhabitants of Wisconsin are of American parentage. The foreign element in the first and second degree has manifestly the upper hand in this large and important State. Further, in the population of Wisconsin the German-born numbered, in 1880, 14 per cent. of the whole, and they were 45 per cent. of the foreign-born. The Scandinavians are 5 per cent. of the whole population, the Irish 3.01, the British 2.8, the British American 2.1, and the Bohemians 1. The remaining foreign-born in Wisconsin are divided amongst a remarkable diversity of nationalities. Thirty-five per cent. of the population are of German parentage—4 per cent. more than the population of Irish parentage in Massachusetts. Manifestly, the German type will prevail in Wisconsin, or the German modified by the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon. It may be noted in passing that the fact that nearly two-thirds of the people of Wisconsin are of foreign parentage does not give the State a perceptible difference in its social structure or political character from other States of the West. The foreign influence, though strong, is not as such preponderant in the politics of the State. But two of the nine members of the Forty-eighth Congress from Wisconsin are foreigners by birth; both are natives of Germany. (It is a coincidence, perhaps, that two of the members of the Forty-eighth Congress from Massachusetts are natives of Ireland.) If we join to the German element in Wisconsin the 102,631 persons in the State of Scandinavian parentage, we have, in the product and its influence, a promise of a fair and stalwart race.

Hardly so blonde in type will be the future man of Wisconsin, however, as his neighbor

the Minnesotan. Of the people of Minnesota 65.7 per cent. only are of native birth; 16.3 per cent. are natives of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; 8.5 per cent. are Germans, 3.7 British Americans, 3.3 Irish, and 1.6 British. Only 28 + per cent. of the population of Minnesota are of native parentage. The Scandinavian people, the Norwegians at their head, have poured into Minnesota as if it were a land promised them by their deities. They have, in the south-western part of the State, taken possession of entire townships, where no other people live. The curious fact may be noted that while the Scandinavian-born are 13.6 per cent. of the population of Minnesota, they and their children are only 22 per cent. of the whole population, while the German-born, who are only 8.5 per cent. of the population, are, with their children, 21 per cent. This superior fecundity of the Germans over the Scandinavians exists, as I have taken pains to ascertain from the census returns of parent nativity, in Wisconsin and other States. Another curious fact: In both Wisconsin and Minnesota, as well as in other States, the number of persons having Scandinavian mothers is greater than the number having Scandinavian fathers, while those having German fathers are everywhere much more numerous than those having German mothers. The disparity in these classes in Wisconsin and Minnesota amounts to many thousands. Evidently a larger proportion of German than Scandinavian men prefer wives of other nationalities than their own, or else the affinity between Scandinavian women and men of other races is greater than between German women and men of other races.

In Iowa the proportion of natives rises to 83.2 per cent., the Germans being 5.4 per cent., the Scandinavians 2.8, the Irish 2.7, the British 2, and the British Americans 1.2. In Nebraska the foreign-born rise again to 21.6 per cent.; the Germans are 6.8 per cent., the Scandinavians 3.6, the British 2.4, the Irish 2.2, the British Americans 1.9, and the Bohemians 1.9. Forty-three per hundred of the people of Nebraska are of foreign parentage.

The territory (soon to be the State) of Dakota colors the foreign map a deeper shade than any State yet considered. We find here a foreign-born population of 38.4 per cent.; 13.1 of the whole population are of Scandinavian birth; 7.1 per cent. are British Americans (largely Upper Canadians drifting across the border from Manitoba, dissatisfied with that province as a field of settlement); 4.3 Germans, 4.8 Russian Mennonites (German by race and speech, but distinct from the other Germans, and for the present unassimilable), 3 Irish, and 2.5 British. The stream

of immigration pouring into Dakota gives promise that the population will repeat the characteristics of Minnesota.

In Kansas the proportion of native-born, doubtless owing to the peculiar and forced method of settlement from the other States previous to the civil war, is larger than in most other Western States, namely, 89.9 per cent. The Germans are 2.8 per cent. of the people, the British 2 per cent., the Irish 1.5 per cent., the Scandinavians 1.4 per cent., and the British Americans 1.2 per cent. The native influence is altogether preponderant in Kansas, as the adoption of the constitutional amendment prohibiting traffic in liquor shows. The population doubtless owes the rigidity of its views on all matters, and the tinge of fanaticism in its character, to the political turmoil and excitement of its early settlement.

Colorado is 79.5 per cent. native, 6 per cent. British, 4.2 per cent. Irish (the mines here, as elsewhere in the country, drawing a large British and Irish population), 3.6 per cent. German, and 2.9 per cent. British-American. With the growth of this State's agriculture the proportion of Germans would increase, and with a decline of its mining interests the English and Irish would decline.

The territories and States to the westward are, for the most part, very strongly affected by immigration. Nevada, as we have already noted, gives the very deepest color upon the foreign map. Of its people 41.2 per cent. are of foreign birth. Arizona is but a trifle behind, with 40 per hundred of her inhabitants born outside the republic. Utah has 31.5 per cent. foreign; Idaho, 30.6; Wyoming, 29.9, and Montana, 29.5. New Mexico has only 6 per cent. foreign-born, but her great majority of Mexicans by race makes her population in the truest sense foreign to our own. This territory presents a serious social problem; a considerable population here of European origin would be a welcome adjunct in the "Americanization" of the territory. Arizona has also a very large Mexican element; 23 per cent. of the whole population being Mexican-born, in addition to the natives of Mexican race. But here we have a larger proportionate native element, and 3.1 per cent. of Irish, 2.7 of Germans, 6.6 of other Europeans, and 4.0 of Chinese. The population of Utah is remarkable for containing not only a larger percentage of British-born inhabitants than any State or any other territory, but also for having, in this British-born element, the largest single proportionate contribution by any European nation to the population of an American State or territory. The British in Utah are 17.5 per cent. of the inhabitants, nearly all being Mormons;

and the Scandinavians are 8.8 per cent. The Mormons are likely to be a fair race, if their climate does not make them swarthy in spite of their origin. Nevada shows 8.6 per cent. of Chinese, 8.3 of Irish, 8.2 of British (mainly Cornish), 5 of British Americans, 3.5 of Germans, and 2.5 of Italians. The population of Nevada has little stability. Sixty-four per cent. are of foreign parentage. Idaho's population is remarkable for being one-tenth Chinese—a larger proportion of this race than in any State or any other territory; it is also 7.6 per cent. British, 3 per cent. Irish, and 1 per cent. German. Montana, which contains as large an area of arable land as Ohio, just opened to the world by a railroad, and sure to receive soon a considerable population, has at present a very composite people—70.5 per cent. natives, 6.3 per cent. British-American, 6.1 per cent. Irish, 4.6 per cent. British, 4.5 per cent. Chinese, and 4.3 per cent. German. Wyoming, a grazing and, to a small extent, mining territory, and very thinly peopled, is 8 per cent. British and 5.2 per cent. Irish.

In Oregon and Washington the Chinese, who will eventually disappear and leave no trace, are the leading foreign element, with 5.3 per cent. in Oregon, and 4.2 in Washington. In Oregon the natives are 82.6 per cent., the Germans 2.8 per cent., the British 2.4, the Irish 2 per cent., and the British Americans 1.7. In Washington the natives are 78.9 per cent., the British Americans 3.8, the British 3.2, the Irish 2.9, and the Germans 2.9. The immigration yet to flow into this fine and productive region will not greatly change these proportions.

The State of California, interesting in whatever aspect we view it, alone remains for examination. We find it very largely foreign, with 33.9 per cent. born abroad. Among the foreign the Chinese are most numerous, being 8.5 per cent. of the whole population, while the Irish are 7.2 per cent., the Germans 4.9 per cent., and the British Americans 2.1 per cent. I have grouped together the populations of southern European and Latin origin in California, and find them to be 4.3 per cent. of the whole population—a larger proportional representation of foreigners of these races than exists in any other State in the Union. As the character and manners of the Californians, owing to climate and modes of life growing out of the manner of settlement of the State, the gold-fever and speculating excitement, have already received a bent in the direction of the mercurial temperament of the Latins, we may expect to see the Californian race of the future,

with its strong Celtic and Latin admixture, resembling the people of southern Europe. Let us note that there are 9,950 French and 7,537 Italians in California; New York and California being the only States having any considerable Italian population.* There are also 8,000 Portuguese, including Atlantic islanders of that race. California bids fair to differ as strikingly from the region lying to the north of it in its people as in its climate. The Chinese, by far the most numerous body of foreigners in California as well as in the other Pacific States and territories, may be dropped with a word. We have already seen that there were in 1880 but 1,186 natives of this country of Chinese parentage, though the Chinese have been coming since about the year 1850. Now that further importation of Chinese laborers has been forbidden, the race must disappear with the present generation.

From the examination we have made, we perceive that the Germans are the most numerous body of foreigners in fifteen States and territories, which are the following: Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Carolina, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

The Irish are the most numerous foreign element in twelve States and territories, as follows: Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Virginia.

Of the remaining States and territories, thirteen have more Irish than Germans, and seven have more Germans than Irish. There are, therefore, twenty-two States and territories where the Germans outnumber the Irish, and twenty-five where the Irish outnumber the Germans.

The Chinese are the most numerous foreign element in five States and territories, as follows: California, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington.

The British Americans are the most numerous foreign element in four States and one territory, namely: Maine, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

The British are the largest foreign element in two States and two territories: North Carolina, Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming.

The Mexicans are the largest foreign population in one State and two territories: Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas.

The Scandinavians are the most numerous in one State and one territory: Dakota and Minnesota.

* New York had, in 1880, 15,113 Italians; Pennsylvania, 2,794; Louisiana, 2,527; and Massachusetts, 2,116. No other State had more than 2,000. More Italians have reached the country since the close of the census year, June 30, 1880, than were here on that date.

The West Indians are the most numerous in one State: Florida.

A glance at the map, in connection with the lists just given, will show that the immigrant races have grouped themselves in a manner worthy of further note. We find what we may call the Irish States, beginning with Massachusetts, constituting an unbroken tier as far south as Maryland, and after the narrow interruption of that State beginning again with Virginia, and, bending westward, extending through Tennessee and to the Gulf in two prongs, Georgia and Mississippi. The German States are a compact mass in the center of the republic, extending from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico (Wisconsin to Louisiana), and from Nebraska eastward, with a tongue through West Virginia and Maryland to the Atlantic. The British Americans have a group in northern New England, and a detached State and territory, Michigan and Montana, in the North-west—all these bordering on Canadian territory. The British have three contiguous mountain political divisions and a detached Southern State; the Mexicans have a group bordering on Mexico, and the Chinese the Pacific group, facing China.

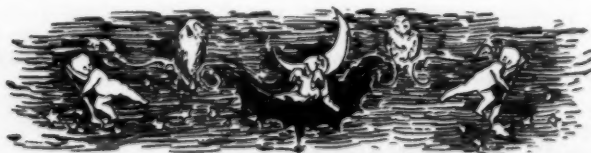
I SHALL not attempt to discuss the broad question, What is likely to be the specific influence upon the old stock for good or ill, for improvement or deterioration, of these peoples who, in certain States, in themselves and in their offspring in the first generation, already outnumber the descendants of the original colonists? We could only conjecture this effect in advance, even if the inpour had ceased and the process of union had begun under permanent conditions. But I think it is reasonable to assume that ethnologically the change could be but slight; supposing the entire mass to be fused, the Celtic and Teutonic blood, the Latin and the Norman would be mingled in much the same proportions as they were in the veins of the original English settlers. The American of the future, supposing present forces to continue, and all white elements to fuse equally, would be almost as much an "Anglo-Saxon" as the American of 1820. We have seen, however, that the races are not distributed

evenly, and that certain types are likely to be locally predominant, at least until a long process of intermigration shall have welded the mass into a substantial likeness. The Wisconsin man of the near future, for instance, is likely to be almost a German, while the New Englander (still supposing all elements to combine) will be at least half an Irishman. But in the meantime all come to speak a single dialect; all wear the same costume; all come under the assimilating influence of an intensely active internal commerce; and all continue to accustom themselves to diversity of views and organizations in religion without strife growing out of such diversity or a thought of social separation on its account. May we not assume that such a state of affairs will tend to make the people a single and homogeneous nation, in spite of local diversity of origin?

I believe that no one now accuses any large or influential portion of the foreign element of a set purpose to spread ideas subversive of our political institutions. It can hardly be denied that such tendencies and ideas as are most deprecated in the foreigners in the United States relate to manners, to mere habits of life and social practices. In these things we have undergone great changes, and would have undergone them, in a great degree, independent of foreign influence.

So long as all elements blend, and the people remain free to seek their own happiness in their own way, it would seem to make little difference with coming generations whether their family tree shall have had its roots in Plymouth or Boston or New Amsterdam, or in Castle Garden. So long as this freedom to seek a common happiness remains, it is of little consequence whether the new inhabitants are lost in the old or the old in the new. The greatest danger would seem to be that the mingling of all elements, with a resulting evolution of a single nationality, will not proceed without interruption. No greater danger can threaten than that the population will split into two or more castes, with caste hatreds and conflicts. Whenever in any place a tendency to such a condition seems to be arising, all the proper influence of the State and of society should be brought to bear against it.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.



A TROPICAL HURRICANE.

IT is strange how completely we have lost some of the most useful instincts of our fellow-creatures. We cannot predict a dry summer or an early frost. Not one man in a thousand can distinguish a slight indisposition from the presentiment of a serious disease; and I do not believe that one in a million can *foresee* a storm, though some old sailors can foresee it by the looks of the clouds, the flight of birds, and similar indications. The trouble is that often such visible prognostics—including those of the United States Weather Bureau—come too late to be of any practical use.

On the ninth of September, 1882, I transported my surveying instruments from Santa Cruz de Costa Rica to Punta Velas, the Pacific *entrepôt* of the little town, and I distinctly remember that on the morning of that day the weather was as pleasant as the Isthmus countries may expect it to be before the end of October; the air was clear and cool, the wind north-west; and a sailing vessel leaving the port during that forenoon would have been justified in counting upon a prosperous trip to Panama. My companion, Captain H—, intended to go that way before the end of the week, and the natives congratulated him on the timely *mudanza*, a change or pause in the rainy season which rarely occurs before the first gale after the September equinox. The only circumstance which could have been interpreted as a presage of the coming event was a change in the temperature, which increased a little faster than the rise of the sun could alone account for; the wind itself felt warm, though at noon its direction was still the same, that is, a little north of west. But two hours afterward the sky began to look murky—*cloudy* would not be the right word; it was a curious sort of haze, that had crept up from the sea and overspread the sky so gradually that one could hardly notice its transition from light-blue to gray.

We changed horses at the harbor inn and took a guide to the "Cerro," a ridge in the littoral where our coöperators had been at work for several weeks. When we reached the summit of the bluff I noticed for the first time that strange sultriness which the wind seemed to increase rather than to moderate.

The same haze that veiled the sun had narrowed the seaward horizon, and there were few ships in view, though, as I afterward learned, the Realejo fishing-smacks had turned out in force.

"I don't like the looks of that weather," observed our carrier; "they will have a rough night at the *embarcadero*" [the dredge-boat].

"What makes you think so?" inquired my companion.

The man either had not understood us, or was not quite sure of his conclusion.

"The sky looks strange," said he, when we repeated our question; "*mira los patos*—look at those white-caps—there's a storm under way."

Half an hour before the same fellow had remarked that it was getting cloudy, but did not look like rain. Half an hour later his warning would have come too late, so that from the first shadow of an omen the time of grace was limited to less than thirty minutes. We had not yet reached the north-western declivity of the ridge, when an exclamation of my companions induced us to rein our horses near a gap that revealed a glimpse of the eastern sky. Its hue had darkened to a forbidding-looking black-blue, mottled with still uglier grizzly clouds, fringed with white edges. From these clouds dark-gray shreds hung down upon a narrow strip of pale sky at the very edge of the horizon. Every now and then an electric flash irradiated their ragged seams.

"Halloo! it's coming this way," said the guide; "we'd better turn back."

"How far is that camp from here?" asked Captain H—.

"More than two miles," said the guide; "but the surveyors are at work on this side of it. Wait—let me gallop ahead and tell their overseer that you want to see him at the *meson*. There's no time to be lost," he called out, as he galloped away.

He was no sooner gone than we began to share his opinion. Sixteen miles north of Punta Velas a spur of the Mesaya range fronts the sea in the form of a bold promontory, and from the brow of that headland (a treeless rock) a horizontal streak of white dust shot out like a jet of steam from a side-valve; the storm had reached that ridge, and was sweeping its sand-clouds toward the sea. A number of farmers had accompanied us from the Velas tavern, and seemed inclined to await the return of our guide; but at the sight of that fluttering storm-signal they had a private consultation, and prepared to remount their horses.

"Are you going home?" I inquired.

"Yes, under shelter," said one of them, "to the shed of that hammer-work over yonder" [on the other side of a little bayou].

They rode off at a trot first, but presently at a tearing gallop, that made us a little fidgety. They must have seen some additional signs of danger, and after waiting about ten minutes we concluded to follow them, in spite of the blinding dust-clouds that invaded the coast plain like the first billows of a rising tide. We had expected to meet the guide at the foot of the bluff, but when we finally caught sight of him he came from the right (farther up the bayou), and motioned to us to turn back, waving his hat with an energy of action that served all the purposes of a conclusive argument.

"You cannot cross that creek," he called out, when he overtook us; "it's filling with backwater and rising fast. Let's turn back; we may reach the Posada ahead of that shower."

Those who had mistaken the approaching gale for a common thunder-shower were soon undeceived. Even as we raced along the strand, and before the first cold blast of the impending rain, the "knife-grinder" locust in the trees suddenly stopped their shrill concert, alarmed perhaps by the portent of the gathering darkness. A louder and louder rush in our rear betrayed the speed of the on-coming storm, and as we galloped through the hovel-suburbs of Las Velas the inhabitants ran to and fro in a state of the wildest alarm; they had seen the mountainous dust-clouds of the tornado, and all who had valuables to save knew that their time was measured by minutes. The dust-sea rolled southward, but also westward, *i. e.*, toward the shore, where the main storm-wave seemed to meet a counter-current that mixed dust and sea-foam in a tumultuous whirl. Here, at the north end of the village, the distance to the harbor was hardly half a mile, but we were too late to reach the tavern on horseback. As we crossed a little creek we heard cries behind and before us, and looking up the bank (where numbers of fugitives were scrambling up the steep slope), I saw one man fall down like a sack, while others staggered as from a sudden blow, or threw themselves forward in time to clutch at the cliffs. We instantly dismounted, and it seemed the best plan to leave our horses to the guidance of their instincts; but they followed us at a trot, and had, indeed, the advantage of us, so long as the gale did not strike them sideways. It seems strange that a man who can resist the spring of a wolf and a cudgel-blow should not be able to withstand the pressure of the unsubstantial air. I

had myself been self-deceived on that point, and in the shelter of the ravine we managed to keep our heads up; but I believe that few persons would like to be photographed in the positions we were obliged to assume before we could reach the Posada. I felt as though I were wading in the deepening water of a strong river current, and when we finally clutched the props of the tavern-porch the assembled refugees cheered us as the crowd on a harbor-pier would hail the passengers of a life-boat. In western Nicaragua, within range of sixteen active volcanoes, nearly every public building is earthquake-proof, and the Posada was the safest house in the place: one-story, flat-roofed, with massive masonry, and mortised corner-stones. But an earthquake shock being here an event of almost monthly occurrence, the limits of its power have been approximately ascertained; while the force of a tornado is incalculable, except by indications, which were anything but reassuring even at that stage of the atmospheric developments. Low-sailing clouds shot rather than drifted across the sky; all counter-currents had yielded, and, like a victor bearing his trophies before him, the tornado raked the town with a storm of flying shingles and boards. Not a drop of rain yet, but dense showers of drift-sand; the air itself seemed to become visible, and explosions of the atmospheric fluid struck against the house corners and dashed in spray from the projecting roofs. Volley after volley of debris swept the main street till a larger fragment struck the shutter of our room and strewed the floor with a hail of splinters. That weakened the credit of the house; the assembly crowded to the opposite end of the hall, and the alarm of the female refugees became demonstrative.

"The roof is coming down! Open the cellar! O Santos! there is no cellar." And wild cries broke out anew at every crack of a falling tree.

"No temas, almita," one husband consoled the trembling woman at his side. "Keep still, my love. Last night I dreamed of a little white dog playing around our house, and this is not going to be an unlucky day for us!"

Only the stout old landlord preserved his *sang-froid*.

"No hay cuidado," he repeated at each heavier blast; "no danger, friends, this house has stood the earthquake of '58, and would weather a worse storm than this. More noise than harm."

The ear is the organ of terror; yet the most appalling element of a storm is not its voice, nor any visible proof of its portentous power, but rather the uncertainty of the end, and the worse uncertainty of the climax. It is

like stumbling downhill in the dark and wondering if the next second will bring us to the bottom of the hoped-for valley or to the brink of a deeper precipice. The fury of the gale was evidently increasing, as well as the darkness, and it turned so chilly—even in-doors, though there were more than forty persons in the hall—that Captain H— pulled out his pocket-thermometer and stepped into the yard to expose it to the draught of the open air. He had to watch for an interval of the shingle volleys, and the success of his enterprise encouraged the street Arabs to try their luck at the front door, till a Scotch sailor-boy bore off the palm of imprudence by running first to the end of the pavement and then clear across the street and back through a shower of storm-missiles. His last exploit was followed by the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembled half-breeds, and the not less outspoken disapproval of his shipmates, as a proof that the Creoles love excitement at any price, while the Britons, on the whole, value courage too highly to approve its waste. The domestic animals set us a good example of prudence. A strange dog whom his own master tried to eject clung to his arm by the edge of his teeth and returned as if the storm had blown him back; for it was impossible to keep the house-door shut, even if the constant arrival of new fugitives had not made an open house a moral necessity. Out in the yard a little pigeon-house swayed on its slender support, and at last broke down; but the occupants even then clustered around their cot like bees, and nearly all crept back as soon as the superstructure had found a safe anchorage. One hapless pouter took wing for a moment, but was immediately caught in the storm-whirl and dashed against the wall with a force that knocked its top-heavy body into a mass of bristling feathers. It is said that swallows love to sport with a storm, but this sort of sport seemed too much even for their tireless wings. Whenever the dust-veil lifted for a moment I made my way to a window that commanded a view of the seaward sky, an hour ago the aerial rendezvous of a cloud of swifts; but the only bird that now ventured to ride the gale was a single sea-gull that shot by with slanting wings, perhaps in a vain attempt to reach its nest in the harbor-cliffs.

The intermittent gusts of the hurricane had risen to a steady rush, when all at once its voice mingled with a deeper sound—the boom of a rising sea, that dashed with sudden fury against the bulwarks of the breakwater, as if the storm-waves of the outer ocean had penetrated the northern harbor-reefs. In the next moment the cause of the uproar became sensible as well as audible: a blow like the blast

of an explosion struck the building and leveled all obstacles in the open street; the massive boards of an ox-cart were knocked flat against the wheels; the wood-pile at the gate was overthrown, and its heavy logs rolled bumping along the street like empty barrels; shreds of sail-canvas shot fluttering through the air; and amid the fearful shrieks of the poor neighbors the frame-house of an American store-keeper came down with a splintering crash. For the next ten minutes individual voices were drowned by the deafening and almost stupefying roar of the storm; I am sure that the violent slapping of a broken shutter was inaudible at a distance of ten steps. The whole assembly had recoiled from the north side of the room, and were crouched on the floor as if in momentary expectation of a fatal catastrophe. Suddenly the shutters in the south-west corner burst open, and the storm seemed to strike the house from all sides at once; but a troop of sailors in that very corner set up a loud hurrah: "The worst is over—the *shifts* are coming!"

The events of the next few minutes seemed hardly to encourage that hope. It was a little past four o'clock, but the darkness became almost nocturnal, and each shift of the furious wind was accompanied by the crash of falling trees that had thus far withstood its assaults. That, however, did not prove an increase of its violence. A leafy tree veers in the storm like a vane; every single leaf accommodates itself to the direction of the wind by turning in the plane of the least resistance. But the sudden shifts of a very violent gale appear to foil that expedient of vegetable instinct, and break the tree before it has time to turn. The sailors were right; a cold blast swept the street, and presently the lowering clouds discharged themselves in a deluge that seemed to check the force of the storm. The room was swamped, but nobody minded that; the *ragos*, the terrible tornado-blasts, had ceased, and the crowd set up a ringing cheer when one of the sailors assured them, "on the faith of a *caballero*," that before night the gale would turn into a harmless land wind. Two hours later it was still blowing "big guns," but the heavy blasts came at longer intervals. One by one the refugees ventured out, and the guests inquired after the amount of their indebtedness. But now the landlord interfered. He had no right to detain the anxious housekeepers, but his patrons must not think of thus leaving the house that had passed the ordeal so bravely; supper would soon be ready, and he was going to stand treat. We begged to be excused, and soon after retired to the guest-rooms across the yard. The night was cold and gusty, with an occasional feeble

attempt at another *rasgo*; but toward midnight my neighbor tapped at the partition-wall, and asked me to get up and look at the sky. Above the ridge of the Cartagos Range, *i. e.*, in the south-east, the horizon glowed with a curious reddish hue, almost like the last shimmer of a lurid sunset. Here and there the stars twinkled through the clouds, and the conflagration of a neighboring town would have revealed itself in a different way. We concluded that the reflection of a volcanic outbreak in the mountains of Costa Rica was the most probable explanation, but the news of the next three days failed to confirm that conjecture, and it may have been one of those unexplained electric phenomena that often accompany a storm in the tropics.

The next morning the little port looked like a fortress-town after a heavy bombardment. The main street was covered with heaps of mingled drift-sand and rubbish. In the hill suburb nearly every house was down, as well as every larger tree and the trestle-work of an American saw-mill. The trees that had weathered the storm in the down-town gardens were not the largest, but the least leafy ones. An avenue of mango-trees (with a foliage resembling that of our southern magnolias) had fallen in ranks, all with their crowns to the west. Lake Managua, the Rio de San Juan, and Bluefields' Lagoon had overflowed their banks for miles; and with the exception of the earthquake of 1858, and perhaps of Walker's invasion, the calamity was, on the whole, the worst that has befallen the republic in the course of this century. In the district of Nicoya, where we were, the loss of life, direct and prospective, was estimated at 23, without counting that by shipwreck, which must have been

very considerable, as a number of feluccas had left the harbor a few hours before the outbreak of the gale. But on the Hacienda del Cerro, eight miles north of Las Velas, a herd of black cattle had saved themselves, *during the forenoon*, by galloping to the glen of a coast-river, the only valley within sixty miles, with a high north shore. Here, then, is one of the cases where art cannot compete with instinct. The tornado originated in the Lesser Antilles, skirted the Island of Porto Rico and the south coast of Cuba, and passed through the center of the Caribbean Sea, across Yucatan, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Now, the only observatory in the range of that track is the United States Signal Office at Santiago de Cuba. The gale passed Santiago at 11 A. M. and reached Nicoya a little after 2 P. M., so that by instant telegrams (allowing for the unavoidable delays at the intermediate stations) the Santiago observer *might* have warned the Pacific ports in time to prevent them from mistaking the atmospheric symptoms of the early afternoon. But the cattle of the Cerro had recognized the danger during the morning.

In the small coast-towns, where telegrams are received only by the somnolent government officials, a few of the native ship-masters might have been saved by their weather-glasses, if barometrical indications were not so curiously equivocal. Professor Salinez, the State Geologist at Nicaragua, has a barometer on which the lower end of the scale is marked *Huracan ó Terremoto* — hurricane or earthquake. The professor owns that he has never seen the mercury down to the *terremoto* point, and the next higher degree may mean anything, from a tornado to a common thunder-shower.

Horace D. Warner.

THE LATE DR. DORNER AND THE "NEW THEOLOGY."

SEVERAL years ago an eminent American theologian, Dr. Edwards A. Park, late Professor of Christian Theology at Andover, wrote a biographical sketch of Professor Tholuck. Feeling evidently under some necessity of overcoming the prejudice then existing in many quarters against the freedom of German speculation, and being embarrassed in particular by Professor Tholuck's supposed leaning toward the larger hope of the final restoration of all souls, Professor Park apologized for the great German Christian, saying, among other extenuating remarks, that "an opinion, when

entertained in the shape of a subordinate and incidental theory, is as different in its influence from that same opinion, when entertained in the shape of an essential and conspicuous doctrine, as the alcohol in bread is different in its effect from the alcohol in brandy." The apology is creditable to the charity of the distinguished divine who made it, but it is not so creditable to the circle of his readers that such an apology for such a Christian as the late Professor Tholuck ever should have been deemed necessary. I once heard Tholuck himself offer a simpler and very different defense for the

German clergy. It was in the course of one of those conversations which American students abroad, who have ever been invited to walk with Tholuck, cherish among the memories of a life. Kindling with enthusiasm,—for Tholuck was always young in heart, and a word was often enough to call forth his devout enthusiasm,—he said that the German clergy have been accused of falling into rationalism, and it is true that many of them did become rationalists. "When I first came to Halle, there were only two Evangelical ministers and one Evangelical school-master in all this region. But the German clergy," he continued, "have sought most conscientiously to find the truth. They have been most conscientious students." Certain clergymen in the United States have of late been credited with the questionable right of holding private speculations diverse from their public teachings. An honest man may make, and because he is honest he sometimes must make, a distinction between his opinions and his beliefs; Horace Bushnell said he kept certain questions hanging up in his mind. But the only defense which religious teachers should make of their own work, or which they should willingly accept as an apology from their friends, is the justification which Professor Tholuck made for the German clergy, that they have been conscientious students of truth. Good Bishop Butler claimed the same high prerogative for the English clergy when he said, in anticipation of his own work, "I mean to make truth the business of my life." In this country Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor used to say to his classes in theology: "Young gentlemen, follow truth, though it leads you over Niagara." And this same tone of manly sincerity was echoed at another seat of theological learning in New England when Professor Park, in a notable sermon on the "Duties of the Theologian," pleading in defense of his own suspected "new theology," said: "Idle, idle, this attempt to defeat the first law of nature, that the soul of man shall go out free as the air of heaven—go after truth, let her leadings be what they may." Such worthy words as these may very properly be quoted in a sketch of the life and teachings of that representative German scholar and theologian, Professor Isaac A. Dorner.

The life of a German student and professor has in it usually few of the elements of romance. There is little color for the literary artist to weave into the portraiture of the work and thought of a German philosopher and theologian. Indeed, the simplicity of his life, undisturbed by the rush of the world's affairs, affords the opportunity for that patient work of investigation and quiet, steadfast communion with ideas which have rendered Ger-

man scholarship thorough and trustworthy, and made acquaintance with it a matter of mental economy to scholars in our own country who are pulled hither and thither by the multitude of interests which lay hands upon them. The still world of the theologian may have in it little to attract the general reader; but, nevertheless, the religious question is always the question of life; the theological interest lies not far beneath the surface of all the interests of society and movements of life. Dr. Dorner's name has been brought into special prominence of late in religious discussions in this country. It has become associated with a wide and deep movement in our own religious world, and many readers who care little to enter into the schools of theological disputation may yet wish to know more of one of those leading teachers of our times whose thought is evidently working like a new theological leaven even in our own religious conservatism.

The world of ideas in which men like Dr. Dorner have lived and thought is not so well known to the public at large as those whose studies have led them into it wish it might be. It lies somewhat one side from the traveled ways of literature. One cannot be hurried through it in a day in some easy literary conveyance, at a small expense of time and effort. One must plod through it afoot. But to those who have found their way into this somewhat remote theological world, and who are not easily wearied in exploring it, it proves a rich country, and rewards them with many superlative views of truth. It is unfortunate for us that the best work of German scholars, particularly in the sphere of religion, has not always become the best known abroad. German philosophical and religious literature suffers in the importation very much the same fate as the vintage of foreign fields. The acrid and poorer wines are not long in finding their way to this country, and adulterations of them abound, while the best wines are not so easily brought over to our tables. We have had in past years large importations of the sour wine of German thought. The hasty, unmellowed products of German scholarship have been eagerly devoured by a class of American readers. Adulterations and popular dilutions of crude German theories and unripe speculations have been accepted and paraded as pure philosophy by persons who have been ignorant of the mature thought of the richest minds abroad. In philosophy, for example, the "Microcosm" of Hermann Lotze still remains untranslated,—the pure wine of a fine vintage locked up in the original German from most American readers,—while books fermenting with unchristian ideas have found a market,

the effervescent reasonings of the pessimists have been poured at least into second-hand magazine articles, and the distillations of Haeckel's scientific imagination, and of others of his class, have been put up by enterprising publishers in quantities suited to the popular taste, labeled pure science, and dispensed to the people. Similarly in theology Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and other raw first-fruits of the new science of Biblical criticism, were quickly imported, while later and better products of that conscientious study for which the German universities are renowned have been left hardly known beyond the circle of a few thorough students of modern German thought.

Professor Dorner was the last eminent representative of a famous group of German thinkers and teachers whose influence has long been felt by some of our own ablest minds, though it is just beginning to come to its full power in our religious literature. There has been an unbroken succession of strong thinkers in Germany, throughout this century of searching and doubt, who have followed truth conscientiously, and who have not been left, like snow-bound travelers, at some cold, uncomfortable half-way house of skepticism or rationalism, but who have pushed on and through until they have come again to the happy, restful faith of childhood. From about the beginning of this century the German universities have been honored by religious teachers who have found in Christianity the reconciling word for modern philosophies and doubts. Patient and profound students of the history of thought, they have realized in their studies the truth of Pascal's thought, "In Christ all contradictions are reconciled." Walking in the fires of intense questionings, they have come forth Christian believers, unharmed. The smell of the fire may indeed be upon some of their garments, but they have kept the faith. Eminent among this group of Christian scholars and believers are the names of Schleiermacher, Neander, Nitsch, Tholuck, Julius Müller, Ullmann, Rothe, and — but lately entered among that goodly company beyond the veil — the venerable Dorner. Schleiermacher was among the first of this royal succession of Christian scholars who, during this century, have found thrones of faith in the land of doubt. He has been rightly spoken of as "the last in a generation of skeptics, and the first in the succession of believers." His name marks the beginning of a new era in German Protestantism; for since the first impulse and freshness of the Reformation an age of Protestant scholasticism had ensued. Careful scholars have learned to distinguish between the living principles and powers of the Ref-

ormation and the post-Reformation dogmas and definitions which are embalmed in many current forms of religious speech. Protestantism was a new life of souls before it crystallized into the confessions of faith. During the last two centuries Protestantism had withered in many places — not everywhere, but in some branches of the Church — into an orthodoxism as dry and fruitless as the Latin scholasticism which became tinder to the flame of Luther's newly kindled faith. The reaction from this Protestant confessionalism and orthodoxism of sound words had necessarily carried many of the best minds over into rationalism and general skepticism. Many of the Protestant clergy at the close of the last century were hopeless rationalists, and sermons were often anything but religious. The old mechanical supernaturalism and orthodoxism had made the challenge of Lessing's skepticism a providential necessity. His sturdy and oft-repeated blows against the dogmatic theologies of his day helped open the gate through which the next century might find an entrance, in a more childlike spirit, to fresh pastures of faith. The same rising flood which came in to renew the arid rationalism in which the philosophy of the last century lay parched and exhausted — the reeking French infidelity, and the dry sands of English deism which mark the dead low tide of human philosophy — the same refreshing flood of higher and still higher thought which began to flow in with the opening years of this century swept away, also, almost every vestige from Germany of the mechanical divinity and confessional dogmatism which marked the wreck of the theology of the Reformation. Schleiermacher stands at the beginning of this new epoch. But Schleiermacher was himself the herald of the coming day, rather than the careful reconstructor of its beliefs. He sowed far better than he could reap. He has been an influence in the thoughts of his pupils and successors, rather than the master of a school of thought. He was not a gigantic system-builder, as Hegel was in philosophy, whose ideas even in the present ruins of his system as a whole are the quarry from which many minds still gather material to build. Schleiermacher's thought has been as a living spring whose outflowing has mingled with the whole subsequent development of German theology. Amid the many diversities and strong individualities of this succession of Christian believers in the German universities, there may still be noticed a certain unity of tendency, which may be traced back to Schleiermacher's spirit and direction. The whole modern development of German theology is informed, at least, by the principle

which was the life of Schleiermacher's thought, that in faith man stands in some real contact with the living God—in some immediate, felt, and assured relationship to the Christian God.

It is noteworthy that this revival of faith, this new epoch of German Protestantism, was in its beginning contemporaneous with that uprising of patriotism and outburst of national enthusiasm which enabled the German people to throw off the yoke of Napoleon. The professors in the University of Berlin were ardent patriots; Schleiermacher's sermons rang with patriotism, while they glowed with faith. When the war interrupted the session of the university, Fichte dismissed his students with the words: "These lectures will be resumed in a free country." This is not the first nor the only example in the history of liberty of the power of patriotism and religion when fused in one purpose in the heart of a people. Patriotism rises and burns in a clear and steady flame when it is fed from the religious consciousness of a people. It flickers and is more easily extinguished if it is not so fed. Any necessity of national life or endeavor which stirs the popular heart to its depths necessarily calls forth the forces of religion, and is sustained by them. What great and enduring achievement has been won in history, unless the religious power of a people's life has been evoked? We may not forget that the modern nation was not born from Erasmus' culture, but from the soul of a peasant's son, a monk who had found his own freedom before the throne of the Christian God; and so also the century which began with the overthrow of the Napoleonic domination, and has become a new era for the German people, began also with renewed power of spiritual faith, and already may be characterized as a new era of Protestantism.

Dr. Isaac A. Dorner was the son of a clergyman. He was born in Württemberg in the year 1809, and was but a child when Schleiermacher was still publishing his famous addresses upon religion to its despisers among the educated. His early career was a more rapid advancement than is usually possible in Germany. Graduated at the University of Tübingen as the first scholar of his class, he made a literary journey, during which he visited England, and returned to Tübingen as a fellow and tutor. There he was elected in the year 1838 to the professorship of theology, then made vacant by the death of Steudel,—one of the last representatives of the old order,—although when elected he was still a young man to hold a full professorship in an important faculty of the University. At that time the influence of Baur was in the ascendant. Baur saw the early Christian his-

tory through Hegel's dialectics, and the so-called Tübingen school, then at the height of its fame and power, possessed no little attractiveness for young and idealistic minds in its scholarly endeavor to account for the origin of a large part of the New Testament through certain supposed tendencies of human thought; and it was not then so apparent as the criticisms of a generation of sober scholars have since made it that the Tübingen school virtually made the second century the father of the first—an order of parentage more philosophical according to Hegel than natural according to the truth of history. The endeavor of these learned men to account for the fact of Christianity in the world from its own effects—a philosophical endeavor now largely abandoned in Germany—reminds us of the wonderful exploit which the monkish biographers relate of Saint Patrick, who upon one occasion, they calmly assure us, swam across the Irish channel, carrying his head in his teeth. Dorner was one of the first writers to withstand vigorously this new school of philosophical reconstructionists of the facts of primitive Christianity, who, on their part, notwithstanding their frequent arbitrary procedure with the facts and actual processes of history, did the Church great service in causing the Scriptures of the New Testament, and every shred and remnant of the early Christian literature extant, to be subjected to a microscopically critical examination. Dorner had himself been a careful student of Hegel, and at first Neander was somewhat suspicious of his Hegelian style and tendencies. The rising star, however, was not to be eclipsed in the clouds that gathered around the setting sun which for a long day had ruled German philosophy. Dorner emerged safely from Hegelianism, as Julius Müller had done from the pantheism of Spinoza; and the results of his earlier Hegelian studies appear in many just and searching criticisms, scattered through his later writings, of the relation of Hegelian ideas to the truths of Christianity. His early skill in confuting the left, or pantheistic, group of Hegelians with their own weapons, and from the arsenal of their own master, rendered him before long a popular champion of faith, and he was urged by a succession of calls from one university to another.

Dr. Schaff, in a brief notice of Dorner written several years ago (Schaff, "German Universities," pp. 377-380), suggests that this rapid succession of calls may have worked disadvantageously to Dorner's literary labors. He certainly never has acquired what we should regard in an English writer as a good style; but few German thinkers study form

of expression. Dr. Dorner was advanced in honor and usefulness from Tübingen to Kiel, from Kiel to Königsberg, from Königsberg to Bonn, thence to Göttingen, and from there to Berlin,—whose university, though one of the latest born, is the queen and crown of the whole university system in Germany. In Berlin he quietly elaborated his teaching, and at last published the ripe fruits of his long life of theological study.

My own recollection of Dorner begins with a picture, still hanging in memory, of a quiet study in Berlin, peopled with books, where a letter of introduction from a former American pupil of his secured me a kindly welcome. Dorner sat by his plain study-table, with books to the right of him and books to the left of him, a man of not large stature, yet compact frame, with a marked face and thoughtful eye. A young American student seems to breathe ideas in such an atmosphere! I remember well one remark which Dorner made as he was inquiring about our own country: "You, in America, are not compelled to grow up, as we are, under the shadow of ancient institutions." Though a man of books, his conversation dwelt largely upon the religious condition and practical needs of the people of Germany. He thought there was much real piety among the people in the country; but the cities in Germany, as with us, are the problems of society and Christianity. As the practical tendency of Dorner's writings, and of the group of men to which he belongs, has recently, for polemical purposes, been called in question in this country, and, indeed, the evils inherent in the German system of state churches, and German irreligion in general, have been laid by indiscriminating American controversialists at the door of those very men who have done the most to reform and to revive the faith of the German people during this century, it is only just that this interest which the theologian of Berlin showed, in that interview with him in his study, in regard to popular evangelization and vital religion, should be noted. Dr. Dorner has not been a preacher or pastor; but years ago, so he once told a friend of mine, he took great pleasure in preaching in a jail. He has not been an uninterested or silent spectator of the religious life and activities of his times. These leaders of the "new" German theology, and Dr. Dorner conspicuous among them, whose views, we are told, if allowed in our evangelical pulpits, will "cut the nerve of missions," were among the founders and supporters of the German Church Diet, which is the Protestant home missionary society of Germany. "This assembly," says Dr. Schaff, very justly, "may

be regarded as the practical fruit of that vigorous evangelical theology," among whose leaders and supporters he mentions the names of some of those men, including Dorner.

The missionary power of the modern Church has its purest and deepest source in the Christian principles of God's grace and love for the whole world; and no modern theologian has entered more fully or more thoroughly into the spirit of Luther, into the power of these Christian truths, than has Professor Dorner. An address lies before me which Professor Dorner delivered at the meeting of the Evangelical Church Diet, in Kiel, in the year 1867, which he began by a modest expression of his own wish that a practical theologian, in the stricter sense of the word, had been chosen to speak in his place. He then proceeded to deliver a noble exposition and vindication of the great principle of Luther's Reformation,—the doctrine of justification by faith,—dwelling in conclusion upon the practical fruits of this principle in the life of the Church, and in his closing sentences expressing the wish that German youth of sufficiently ripe age might be trained in Sunday-schools, "not merely receiving, but acting and giving," in order that there might be an "active participation of young men and women in the work of home and foreign missions." The cruelly groundless suspicion of "Dornerism" as a practically perilous influence among us is one of those misunderstandings and misrepresentations of the views of good men which are apt to arise, and to disappear, with theological panics. The wise are not alarmed or misled by them.

Dorner has not been indifferent to the interest of religious liberty. He defended the liberal union principles of the faculty of Göttingen against the confessionism of the clergy of Hanover; and when Baron Bunsen was violently attacked on account of his pamphlet upon "The Signs of the Times," Dorner did not hesitate to take up his pen for the cause of religious liberty against the reactionary tendencies of Stahl and Hengstenberg.

His chief and enduring service, however, has been in the realm of speculative theology, which is in many places clearer because he has moved through it. His power comes from his lecture-room. We have nothing in our American colleges corresponding exactly to the German system of lectures. The students congregate where they are most attracted by the fame or fresh thought of the professor, being left in their choice and attendance very much to the devices of their own hearts. Dorner's lecture-room in Berlin used to be well filled, some of the theological students appearing at times with heads bandaged on

account of the cuts received in duels—though there are not now, I believe, so many of these heroes of the duel as formerly. The professor would enter, take his seat, and plunge at once into the profound discussion of the hour, only interrupting the flow of his discourse to take occasionally a pinch of snuff. He was in his last years prevented by a painful disease from going to that lecture-room for which he elaborated his best thought, though he was still able, so he wrote last spring, to "work a little." American students, many of whom have attended his lectures, always found him courteous and interested in them and their work.

In the last chapter of his "History of Protestant Theology," Dorner remarks that theology in America has hardly had a connected literary history. He notices the different foreign elements which are entering into our thought, and anticipates that theology in this country will come, even though it be through a process of fermentation, to an independent combination and form, which he thinks, in our entire freedom of the church from the state, may resemble in many respects the theological development of the first centuries. "America," he says, "stands as yet in its theological beginnings, but the future of Protestantism depends largely upon the further development of this powerful people now freed from the ban of slavery; hence the maintenance and increase of intercourse with German Protestantism and its possessions are of inestimable importance." This commerce of thought between German theologians and American students and clergymen has not been established for us without a struggle. In a published letter, with regard to the pursuit of German studies, Professor Moses Stuart once portrayed vividly and feelingly the difficulties and the suspicions of his brethren, with which he had to contend in pushing his way into the German literature and bringing the spoils of its Biblical scholarship back to his own lecture-room at Andover. He found fightings without and fears within. As the Athenians of old were taught by their philosophers to avoid commerce in order that they might keep out the rascals, so good men have been afraid to encourage free intercourse with the foreign literature of Germany lest it should bring in heretics. This universal commerce of free scholarship has now, however, become so firmly established that we are not so much in danger of having to do without these products of German scholarship as we are of having our own individuality overwhelmed by their abundance. Dorner looked, as we have just seen, with sagacious hope for an independent development of religious thought

and life in this country, which may be enriched by the treasures of German Protestantism. Mere imitation of foreign manners would be as unfortunate for us in matters of philosophy and theology as it is in literature and art. Our scholars must not consent to become mere importers of German goods. We may well go abroad to learn, but we should come home to teach, and in our own vernacular. Our theology has always had in it something of the flavor of our own national life, and the strength and purpose of our own national consciousness. It needs enrichment and expansion; but let it, in all its larger and higher development, be still the product of American life, and have in its fruit the flavor of our own clear climate.

It is undoubtedly true that German books and German ideas are influencing powerfully our schools of thought. The Germans are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the scholars of the rest of the world, and he who would understand any science, or know all that can be known in any department, must go to the Germans. So the works of Dorner, and of other younger Biblical and theological teachers in Germany, must be read by our students and clergy who would understand modern theology. Good men may be afraid of their tendency, but the young men must read them, or consent to ignorance. It is altogether too late in the century to attempt to put a "high ecclesiastical tariff" upon any foreign ideas or speculations. Even though one may justly at times be afraid of the infection of error, especially in minds predisposed to it, from the influx of foreign ideas from all quarters, still no quarantine can now be devised in the republic of letters against any thought; and there is for us no need of it, for our safety is in our broad practical piety and in our religious freedom.

Moral pestilence is best dissipated by the breezes of free discussion. The real conservation of faith in Germany itself has been in the freedom of its universities. The history of philosophy and theology in these universities proves that in the end to think in freedom is to think in truth. The free air of Protestantism, after all, is a better preservative for the life and health of the Christian faith than the restrictions of ecclesiastical stipulations and the confinement of high theological creeds. It is true that the liberty of the universities produced a generation of doubters—unwilling skeptics, like the doubter who wished his boy to be educated in the belief of those things in which he had lost faith; and radical skeptics like Strauss, who set up a poor human caricature of religion as his last gift to those who cared to worship in the void which he

left instead of the home of the old faith. But the universities of Germany have also raised a race of giants to defend the faith. Whoever would follow Matthew Arnold's canon, and know "the best that has been thought and said" in vindication of religion, and in witness to the Christ, must go forth now from the institutions which have fettered their professors with dogmatic restrictions to the universities which have not sought to bind up forever their teachings in ceremonies of words, and must learn his faith afresh of those great scholars who, like Dorner and many others, have wrought out their own Christian beliefs in freedom, and in the open halls of science, in the face of all denials. In the long run a large conscientious liberty of teaching proves to be the best conservatism of the Christian faith. For the true apostolic church is not, and was never intended to be, a museum of dead traditions carefully preserved in glass bottles; — the true church is the living body of Christ, not afraid to walk forth at any hour of the world's history, be it day or night, having in its own glad and forgiven heart the eternal evangel of the Christ, and most safe from the infection of human error when most active in its divine ministry among men. All who really believe that the Christian religion is true; that the soul of man is organized for the perception of truth; that the Gospel of Christ and the heart of humanity are made for each other, as the ocean with its inflowing tides fits the shore — as the life-giving air covers every acre of the earth, from highest Alp to lowest valley; — these will never be disturbed by the utmost freedom of thought, or fear the largest commerce of ideas.

Several years ago Professor Dorner visited this country and attended the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York. There was at that time no little curiosity among the audiences at those meetings to see the German theologian whose fame had been whispered in the public ear. Many who may never have read a word of his writings were then willing to honor him as a defender of the faith. Some of the same persons, in perhaps equal ignorance of his real work, would now look askance at him as a bringer-in of divisive novelties. The denominational religious papers have succeeded in coining a new word, "Dornerism," to designate a portentous German speculation about the hereafter, and they have done much by repeated warnings against it to persuade their readers to believe their own somewhat vague and hazardous notions of what Dornerism really is. Unfortunately, popular religious prejudices are still too easily inflamed, and, when these are once excited, the truth needing

to be received must wait in quietness until in time such prejudices burn themselves out. For those who care little for any theological discussions, but who like to be well informed as to the drift and tendencies of religious opinion, a summary of the teachings of a theologian like Dorner might be a helpful service. But when one considers the breadth and profundity of his works, any attempt, especially within the limits of an article like this, to convey a just idea of his teaching would seem almost as hopeless an undertaking as the task once imposed upon a French philosopher by a lady, who, meeting him in a *salon*, said: "Give me your theory of the universe in one word — in one word!"

Patient familiarity with the habits of German minds and modes of German speech is necessary to render much of their best thought intelligible. German style in the schools of philosophy is apt to be the loose and negligent undress of thought. The German grammar lends itself with fatal facility to intricate discourse. German philosophical writers often carry us along slow and winding processes of thinking, where condensation and a rapid summary of results would be a great gain to their readers. Dorner's style is involved and difficult to follow until one has learned to keep in the current of his thought through the sinuosities of his grammar. But the current is always deep and strong. His sentences are often the despair of translators who would make him speak English. His chief works have been translated, though they may hardly be said to have been Anglicized, in the foreign "Theological Library," published by the Clarks of Edinburgh. A greater service might be rendered by some one who understands him, if his "System of Christian Doctrine" should be, not translated, but epitomized and rewritten for English readers. To those who have become sufficiently familiar with Dorner's style to understand him readily, he is a most suggestive writer. One may win from his pages principles of thinking and belief which he will find afterward shining over many dark passages of doctrine and life. American theologians are fond of definitions. A clear definition is considered to be the beginning of all wisdom. Start with a good definition, proceed through a straight course of logic, and end in a dogmatic proposition as the conclusion of all strife — this is the favorite verbal method of much of our theology. Usually, moreover, the desired conclusion is put into the definition from which afterward it is to be triumphantly drawn forth. But this method, which has undeniable advantages as a method of teaching foregone conclusions, is not helpful or satisfactory to minds which

punctuate life with interrogation points, and which cannot rest satisfied until things are seen in their spiritual principles and forces. And there are realities too divine to be compassed by human definitions.

It is of more importance for us to have our thinking on every subject inspired with the living, informing principles of the Christian faith, than it is to agree in our definitions of doctrine, or to be able to show on all topics of inquiry a clear-cut and perfect crystallization of beliefs. These are necessary in Christian education, as text-books are in scientific education. But as the really scientific man knows that the principles of his science are larger and more far-reaching than any results as yet definitely won by them, so the true theologian knows that it is more important for reason to move along its high investigations of things spiritual and divine in the Christian principles of grace and love, than it is for it to build its deductions into a compact logic of divinity. Dorner is a logical reasoner; but he is more than that—he is a thinker, a Christian thinker. His endeavor is to interpret the facts of man's history, the revelations of God, and, so far as we may, the prophecies of the hereafter, according to the principles of the Christian faith. The title of his last work—the mature product of his life—indicates this peculiar superiority of his endeavor. It is his "System of the Doctrine of Christian Faith." The true ideal of theology is not merely to construct a symmetrical "body of divinity," or to deduct from Biblical proof-texts a complete system of doctrine, but in all things "to think according to Christ." The student of Dorner's pages will find many problems of faith left again unsolved in these pages. He will wish sometimes that more definitions of belief were possible; he will realize how partial after our utmost effort our knowledge remains of the infinite mystery of life and God; but he will find it easier to believe that this is a Christian mystery, a mystery of light as yet too bright for us, and not a mystery of darkness and infinite night; and he will find it easier also to write above all the hard facts of the world, and doubtful doctrines of the creeds: Nevertheless I believe that God is a Christian—of all beings the most Christian—an infinite and adorable Christ-likeness.

Dorner's work is not indeed a final word or completed task of theology; but his endeavor to carry all questions of doctrine up into the harmony of the principles of faith which are embodied in Christ—the real and authoritative revelation of God on earth—is in the line of the strongest and purest spiritual movement of our times, and indicates the

hopeful way of further progress for theology. The so-called "new theology" can surpass the old only as it shall prove itself to be more thoroughly, practically, and profoundly Christian—more distinctively Christian in its informing principles of faith, and more broadly Christian in its transformation of life and society. Anything in thought or life which makes it shine more luminously with the spirit of Christ should be gladly welcomed by all good men. All else in theology and life must pass away before the kingdom for which the Church has ever prayed can come on earth. To re-Christianize Christianity, then, may be a part of the work of the Spirit for the conversion of the world.

The work of Dorner which won for him his early fame was a "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ,"—a beautiful book, Julius Müller used to say,—which Dorner afterwards enlarged into a voluminous and complete discussion of all views which have been held in the Church concerning the two natures and one person of Christ. In this work he made a notable contribution to the philosophical conception of the fact of the incarnation. His "History of Protestant Theology," which he published subsequently, is a criticism and classification of Protestant theologies from the hour of Luther to the present day. His review of the cardinal principles of the Reformation is luminous. No clearer or more satisfactory discussion, within so brief a compass, has ever appeared of the relation between Christian faith, or the Christian consciousness, and the Scriptures, their relative independence, and mutual dependence. His last work, to which I have already alluded, which consists of his theological lectures, is a classic of Protestant theology.

It is somewhat unfortunate for Dorner's present reputation in this country that his name has recently become identified with a discussion of a single point of orthodox doctrine, and many regard him simply as the German sponsor for questionable views among us of the future life. His contributions to this subject, however, constitute but a part, and not the most important portion, of his whole theological work. As I touch at this point a matter upon which there has been recently much popular interest in religious circles, and upon which there is great religious sensitiveness in the community, a few words in explanation of Dorner's position are necessary in justice to him, and they may be welcome to many who would not wish to misunderstand his views and influence. English and American theologians, following the lead of Bishop Butler, make large use of the word *probation*. Life is a probation for char-

acter, and the probation for which room has been made in the system of nature for man naturally ends with death. Any individual who has had no gracious opportunity for Christian character shall at least be judged justly according to the law of nature by the just God. It is significant that this constant word of our theology, probation, hardly occurs at all in Dorner's writings. The reason is that he approaches the question from a different direction, and carries the whole discussion up to a higher plane. The discussion of man's future condition, as it has ordinarily been conducted, lies down on the plane of nature, and is concerned chiefly with the questions, What punishment does man justly deserve for sin? and When under the natural laws of the formation of character does he become self-determined in sin? Dr. Dorner approaches the questions concerning the future life from the higher plane of Christianity, and his mind is concerned rather with the inquiries, When does a man put himself freely and finally beyond the pale of possible redemption? and Where must divine grace leave him alone in his natural self-determination in evil? The one view considers man as a probationer under a system of nature, to which in the Gospel a provision of grace has been added, at least for the elect; the other view considers man as belonging in God's eternal purpose in Christ to a system of grace, justly deserving indeed by nature the punishment of sin, yet not to be abandoned to the judgment until he has freely put away from himself the possibility of Christian redemption. The latter view holds thus consistently that Christianity is the universal and absolute religion, and that the last judgment shall be the Christian judgment for all men. Those who entertain this view believe it to be in accordance with the principles of faith, and to be true to the Christianity of the Christ. It is evident that this view cannot be refuted by those who are not prepared to meet it in the plane of its own principles. The arguments against the possibility of a gracious probation after death for any souls, which have been running of late through the denominational newspapers, do not meet Dorner's conduct of the discussion any more than a wagon on the street in New York can collide with a train of cars on the elevated railway. The most that American students of Dorner have cared to claim is their perfect liberty to think and to discuss these subjects upon the plane of his Christian principles of reasoning, and to rest in any conclusions which may seem legitimate from such premises. They have advanced no new and definite dogmatism with regard

to the hereafter. They have protested against the attempt to make revelation more definite than Christ, and they apprehend the danger of producing unbelief in the world by overbelief in the Church. They do care much for their liberty in the Christian Church to think upon all subjects, and to dream, if they wish, of the future in the spirit of Christ. They do not care so much for any particular view or speculation concerning the hereafter, and the final issues of things, which men have suggested. They have hoped, and still expect, that free and reverent rediscussion of these themes, and the teachings of the Scriptures concerning the future life, in view of the most Christian conceptions of the nature of God and our relationship to him which modern theology has been able to gain, may yet yield more satisfactory results for believers concerning the final issue of evil in the universe—views which shall not be alien to the Christian heart, while true to the Christian conscience. They find it easier to preach the laws of retribution, and to proclaim the present Christian opportunity of grace, because they have ceased to make their dogmas concerning the future so definite and complete as to render the conclusions of their logic unreal to their own Christian imaginations, and to estrange from their own words their Christian hearts. A great deal, they are confident, may be gained for the relief of our working faith from needless theological difficulties, if we are always careful to maintain the reserve of revelation. The Biblical disclosures of the future life were given to us for present practical purposes; hence, they are necessarily partial and prophetic. A revelation for use by little children cannot be a full revelation. It will help us much in this matter if we follow out a hint first dropped, I believe, by Schleiermacher, and suggested again by Dorner, that the Biblical revelation of the future is a prophecy, and subject, therefore, to the necessary limitations and incompleteness of all prophetic writing. We stand, that is, toward the New Testament prophecy of the world to come, in a position similar to that occupied by an Israelite of old to Isaiah's prophecy of the coming Messianic kingdom. Certain truths and promises which the Hebrew then needed for his own use and profit undoubtedly lay clear to his eye upon the surface of that Messianic prophecy. Certain great outlines, moreover, of the future he might have discerned fixed and definite in the prophetic imagery. But the Jew would have made a wretched caricature of prophecy, if he had attempted to harmonize all the words and colors of the prophetic revelations in one definite and complete picture of the Christian-

ity which was to come. Yet they were words of inspiration. We can now see how they all find their fulfillment in the Christianity of Christ. It is their perfect fulfillment, yet not probably the realization of the dreams even of the prophets themselves, still less, then, of their uninspired commentators and copyists. Thus the New Testament teachings concerning the world to come, and particularly the few words of Christ which have come down to us, are of the nature of unfulfilled prophecy. There are some clear lines in them, definite so far as they go; there are truths of present urgent concern to us, warnings and hopes, which he who runs may read. But they are, like all prophecy, a broken and partial revelation. They do not contain one distinct, harmonious, finished picture of the life to come. Any religious teacher, orthodox or universalist, who finds such a revelation of the hereafter in his Bible, does so by selecting single texts, or classes of texts, and shutting out others. Only when the history of redemption shall have completed God's picture will all the lines of revelation be seen

finished, and all its colors blended. A certain reserve and silence of faith, therefore, before this great unfulfilled Christian prophecy, is both humility and loyalty of faith. And it is also practical wisdom of faith.

Professor Dorner has finished his work for the Church, but he lived to speak his full thought. But the succession of Christian teachers and thinkers will continue in the free universities of Germany. The "new theology" in this country calls no man master; but many who are thinking with fresh joy, and working in the Church with new hope, gratefully own their obligations to these German scholars and believers for the enlightenment and inspiration, if not the intellectual salvation, of their own faith. They may differ much among themselves as to particular statements of doctrine;—in one thing they find themselves agreed, for their common desire and aim is that the most Christian thing possible should be thought and said and done, to-day and to-morrow.

Newman Smyth.



THE FIRST STEP.

My little one begins his feet to try,
A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way;
Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh,
Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay,
And bird-like, singing what her heart would say;
But not so certain of my bliss am I.
For I bethink me of the days in store
Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,
And half forget the pathway to our door.
And I recall that in the seasons flown
We were his all—as he was all our own—
But never can be quite so any more.

Andrew B. Saxton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Political Education of the People.

THE amount of intelligence and virtue required for the conduct of public affairs was never so great as now. There lie before us some of the most difficult political problems with which any people has ever been called upon to deal, and they are likely to increase in number and difficulty as time goes on. Nor can they be solved without a high grade of instruction among the people at large; for political power is now in the people's hands, and no important question can be settled without their concurrence. In this country, moreover, the population is so large, and composed of such diverse materials, that the difficulty of adequately instructing the voters is greatly enhanced, and the variety of opinions, interests, and sentiments that is developing among us still further complicates the task. History shows how difficult it has been in times past to guide and instruct even small communities in the art of self-government, and the work can hardly fail to be more difficult still in so vast a nation as the United States.

How to accomplish this work is the question before us. It is needless to say that we do not propose to answer the question here, but only to furnish some suggestions which may, perhaps, be of some use to those actually engaged in the work. In the republics of the ancient world, which were mere urban communities, the whole people could attend the public assemblies, and listen there to the ablest thinkers and leaders of the time, as they unfolded their plans and discussed measures for promoting the public weal; and thus the people were furnished with the best counsel and instruction which the times could afford. In our time and country such a mode of instruction is not possible, and it remains to be seen whether we have other agencies that will adequately fill its place.

The work of political instruction, at least in regard to the practical conduct of affairs, properly belongs to the holders of public office, especially to members of Congress and other legislative bodies; but, as we have before pointed out in these columns, our public officers seem to have abdicated their functions in this respect. They have very little to say about the matters that are placed in their charge, and what they do say is apt to be of little value. We doubt if the speeches and debates of the public men of any nation have ever been of less weight or less fitted to instruct and guide the people than those of our own politicians during the past ten years. Whether they are afraid to express their opinions, or whether they really have no opinions to express, we do not undertake to say; but, whatever may be the cause of their reticence, its effect is to make them well-nigh useless as political instructors of the people. Of what use they might be in this respect the example of English statesmen clearly shows. The influence wielded by the leading members of Parliament seems to be little diminished by the great and growing influence of the periodical press, and is still

one of the most potent agencies in the formation of English opinion; and that American statesmen might wield a similar influence we see no reason to doubt. They have certain advantages over their fellow-citizens in the discussion of political subjects, as they have easier access to the sources of information, and because what they say is likely to be attended to more widely than what other men say. No doubt there is a growing tendency in our day to seek instruction from the printed page rather than from public speakers; but there are certain advantages in the living voice and personal presence of the speaker which the writer does not enjoy, and, besides, the press reports the speaker, and politicians are free to use the press itself as a medium for addressing the public, as, indeed, the statesmen of England often do.

But many people think that the press alone is sufficient as a political instructor, and that the masses can now find in its columns all the information about public affairs that they need. And if the papers and magazines that are issued in such great numbers were all that they should be and are capable of becoming, they would indeed furnish a great part of the instruction required. We are indebted to the press for nearly all our information about the condition of the public business and the course of events at home and abroad; and it is safe to say that without such a source of information the conduct of popular government, in so large a country as ours, would be very difficult, if not impossible.

But while the press gives us the news, its discussion of public questions is not yet what it must be if we are to depend on the press alone for political instruction. Some of its defects, indeed, are inseparable from its nature; as, for instance, in the daily papers, the shortness of the articles and the haste with which they are necessarily written. On the other hand, the shortness of the articles is in one respect of advantage, since it secures for them a more general reading from a busy people than longer and more elaborate essays would be likely to receive. Moreover, it is only the newspapers that are thus restricted, for the magazines admit of longer articles and a more elaborate method of treatment. It should be remarked, also, that in the case of the newspapers the shortness of the articles is compensated for by the frequency of their publication, which enables a writer to reiterate his views till they can hardly fail to make an impression.

But great as are the advantages of the press for the work of political instruction, it has certain faults that must be got rid of, if it is to be really sufficient for the work. There are two abuses to which the press is liable, and which are the chief obstacles in the way of its educating influence. In the first place, there is a tendency on the part of its conductors to publish what will please their readers rather than that which will instruct them. This comes from the pecuniary motives by which they are influenced, and which within certain limits are inevitable and right; since no one could afford to publish or write for a paper without gaining

some profit from it. But if these motives are the only ones, as they sometimes appear to be, and the periodical is conducted with no other object than to make money, its usefulness as a public instructor cannot be of a very high order. Its policy will then be to win favor by such a treatment of events and measures as seems likely to please the majority of its readers, and thus its influence will tend rather to mislead and vulgarize the people than to instruct them, politically or otherwise.

The other abuse to which we have alluded is the influence of sinister interests. Men pecuniarily interested in the press are frequently interested also in some other kind of business; and when this is the case, they are apt to take advantage of their connection with the press to promote their business interests, even in opposition to the general good. Of course, the interest of a special branch of business may be perfectly compatible with the general good; but when it is so, it needs no special advocacy, and hence the influence of such advocacy is pretty sure to be misleading. Then, besides commercial interests, the partisan and personal interests of politics are also liable to bias both publishers and writers. In addition to this, there is sometimes a guilty and interested silence, in regard to certain men, certain enterprises, corporations, and combinations, which silence may be as injurious to the community as direct advocacy would be. All these things detract from the usefulness of the press.

We would by no means be understood to mean that the greater portion of the American press exhibits the faults mentioned in any high degree; but their existence in many cases is undeniable, and their deleterious influence, wherever they exist, is obvious. If they can be got rid of, as assuredly they may be, and if at the same time the ability with which the press is conducted shall rise with the rising importance and growing difficulty of American politics, the press will then take the rank its friends now claim for it as a popular educator.

But after all, the instruction of the people in politics, as in all other important matters, depends far more on the quality of the teachers than on the character of the medium through which they address the public. The channels of influence are probably sufficient, imperfect though some of them may be; but the amount and quality of the influence they convey will depend on the character of the men behind them. This is equivalent to saying that the political education of the people depends in the main on the presence in their midst of a body of able teachers, interested in politics and animated by regard for the general good, and capable of expressing themselves effectively by speech or writing. In England at the present time such men are numerous, and the influence of their words and example is beneficial in a high degree. Their activity is the main cause of the intellectual character of English politics and of the influence of English political thought upon other nations; and the elevation of our own politics to the same high level depends on the appearance of such men here. They ought to be found here in public station as they are in England; but whether in public or in private station, the influence of such men is really the most important factor in the world of political education.

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Up to this time we cannot boast of many such men in the United States. We had, indeed, a sufficient number of leaders in the antislavery contest; but the work we have now to do is very different from that, and leaders of the old stamp will no longer serve. The slavery question was a simple question of justice, which almost any one was competent to discuss; but the questions before us now are of a delicate and complicated character, requiring much greater ability to understand and explain. That men of the character required will appear among us we have no doubt; indeed, we are by no means utterly without them now, and we should not be surprised if they should eventually become more numerous here than anywhere else in the world. The freedom and activity of American life seem eminently fitted to produce such men; and with the growing interest in politics that is now manifest, with the improvement in the higher education that has now begun, and with the increasing independence of political views and action, we are likely soon to be more amply supplied with the teachers we need. And with teachers of the right stamp, the political education of the people will be fully provided for; for their influence will flow through a thousand channels to the whole mass of the population, bringing instruction with it and spreading everywhere the principles of truth and justice. In the future that we expect to see in America, the exhibition of conscience in political matters, and the honest and unbiased discharge of their duties by officers of government, will less seldom be a reproach or a stumbling-block in the path of official advancement.

Sheep and Goats.

DURING a political campaign, when partisan feeling is at its greatest intensity, the study of the phenomena of politics becomes at once more interesting and more easy. For it is at such a time, of course, that the men who are straining after the prizes act with the greatest eagerness and *naïveté*. Not that there is at such a moment an absence of posing and insincerity; on the contrary, there is then more buncombe and humbug than ever; the phenomenon, indeed, is at its fullest development, and therefore all the more apparent and picturesque. But along with the attitudinizing, and demagogy of all kinds, there is a frankness of expression, where any particular end is to be served, that is especially characteristic of campaigning times. The working politician recklessly throws aside his mask whenever that tribute to decency stands in the way of his immediate success. Or, to use a figure from the latest household appliance, the practical worker telephones his venal and shameless message, regardless of the fact that the ears of the public are at the wires. It is in the heat of the campaign, if not before, that we find that the ordinary type of professional politician cares not one jot for any success save a selfish and personal one. "What are we here for," he frankly demands, "except to control the offices?" Especially do the lowest traits of the professional politician come conspicuously to the surface during a campaign where the forces are evenly balanced, and where a little thing may turn the scales. Then look out for bargains, deals, and all the forms that political bribery can take! And then, too, look out for one of the most

interesting and instructive of all the phenomena of politics—note the certainty with which, in every party, the worst elements spontaneously come together and begin to play into each other's hands; note, too, how either by direct bargain and sale, or simply by a natural and inevitable tendency, the most self-seeking and unscrupulous elements in each party begin to play into the hands of the same elements in the other.

It may be said, and it is undoubtedly true, that this curious tendency of birds of a feather to flock together is often in its results wholesome; for it enables honest-minded citizens to judge of their political leaders, not only by their actions, but by their associations. Under these circumstances all the good men ought, by a process of natural selection, to survive in a compact body of thoroughly public-spirited voters.

While, then, such a tendency toward separation is doubtless, as we have said, wholesome, and in part a compensation for the evils of sordid partisanship, it is not as effective as it should be, mainly for the reason that there is in this world no perfectly effectual means of separating sheep from goats. It perhaps does no harm for some of the goats to get among the sheep; the trouble is that there are sheep who have a settled and ineradicable tendency to get among the goats, thereby giving a deceitful respectability to their unworthy companions, and allowing the latter to play all sorts of pranks under cover of these virtuous aliens. This is one of the reasons why it is well-nigh impossible to found a political party on so apparently simple a thing as goodness; though another reason for this is that the bad do not always stay bad, and the good cannot always be counted on to remain forever virtuous, and sometimes in the same character there is a perplexing mixture of good and evil.

We heartily wish that thoroughly good men could not, in their innocence or in their weakness, be used as the tools of the corrupt and designing; but so long as virtue and wisdom are not always apportioned in equal amounts we fear it will be as it is now. All that can be said is that each individual should see to it that he does not add to the moral confusion and the evils that exist by throwing his influence on the side of corruption. For it is not always the lack of adjustment between one's goodness and one's intelligence that is to blame; it is sometimes the want of the due and necessary proportion of a third indispensable quality, that, namely, of moral courage. It is so much easier to acquiesce, to go with the crowd; it is sometimes, apparently, even so much more modest, so much more generous to avoid setting up a higher standard than that of one's neighbor. "Who am I," the modest good man asks himself, "that I should think myself more moral, more high-toned than my brother?"

But the modest good man should be aware of the fact that nearly all the medical, educational, artistic, political, social, and religious quacks and adventurers of our day get a large part of their vogue, and power to do harm, by the guilty or good-natured acquiescence or the cordial support of reputable men. We doubt if there is a community in the United States where thoughtful persons will not, if they read this, recall conspicuous instances of the truth of the remark. We know it is so in literary matters; there has scarcely ever come

to this office a conscienceless literary adventurer who has not brought a letter of introduction from some worthy, amiable, and all too indiscriminating sponsor.

It is, we say, often so much more amiable, generous, and altogether easy not to insist too strenuously upon moral distinctions, that even the intelligent man of virtue sometimes becomes the ally, protesting but still effective, of the man without conscience, and with only selfish and sordid aims. It must not be forgotten that there is sometimes to be honestly made "a choice of evils"; and, moreover, it is not well to cultivate too sedulously "the tormenting and enfeebling spirit of scruple"; but, also, it is not well that good men should be forever inventing reasons for doing the work that demagogues and bad men generally would have them do.

Art and Congressmen.

CONGRESS has refused either to pass Mr. Belmont's Free Art Bill or to pass the bill of the Committee on Ways and Means, which reduces the tariff on foreign works of art from thirty to ten per cent., and puts an equal duty on imported American works. America, as has been often said, is the only civilized country that inherits no great works of art from the past, while it is the only one that puts serious impediments in the way of their importation. It does this in the face of the earnest protest of the entire body of American artists studying and working among the art-treasures of the Old World, and against that of the leading men among the younger artists now pursuing their profession at home, as well as that of many of their older brethren.

It is a curious and suggestive fact that while the thirty per cent. art tariff was devised by a gentleman of Philadelphia for the "protection" of American artists from foreign competition, and has been somewhat favored on that ground by some of the older artists, in behalf of their younger brethren (who were meanwhile loudly protesting that they did not want such protection)—it is a curious fact, we say, that the congressional favorers of a high art tariff did not urge this point of protection, but simply insisted upon a high tariff on the ground that works of art were the luxuries of the rich, and ought, therefore, to be heavily taxed. Mr. Dunn was the most vociferous arguer on this line. He wanted to know whether Mr. Hurd had forgotten "the poor and the shivering and the starving." In vain Mr. Belmont, Mr. Kasson, and Mr. Hurd explained the merits of the Equalization Bill; Mr. Dunn continued to stand up for the "toiling millions," and the House sustained Mr. Dunn.

There are hardships in the Equalization Bill, for it is an outrage to tax an American artist ten per cent. on a work of art sent by him into his own country. On the other hand, the discrimination against the foreign artist working in the same city and atelier where the American receives gratuitous instruction, is manifestly unjust. A Free Art Bill is the only sensible solution of the question, but it is evident that this is not likely to pass until the American Congress learns something of the nature and value of art. We fear that it will take a long time to get this lesson into the heads of a majority of our national law-makers, but the admirable lecture given the House by Mr. Hurd, in the course of the discussion, ought to help along greatly in that

direction. "In my judgment," said Mr. Hurd, "there ought to be no duties at all on works of art. The highest attainment in art can be reached only by a study of the achievements of genius in past generations. To our people with gifts for artistic pursuits, study of the works of the world's great artists is indispensable. The present enormous duty keeps them out of America, so that our people cannot study them here, and mutterings of retaliation threaten their opportunity of studying them abroad. Our legislation is a cruelty to the ambitious and artistic of our own countrymen. . . . Art is an educator. It refines, elevates, civilizes. It develops and perfects the tastes of a people. It is at once the evidence and the cause of culture. Every work of art which America receives adds to its store of educational equipment and increases the possibilities of artistic growth. It does not come, as other articles, to disappear in the wants of daily consumption, but to delight and improve the public taste for generations."

Congressmen, we say, did not give as a reason for opposing a reduction of the tariff the desire to "protect" American artists against foreign competition; yet this was the humiliating reason publicly given at the time by the one or two individuals who sprung the thirty per cent. art tariff on the country a year or so ago, and there are American artists who do not blush to advocate "protection" in matters of art, and to petition Congress in its favor. Some of these gentlemen may now regret their course when they see the distress brought by the action of Congress upon the whole body of their fellow-artists and art-students now studying abroad. It is a strange thing, by the way, that just at the time of the establishment of the Hallgarten and Harper art prizes for foreign study, Congress, with the encouragement and consent of certain of our artists, strikes a blow not only at the admission of works of art into America, but, incidentally, at the study of art by the rising generation of American art-stu-

dents in the places where it has hitherto been customary to study it, namely, in European ateliers and galleries.

"The New Astronomy."

THE great care which has been necessary in the preparation of the illustrations accompanying Professor Langley's series of papers has been the principal occasion of the delay in their appearance. Some of these illustrations, from original drawings of the phenomena made by the author himself, have been engraved more than once, in the attempt to reach the highest degree of accuracy attainable in wood-engraving. And even after either the first or second cutting there have been corrections and alterations requiring the minutest and most painstaking attention. We think that both the "general reader," for whose instruction and entertainment the series is primarily intended, and the scientific student and expert will recognize the difficulties in the way of graphic presentation of so important and peculiar a subject, and that the work of author, artist, and engraver will be thoroughly appreciated.

As the present series proceeds it will, we believe, be evident to its readers that the name of Professor Langley must now be added to the distinguished list of original investigators and discoverers of our time who have been able to give the results of their special studies in language at once precise, graphic, and popular. To these men the world is doubly indebted,—not only for the facts added by them to the stock of scientific knowledge, but also for the general dissemination among those of their own generation of the astonishing discoveries of modern science—discoveries which not only wholesomely agitate and amuse the mind, but which have a constant and increasing, though sometimes unsuspected, application to the daily affairs of mankind.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Clergy and Political Reform.

AS THE recognized teachers of morality and religion, ministers of "the everlasting Gospel" ought to be oracles and examples of all personal, social, and civic virtues. As "ambassadors for God," it is their duty and privilege officially to proclaim that "righteousness" which "exalteth a nation," and to rebuke all "sin" that is "the reproach of any people." It is not enough to vapor out cheap patriotism in Fourth-of-July speeches, and to scourge public vices on Thanksgiving and Fast days. The republic wants ministers in her churches and educational institutions who will give tone to the public conscience, and leadership in "whatsoever things are pure, honest, lovely, and of good report" among the people—men of prophetic spirit, who dare to say and do right against the greatest wrongs and wrong-doers in church and state. The wisdom of the Apostles and primitive

Christian ministers was demonstrated in their marvelous self-adjustment to the actual state of things in the Roman Empire, which they accepted as a providential summons to measure their power against its giant evils, and to take possession of that magnificent organism of ancient civilization and imperial government for the King of kings. And they did it, giving a new civilization to the world, and making every Roman road a highway for their Lord to the uttermost parts of the earth. Historically and nominally this is a Christian country; providentially and generically it is Protestant. But if the church and her leaders stand off from great moral reforms that touch the heart of the nation and the head-springs of republican institutions, it needs no prophet to foretell the coming doom.

The clergy of this country, eighty thousand strong, ought not to leave civilians, who need and claim their help, to fight alone any of the great battles of national moral reform. When bad men combine to do wrong,

good men of all classes must combine to defeat them. When bribery and corruption do their worst to destroy the purity of the ballot, and the spoils system threatens the life of freedom, the ministers of God are religiously bound not only to denounce the crimes, but to use their best influences as good citizens and as preachers of righteousness to strengthen every genuine movement for the reform of these abuses. Not as fanatics nor as politicians, but as heralds of the kingdom of truth and right, as patriotic umpires of opinion, to whom their fellow-men properly look for wisdom, counsel, and "the courage of their convictions," they can help civil-service reform, as any other moral movement, by coöperating with their fellow-citizens in local associations, by the pen and the press, and by public speech on fit occasions. They can always do this on the broad ground of the common weal, and in the interest of good laws administered by capable, honest, and trustworthy officials. Of all men in this free country, the clergy cannot afford to be on the wrong side of a vital national reform which reaches from every home and hamlet to the capitals of the States and of the republic, and from the remotest ballot-box to the elect of the nation. There are times when moral indifference to living issues is disloyalty; and ultra-conservatism is cowardly toward liberty and religion. Revolutions in civil polity stamp their likenesses upon national character as deeply as do the scars of war. Are there not scores and hundreds of patriotic American clergymen who have the sagacity and the force, as well as the grace, to seize the opportunity, and to help the reformers, who are doing their best to give us a pure ballot and a clean administration of the offices of the nation and of all the States and cities, so "that government of the people by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth"?

NEWARK, N. J.

William J. R. Taylor.

The Rescue of Chinese Gordon.

At a time when the whole civilized world is anxiously looking for tidings of General Gordon, and hoping almost against hope that he may be extricated from his perilous position, it is not reassuring to reflect upon the ignorance and misstatements of the British authorities concerning the geography, topography, and peculiarities of a country which they have virtually occupied for eight years, and which was fully mapped out and described a generation ago. My knowledge of the Soudan, it is proper to state, was acquired by six thousand miles' travel on camel's back, over the theater of the Mahdi's war. As one of the American officers in the late Khedive's service, it fell to my lot to command two military and scientific expeditions of exploration in the Soudan—one to the east and the other to the west of the Nile. For two years I lived among the Bedouin tribes now in insurrection. The object of the expeditions led by me was to make accurate surveys of the country and to report to the Egyptian Government upon its water-supply and its resources of every kind. What I state, therefore, is the result of careful personal observation and study, and I wish briefly to discuss the means and routes by which it has been thought possible to reach General Gordon at Khartoum, to relieve him if still besieged; else rescue or avenge him,

if he has been overpowered, the latter probably being the fact.

The two routes which have been used from timeim-



MAP SHOWING THE USUAL ROUTES (DOTTED LINES) FROM CAIRO TO KHARTOUM AND EL OBEID.

memorial as the highways of trade between Cairo and Khartoum are (1) by way of Suakim, (2) up the Nile through Korosko. The quickest route is the former from Cairo to Suez, five hours by rail, one hundred and twenty miles; from Suez to Suakim, nine hundred miles, or four days by steamer; from Suakim to Berber, two hundred and forty miles by caravan; from Berber to Khartoum, two hundred and twenty-five miles by water, or by land, following the banks of the Nile; total, one thousand four hundred and eighty-five miles. To illustrate the difficulties of this line of advance, let us suppose a British force, with all its supplies and munitions, to have landed at Suakim. Remembering that ten thousand Bedouins, armed only with sword and spear, were so near destroying four thousand British soldiers, on the plain within ten miles of Suakim (breaking one of their squares and capturing its artillery), it is evident that five or six thousand soldiers is the smallest force that could venture to attack the Bedouins in their mountains and deserts.

Immediately after leaving the sea-coast or the Nile, one enters the "Waterless Land," where there is not a stream, a creek, a rivulet, or even a living spring—nothing but deep and scanty wells at long intervals with here and there a few natural, rocky reservoirs in narrow ravines, away from the line of march and known only to the natives. In six thousand miles of travel, I saw not more than five living springs, and their waters disappeared in the sand within sixty yards

of the observable source. Therefore, in addition to all its supplies, ammunition, etc., an army would be compelled to carry water enough to last it on the journey from well to well, sometimes a distance of five days for a caravan moving without opposition. Droughts of long duration are common all over the Soudan. When I traveled over these desert routes it had not rained for three years. Many of the wells were dry, and multitudes of camels and cattle had perished. Water must be carried in goat-skins and ox-hides on camel's back. Hicks Pasha's army of ten thousand Egyptians had six thousand camels, a large proportion being water camels; yet I believe he had transportation only for one day's supply. The Suakim trail (for there are no roads between Suakim and Berber) is better supplied with water than most desert routes; yet the wells are seldom less than two or three days apart, and there is not a group of wells on the whole line sufficient to water more than six hundred men and their animals. Traveling with five hundred camels and two hundred men, I frequently found on arriving at the wells that another caravan had just exhausted them for the time; and I had to wait one or two days for the water to ooze in sufficiently to water my party and fill my water-skins. How, then, would it be possible to march an army of five or six thousand men and their immense train of animals where not over six hundred could get water at a time at any one place? The only way would be to march in detachments of five hundred, two days apart; but in time of war such a course would insure their easy destruction by the enemy.

In the "Waterless Land," water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tamai manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at night-fall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more

than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they never indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: "No, thanks; I drank yesterday." They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish.

Now, let us suppose a British army to have secured the six or eight thousand camels needed for transportation (a most improbable thing, for nearly all the camels in the Soudan belong to the rebellious tribes). Even the guns have to be dismounted, and with their carriages carried on camels' backs. I had very light howitzers of about five hundred pounds without the carriages. Each was fitted on a huge wooden pack-saddle made for the purpose, and the unfortunate camel which bore it never lasted over ten days, for four hundred pounds is a full load for the desert camel, whose capacity must be judged by what he can carry when worn down by travel and short rations.

All the forage and water for the cavalry and artillery horses must also be carried on camel's back, for horses would starve where the camel thrives. A march of fourteen miles from Suakim would bring the army to the foot of the great Arabian Chain, which begins at Suez and runs parallel to the Red Sea down to the equator, many of its peaks rising above eight thousand feet. It is eighty miles across, consisting of several parallel ridges separated by deep valleys. For six or seven days, at least, the army, with its immense train, would be struggling and floundering up one side of a ridge and down the other, through steep and narrow defiles where men and animals have to move in single file, and where many a baggage camel would drop his load and his bones.

Suppose that the fierce Bedouins, whose homes are in these mountains, have allowed the British, strung out in a long slender column vulnerable at every point, to cross the numerous defiles where a few hundred men could stop a whole army. Suppose the invaders to have emerged without serious losses from the mountain range out upon the plateau extending to the Nile, and which itself is very rugged and abounding in difficult passes and belts of deep, loose sand,—the toughest obstacles of all. The worst is yet to come. Water was comparatively plentiful in the mountains, and the heat was moderate. But now the only supply is from the scanty wells upon the line of march. The Bedouins retreat, destroying the wells behind them (which is a very easy thing to do), and swarms of them hang around the flanks and rear of the invaders to harass them and cut off their stragglers. The heat rises every day above one hundred degrees, even in November and December, and one hundred and fifty degrees and more in summer; in that cloudless land there is no shade. The plain quivers under the fierce sunlight, while the mirage deludes the eyes with the mockery of fictitious lakes. This is what I experienced day after day on the deserts. Suppose, now, the invaders to have consumed their supply of water. If the enemy can cut them off from the wells for three days, there is no need of firing another shot. Not a soul of them can survive. It is the story of the Roman legions perishing in the Parthian deserts, and of Hicks Pasha in Kordofan.

After much deliberation over a question that required so little, the British authorities came to the conclusion that the Suakim route is impracticable. But will it be believed that British officers at Suakim seriously proposed to build a narrow-gauge railroad, which, they said, could be laid *as rapidly as the troops could march*? And even as late as July 12 a Cairo dispatch says: "The operations for the relief of Khartoum, it has finally been decided, will begin early in September. General Wolsley continues to advise that the line of the chief attack be by way of Suakim and Berber. Additional material for the new railway is being sent to Suakim. The preparations for an expedition up the Nile have been suspended." Think of the grading, blasting, tunneling required to construct a railroad across that great chain eighty miles wide, and then one hundred and sixty miles beyond it—where everything, even to the wooden sleepers, must be brought from abroad! And would the Bedouins permit the work to proceed unmolested? And supposing the road built, how many regiments would be needed to guard it against being cut at a hundred points by the Bedouins?

Most of the objections to the Suakim route apply to all the desert routes. The next to be considered is the Korosko route, by the Nile, from Cairo in boats to Korosko, 610 miles; from Korosko, over the desert across the great bend of the Nile, 230 miles to Abou Hamed; thence along the banks of the Nile (here not navigable) to Berber, 100 miles; from Berber to Khartoum by water, or along the banks, 225 miles. In all 1125 miles. This is the great commercial caravan route. It traverses the most frightful desert in the Soudan, but it is 500 miles shorter than the course of the Nile, which, moreover, is not navigable at all for 700 miles from the second cataract to Berber.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first is called *el jebel* or *el berryé*, meaning mountain or wilderness. In this kind of deserts there is more or less vegetation, always very scanty; but yet it is there that the Bedouins roam and raise their flocks and camels. Gazelles and other game are also found. The desert between Berber and Suakim is chiefly of this kind. The other sort is called the *atmoor*, and it is impossible to imagine anything more barren and desolate. It is literally nothing but sand and rocks. Not a bush, not a blade of grass ever grew there, and consequently no animal life at all, not even insects. They are like oceans which you cross on your "desert ships," but where it is death to tarry. The ostrich and the hyena cross them swiftly by night. These atmoors are generally from eight to ten days across, with one group of wells in the middle. Such is the Atmoor of Shigré, which I crossed in nine days, and that of Korosko in seven (two days less than the usual time). Only one group of wells is found half-way, which is called *mourá*—bitter. None but camels and Bedouins can drink its water. Travelers always carry enough Nile water to last them across. It is the only desert where no guides are needed, for the track is perfectly marked by the skeletons of camels and cattle, which, as I counted them, average sixty to the mile on the best parts of the trail, and four hundred on the worst. Thousands of camels and oxen perish there yearly. The latter are driven from the Upper Nile, scantily watered once in forty-eight hours on the march, and a large proportion of them die on

the way. The hyenas and vultures, which are the only denizens of the atmoor, pick their bones clean before the next morning, and the fierce sun heat dries the hides and bones, so that the stench of carrion never taints the desert air. The objections to this route, as regards water, are still greater than to the Suakim route, and it has been rejected also.

The third route is never followed because of its extreme length. It is as follows: From Cairo to the second cataract by water, 700 miles; thence to Berber by land, following the course of the river, 700 miles. The Nile is not navigable for this entire distance, being interrupted by numerous cataracts. Only small country boats are used in the reaches between one cataract and the next. This well-known fact illustrates the absurdity of the suggestion to employ a flotilla of gun-boats to accompany a British force on a march along the river. I once followed this route as far as Dongola and Dabbé, and then struck off to the south-east to El Obeid, the present capital of the Mahdi. From Berber to Khartoum, and nearly to the lakes, the Nile is navigable, but there are only half a dozen steamers of light draft, sixty or seventy feet long, which were transported in sections on camel's back, and put together at Berber; and small as they are they continually get fast on sand-banks, as I know to my sorrow. An army following this route would have abundance of water, but would require four or five months to reach Khartoum.

The fact is, that it is almost impossible for any European army to penetrate into the Soudan. From the beginning of the present troubles I have thought that the only hope of rescuing Gordon is by the aid of King John of Abyssinia. His people are just as indomitable warriors as the Bedouins. Though savages, they call themselves Christians, and hate the Mussulmans bitterly. Their most ardent desire is to obtain an outlet upon the Red Sea, from which they have been completely shut out by Egypt. By offering King John the port of Massowah with a strip of the coast, and paying him any amount he may ask, a force of 30,000 Abyssinians could be got to move from their own country down the Blue Nile, relieving the garrisons of Kassala and Sennaar, and reaching Khartoum without any difficulty. It is only a question of money, for those people are very avaricious, and England would better pay millions than let Gordon perish. Admiral Hewett went on a mission to King John, but so far as the results have been made public he seems to have accomplished little.

The last and perhaps the only hope for Gordon's safety, is that he may be captured and held for ransom. It is probable that Khartoum has already fallen. If not, it is only a question of days. The Mahdi is well aware of Gordon's pecuniary value. He obtained \$60,000 for the ransom of twelve members of the Austrian Catholic mission at El Obeid, and if he demands a million sterling for Gordon's ransom, England would pay it rather than let that brave soldier fall a victim to his own patriotic enterprise, and as the world is inclined to think, to the incapacity of his Government.

No wonder the situation in Egypt is galling to British pride. They seized that country by a doubtful exercise of power; they have forced Egypt to abandon the vast empire of the Soudan with a disre-

gard for the loss of life consequent upon a hasty and unprepared evacuation. And all their hopes are now limited to the rescue of General Gordon and to the defense of Egypt proper from the invasion of the Mahdi. The latter, flushed with success, is steadily advancing. The theological university of El Ahzar at Cairo, which is to the Mussulman world what the Pope and the College of Cardinals are to Roman Catholicism, has just recognized his mission as from God. No true Mussulman will oppose him now, and all the population of Egypt consider him as the deliverer from the yoke of Christians and foreigners, so that even the defense of lower Egypt may become a very difficult matter. And whether Gordon survive or perish, England, to save her prestige and vindicate her honor, must send an expedition to rescue or to avenge him.

R. E. Colston.

Late Bey on the General Staff of the Egyptian Army.
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1884.

The Appeal of the Harvard Annex: A Claim on Educated Women.

It is now five years since a circular was issued offering "private collegiate instruction to women" at Cambridge, Mass., the instruction to be given by members of the Faculty of Harvard University. A sum of \$15,000 had been raised by those interested in the experiment, which, with the fees of students, was estimated as sufficient to test "the scheme"—now well known as the "Harvard Annex"—for a period of four years.

During its third year the plan took definite legal shape; a charter was obtained from the State of Massachusetts, and the corporate name of "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women" was adopted. This charter defines the object of the society to be "to promote the education of women with the assistance of the instructors of Harvard University," and authorizes it "to perform all acts appropriate to the main purpose of the Society," and also, whenever doing so would advance the objects of the association, to transfer "the whole or any part of its funds or property to the President and Fellows of Harvard College." It was in the exercise of the powers conferred by this special clause that, after four years of quiet, effective work, and when, in view of what had been accomplished, it seemed reasonable to ask an intelligent and generous public to assist in placing the association on a permanent financial basis, that in February, 1883, the ladies of the Executive Committee in due form asked for a permanent endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars which would not only supply an assured income, but would gain for the "Annex" a recognized connection with the University, the goal of the highest hopes of its originators. The substance and ground of the appeal may be briefly summarized as follows: "The experiment (for so it was considered by those who projected it) has encountered no difficulties either from within or without; has excited neither opposition nor prejudice, but has worked so simply and easily that its success has hardly attracted attention. Few seem to know how closely the courses of study correspond in character with those of the University itself, instruction being given exclusively by officers of Harvard. . . . The annual

number of students has been from thirty-five to forty; of these, some have been themselves teachers, others young women fitting themselves to become such; a few have been brought by the simple love of study. . . . All have shown high average standard, some exceptional excellence. . . . A scheme which is of such evident value to women, and which has proven so practicable, should have an official claim on the University, a connection only to be secured by the endowment asked for." Thirty-six thousand dollars was already promised by some twenty persons concerned for the success of the work. The press throughout the country noticed the appeal, in many cases with a few words of editorial commendation; but only a little more than thirty thousand dollars additional has been subscribed.

Now, in a nation which numbers many thousands of women with both wealth and education, this should not be. How many—or rather how *few*—dresses, bonnets, wraps, etc., would the rich women of the cultured circles of the United States have to forego for one season, in order to respond to such appeals as that of the Harvard Annex?

There is no occasion in the discussion of this or of any kindred question—from the point of view of a *claim on women*—to look at it with the slightest degree of sentiment, or to commend it to the consideration of cultivated women with any theoretical rhetoric. Taking a thoroughly practical view of the matter, the peremptoriness of such claims can be frankly urged on wives and mothers of fortune, with almost the promise that if they thus cast their bread upon the waters it will return to them with interest, in the benefit to their children derived from thoroughly trained and cultivated teachers. The majority of the instructors of youth in America are women, and there can be but one opinion as to the desirability of all women who select the profession of teaching having every possible opportunity to prepare themselves for it; and it is to this class that the Annex and similar schemes will always be of special service. In its report for 1883, the students are spoken of as principally "young women fitting as teachers, or older women who are already teachers, but who allow themselves out of their small earnings the rare luxury of a little change from teaching to learning, that they may go back to their work refreshed and better. . . . We have had as yet no flighty students brought by the novelty of the thing. . . . The standard of our public and private schools can never be a matter of indifference to parents, and that standard can hardly fail to be raised by the closer relations of the schools to the universities."

If any woman is tempted to say in reply to this demand for a subscription, "Women do not control the purse-strings as a rule, and, to the extent of their ability to give, they respond to more urgent needs than those of Annexes, and distribute their pocket-money in less public channels than the endowment of universities," I bespeak her attention to some data which, collected for another purpose some few years ago, have special worth in this connection, and would seem to prove not only that women in America, even as far back as colonial times, have always given to educational institutions, but that less than a tithe of the amount they have given to colleges for men

would place the Harvard Annex in a more favorable relation to the University than its prototypes across the water — Girton and Newnham — bear to the University of Cambridge.

Up to 1880, passing over for the moment those colleges whose female donors had benefited them in sums under thirty-five thousand dollars (a little more than the Annex still asks for), we find that some dozen colleges — not including those to which women are admitted — had received from women over half a million of dollars, aggregating in the case of Harvard itself "in money very nearly three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, besides the gifts of lands, books, pictures, and apparatus to a very great amount."

Hamilton College received \$130,000; Amherst College, \$56,000; Union College, \$107,000; Bowdoin College, \$86,000; Phillips Academy, \$100,000; Dartmouth College, \$65,000; Andover Theological Seminary, \$50,000; Kenyon College, \$50,000; Chicago Theological Seminary, \$50,000.

Brown University, since 1860, had, according to its register's report, received \$37,770. Shurtleff College, Ohio, is strictly excluded from our list, as it includes a very small percentage of female students; but I desire to record its donations of \$42,395, and also the pertinent remark of its president, "Of course there are thousands of dollars to be added to this sum, coming from hundreds of women, but I can only make conjectures concerning such sums."

Of smaller amounts, Lafayette College, Pa., "since 1864," reports \$26,000; Ohio Wesleyan University, "before 1878, when women were admitted," \$25,000; Trinity College, \$20,000; Princeton College, \$8,000; Cumberland University, \$15,000; and various others report smaller donations, from \$10,000 to \$1000.

As far as I can ascertain, American women have given to colleges for men considerably over one million dollars; and that the generosity of our sex toward educational institutions for the training of young men has been on the increase of late years is shown by the statistics of "educational benefactions for 1881" (the latest published data), where over five hundred thousand dollars appear opposite women's names, the two largest gifts being one hundred thousand dollars by Miss Lenox to the Theological Seminary for the Presbyterian Church in New York, and thirty thousand dollars to Amherst College by Mrs. Samuel Hooper, to increase the Hooper-Sturgis Professorship Fund.

The interest of these figures springs from the proof which they offer of the feminine estimate of the benefits of education. Over a century ago, when it would have been impossible to raise any question of "higher education" for women, not a few women had "well deserved to be gratefully remembered by the alumni of Harvard." The roll of honor is headed by Lady Moulson in 1643, with one hundred pounds sterling, a worthy forerunner of Mrs. Ann F. Sever, whose noble legacy of one hundred and forty thousand dollars came to the University in 1879.

A list of the gifts of women to Harvard during the first years of its existence, before 1700, may not only be of general interest, but also induce other women to place themselves on the list of subscribers to the endowment fund of the Annex during its first decade:

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
"1643, Lady Moulson	200	00	00
1656, A Widow of Roxbury	1	00	00
1658, Bridget Wynnes, Charleston	4	00	00
1676, Judith Finch, legacy	0	14	00
1695, Mrs. Mary Anderson, legacy	5	00	00
1696, Samuel Sewell and Hannah Sewell, his wife	500	acres.	"

Catherine Baldwin.

More Words with Countrywomen.

THERE are three classes of women, at least of countrywomen, whose lives lack something of the intellectual brightening that usually comes from the social contact and subtle magnetism of the city — who need the help and stimulus that may be found in systematic association, with some positive and clearly defined end in view:

First, the young women — the girls whose school days are but lately over, and who have not yet learned what to do with their lives, or how to use them:

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."

Reluctant? The adjective was well chosen, for the path a young girl enters when she first leaves school is by no means free from briars and brambles. All transition periods are periods of unrest. She has entered one that demands patience and faith on her part, and patience and discretion on that of her mother. No earnest, thoughtful girl — and the world is full of such — after years of busy school-life, in which every hour had its regular, well-defined duties, and every day had its hopes, its achievements, its generous rivalries, its eager friendships, and its failures that were as helpful and beneficent as its successes, can settle down to a little crocheting, a little embroidering, a little housework, a little music, a little visiting, a little dressing, a little reading, a little of this, that, and the other, without a sense of inexpressible depression and weariness. Is this strange? For years she has been in daily communion, more or less close, with minds that lifted hers. She has been feeding upon the best thoughts of the good and great and wise of all the centuries. Suddenly she finds herself feeding upon husks instead. Life, that has seemed to her young imagination so noble, so grand, something to glory in and thank God for, dwindles down to a thing of mere shreds and patches — a round of eating, sleeping, dressing, dancing, and flirtation.

I speak now more especially of the girls who, fortunately or unfortunately, happen to be born to a station in life that seems to demand of them only that they should "enjoy themselves"; and for the truth of my statements I appeal not only to the girls themselves, but to the memory of every woman who has not forgotten her own girlhood.

In this emergency what shall she do? The quickest and surest way out of her troubles is to give herself some stated and regular work to do, in the line of her old pursuits. That noble institution, the Boston "Study at Home" society, would come to her aid here; and so would the more democratic Chautauqua circles. But there is a large class of girls, as well as women, who prefer to study independently, and who are repelled by the red tape that is quite unavoidable in all large movements.

Second, the middle-aged women, upon whom fall

the burden and the heat of the day. They are in the very stress of the battle. They are oppressed by many cares. Little children are clinging to their garments, and the small "hindering hands," infinitely dear and precious as they are, do sadly interfere with ease, or the pursuit of so-called pleasure, or the accomplishment of any other than mother-work. The piano remains closed, and the voice warbles only lullabies. The beloved books lie unopened day after day. The sketch-block or the palette is forgotten, not from any lack of energy or of interest, but simply because time and strength seem taxed to their utmost in other ways. Housekeeping, babies, sewing, mending, social duties, the care of the sick, the aged, and the poor—every woman knows how long the list is, and how impossible it seems to shorten it.

Third, the older women. Not *old* women, for there are none nowadays. No woman is old until she is a hundred. But some of us, it must be confessed, are older than others. And this class, on whom as a rule, and most fortunately, the burdens of life rest less heavily than in middle age, are in danger of growing self-absorbed and narrow. They need something to take them out of themselves, to broaden their interests and widen the sphere of their mental activities. Grandchildren are a great help in this matter, but not all women are so blessed as to have them; and even those who have need something more to keep them out of the narrow grooves in which human nature is so prone to run. The one thing for which older women—and men too, for that matter—should most persistently strive is to keep out of the ruts worn deep and smooth by the wheels of daily habits, and the thoughts that go over and over the same track, from one year's end to another. They need to seek, from far and near, an influx of fresh life and thought continually.

I have spoken of three classes. Perhaps there are three others that might be mentioned. First, the strong, who out of their own strength and abundance can give to those who are less fortunate, and by this means learn for themselves that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Second, the weak, whether by nature or by circumstance, who need to place themselves where they may be helped by those who are stronger.

Third, those who are neither very strong nor very weak, but who, standing between the two, may be the happiest medium of communication, transmitting the electric, magnetic current from one to the other, and thus helping both as well as themselves.

No woman can live much in the lives of other women, or be placed in close relations with them, without receiving daily evidence of the need hinted at in the preceding paragraphs—the need of some social organization that shall minister to their mental and spiritual hunger. The writer has had abundant proof of this in the many letters she has received asking all manner of questions regarding two societies of which she had occasion to speak in a former paper. In answer to many of these questions, she will try to give as clear and comprehensive an account as she can of the formation, methods, and work of the smaller of the two. Of the larger, whose ways and means are very different, she hopes to write at another time.

Let us suppose that in some country village there are a number of women of nearly the same age,

tastes, and mental endowments. It does not follow that they must have been born in the same year, or even in the same decade. Age is a relative term. Between the periods of full maturity and second childhood we are all of an age. But in such an association as this of which I speak, they should be as nearly as possible on a par in capacity, in acquired knowledge, and in experience. They each wish to enter upon some systematic course of reading or study, and they know they will never pursue it persistently—so weak are good resolutions and so strong are circumstances—unless they can make it in some degree obligatory. How shall they do this in the easiest and pleasantest way? Six years ago a few women asked each other this question, and answered it as follows:

They formed a band called "Friends in Council,"—a suggestive and appropriate name, which, it is needless to say, did not originate with them. They drew up a constitution limiting their number to twenty-five, and pledging themselves to meet once a fortnight during eight months of the year, and to do whatever work should be assigned them by the board of directors, unless, for some good and sufficient reason, they were excused by the president.

The officers of the society, who are elected annually by ballot, are a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a committee of three. This committee, with the president and vice-president, constitute the board of directors, whose duty it is to take the general charge of all business matters, make out the scheme of study, and assign subjects for essays and discussions. It is the duty of the secretary to keep the journal of the society, reading at each meeting a full report of the preceding, to conduct all correspondence, to call extra meetings by order of the president, and, in short, to do whatever work the office demands.

A treasurer was needful because a small annual fee seemed necessary to the very existence of the society. Some slight expenses cannot be avoided, if only for stationery and postage, and occasionally, perhaps, for a book of reference not easily accessible otherwise. The constitution, therefore, provides for the payment of an annual fee, but does not fix the amount. This is decided each year by vote of the society, and is in accordance with its actual needs—more or less, as the case may be. Any similar society that did not wish to purchase books as the nucleus of a library, or choice photographs now and then, could easily get along with a fee of even twenty-five or fifty cents a year.

But no band of twenty-five can long remain intact. Vacancies will occur, and must be filled. Just here some precautions are needful to guard against the possible admission of uncongenial or discordant elements. When, therefore, there is a vacancy, the ladies, in alphabetical order, have the right to present to the board the name of a candidate for membership. That is, if Mrs. A presents a name this year, whether her candidate is elected or not, she cannot have the privilege again until Mrs. B, C, and D, and so on through the alphabet, have had the same opportunity. If the board approves, the name is then presented to the society, which votes upon it by secret ballot. Three negative votes reject a candidate, in which case no record of the transaction appears in the journal; and by an unwritten law all lips are sealed. The society never mentions its rejected candidates.

The regular meetings are held at the house of the lady who happens to have the principal essay for that day, unless otherwise ordered; and it has been found that the hours most convenient for the majority were from three to five.

Now for the plan of study, which is, of course, purely arbitrary. Science, history, literature, art, social problems — the field is wide, and the difficulty is what to choose. The details are given not with any thought that the course pursued was exceptionally wise and good, but simply because it may help some other band of women who are at a loss where to begin, how to choose for themselves and map out their own work.

During the first year of its existence, the society of which I speak lived from hand to mouth, as it were, providing for each meeting as it came. Then it chose for its work a course of history, with a glance at the literature and art of each epoch. It then devoted a year to ancient Greece. Its third year was given to Rome, from Romulus and Remus through the reigns of the Antonines. Then, for the fourth year, as life is short and art is long, it seemed wise to take a rapid glance at the decline of the Roman Empire and the rise of modern civilization, trying to get not a minute, but a somewhat clear idea of the sweep of the centuries, and to fix in the mind the most notable events in each. This year's study was really a flight, giving a bird's-eye view that was nevertheless both interesting and instructive, and bringing the work down to the close of the thirteenth century. Perhaps a clearer idea of this flight can be given by showing the scheme as made out for two or three (not consecutive) meetings:

SECOND AND THIRD CENTURIES (from A. D. 180).

Roman History from the Antonines to Constantine.	Eusebius, the First Church Historian.
Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.	Reading of Boyesen's "Calpurnia."

SIXTH CENTURY.

Sketch of the Eastern and Western Empires, including Justinian and his Code of Laws.	Gregory the Great, Augustine, and the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons.
	Belisarius.

NINTH CENTURY.

England under Egbert and Alfred the Great.	Division of Charlemagne's Empire.
The Feudal System.	

This will give an idea of what the bird's-eye view gave. The years were as a vast plain, out of which rose here and there the mountain ranges of great events, and over which strode majestic figures, shadowy in the distance, yet clearly discernible.

In their fifth year the "Friends" wrestled with the history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and by a pleasant but wholly accidental coincidence, the present season found them on the brink of the sixteenth century,—the era of the Reformation,—their scheme including the first half only, or down to the reign of Elizabeth.

The society year begins with the first Wednesday in October, and the scheme is made out in full before the end of the previous May, and the parts assigned.

Each member, therefore, is supposed to have ample time for the preparation of her essays, or "ten-minute talks." It is intended to have one, and occasionally two, somewhat exhaustive essays on the main topic of the day, followed by short talks on matters or characters related to it. A great effort is made to induce the ladies to use their tongues rather than their pens, and to have the "ten-minute talks," as they are persistently called, really *talks*. But, alas! they generally turn out to be papers instead. It is expected of the ladies that while giving most time to the special topics assigned them, they will give enough thought and study to the whole scheme to enable them to follow it intelligently and with due interest.

One word more. No society of this sort can live unless it cultivates a total avoidance of anything akin to a censorious or critical spirit. Its members must be true to one another and to their officers. The meetings should be as informal as is consistent with a due regard for the proprieties.

J. C. R. Dorr.

"A Burns Pilgrimage."

In making hurried visits to old places, it is quite common to gather inaccurate information from the inhabitants concerning the history and traditions both of place and people. This is especially the case in Scotland, and a tourist should enter a Scotch town with previous knowledge of its peculiar claim to interest the present generation, or write nothing until what is gathered by inquiry from its people is substantiated by other and better authority.

Referring to the cottage of Nanse Tinnock, in "A Burns Pilgrimage," in *THE CENTURY* of September last, the author says: "No doubt Nansie Tinnock's was a lighter, whiter, cheerier place than now, else the Jolly Beggars would never have gone there to tipple."

Burns mentions Nanse but once in his poems—in "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons."

"Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnocks,
I'll be his debt twa mushlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek."

In a foot-note in the "Kilmarnock Edition," he says of her: "A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of 'guid auld Scotch drink.'" She was a most respectable person, and after her death the chair in which the bard sat when he visited her house was presented to the Masonic Lodge in Mauchline by Dr. Hamilton, son of Gavin Hamilton, and the "wee curlie John" of the "Dedication." She is buried in the church-yard, and her stone, with those of "Daddy Auld" and other characters of the poems, may yet be seen.

It is in the cantata of the "Jolly Beggars" that

"Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poesie Nansie's held the splore.
So sung the bard, and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause."

Now, Poosie Nansie was not Nanse Tinnock at all. Her name was Agnes Gibson, and she kept a low ale-house or "change-house" where the "Whitefoord Arms," now the coöperative store, stands; erroneously described in the "Pilgrimage" as "Johnnie Pidgeon's house."

On the opposite corner, the two forming the head of the street facing the church-yard, called the "Cowgate," stood the house of John Dove (pronounced by the natives Doo), the "Johnnie Pidgeon" of the "Epitaph," and the Johnnie Dow of the "Epistle to John Kennedy," commencing:

"Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Cross."

On the site of his house now stands a two-story brick dwelling, with a stone tablet inserted in the front, inscribed as follows:

"This is the house, tho' built anew,
Where Burns, when weary frae the plough,
Wad sit an hour wi' Johnnie Dow
Anent the e'en,
And tak' a drap o' mountain dew
Wi' bonnie Jean."

It was upon a pane in a rear window of Dow's house that Burns wrote the epitaph on Johnnie Pidgeon with a diamond—the same window from which he had first seen Jean Armour, when a sonsie lass of seventeen, who lived next door, on the "Cowgate."

It was up this street that he made Common Sense go in "The Holy Fair."

"While Common Sense has ta'en the road
An' aff an' up the Cowgate."

In after life Mrs. Burns loved to relate, how she made his acquaintance. "His dog had run across her linen webs on the bleaching-green, and he apologized so handsomely that she took another look at him."

James Smith, a boon companion, the "Dear Smith, the sleest pawkie thief," and also the "wag in Mauchline," was with Burns in Poosie Nansie's the night that the "Jolly Beggars" first dawned upon his fancy.

Albert S. Gallup.

The Christian League.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S "Christian League of Connecticut" has called out a number of favorable comments, and an occasional intimation that in certain towns where there are "too many denominations" the people are preparing to consolidate. There are two sides to every question, and I have been waiting for some time to see the other side to this brought forward, but have not seen it as yet.

An only child is proverbially a spoiled child. Generally the best men and women are those belonging to large families. The reason for this probably lies in the fact that the numerous brother- and sisterhood have used the privileges of relationship, and have snubbed each other, or, at least, have spoken their minds plainly and often enough to take a considerable portion of the natural egotism out of one another. Denominations are a benefit, if it be only to teach each other that there are organizations besides "ours," and that these organizations as well as individuals have rights which they are in interest, if not in duty, bound to respect.

But let us suppose, as Mr. Gladden suggests, that the Presbyterians have come together, and "the Methodists and Baptists cannot afford to stay apart." Can you imagine what sort of a union it would be? They might possibly agree to partake of the same mental and spiritual food, but a Methodist pastor placed over such a flock would be very much in the condition of the hen that had hatched out a brood of chickens and ducks, when the ducks took to the water in spite of the protestations of their guardian; and a Baptist pastor in charge of such a mixed society would naturally feel alarmed because his *whole flock* did not take to the water.

"But in this advanced age questions of minor importance should be ignored," says some liberal one. Very many good Christians do not look upon certain questions, about which even orthodox churches differ, as of "minor importance," and one can scarcely conceive of a more trying position for a conscientious pastor than to be placed over a congregation where he could not speak his honest convictions for fear of offending or differing with a portion of his charge.

If individuals have individual beliefs, it is but just that they be at liberty to express them, and this they could not do freely if consolidations should take place as has been suggested. The differences of opinion that exist to-day, and that will exist so long as men read and think for themselves, instead of being a hindrance to the progress of Christianity, have tended to spread pure religion by calling attention to the doctrines discussed, and thereby leading to a careful investigation of the teachings of the Bible. Differences of opinion are not necessarily "hateful passions." On the contrary, they may be a great benefit to society. The church which has no special doctrine, and whose members are not men and women of firmly grounded convictions, will not long command the respect of even the unbeliever; and the church that tries to mold its doctrines, or perhaps more properly its *pulpit teachings*, to suit the crowd, will soon drift into a No Faith that will be as pernicious in its effects as infidelity itself.

I believe the churches which are only branches of the same denomination will eventually be consolidated, but the millennium will need to be much nearer before it will be wise for the denominations to consolidate. They would simply swallow each other up, like the kine in Pharaoh's dream,—only in this case, I suppose, the fat ones would do the devouring instead of the lean.

It might give the New England Methodist Episcopal minister, from whose letter Mr. Gladden quotes, a larger audience than he now has, if the people could be persuaded to unite in the "large beautiful Town-hall," but it would be a Town-hall meeting and but little more. But suppose these five churches should unite in one congregation, would the consolidated congregation be as large as the aggregated average of the five? Probably not by two-fifths. Many would not attend for the same reason that many church members remain at home when the churches have union services: "There will be enough without me."

The same decrease would follow in the benevolent contributions of the churches. Much as we may object, denominations do provoke each other to good works,

and there would be less energy and zeal if this stimulus were removed. The consolidated congregation will not be at all likely to give as much as the five had previously given; and in the case referred to by the Western Congregational minister, who wants to consolidate fifty Presbyterian congregations with fifty Congregational ones, there might be a saving of fifteen thousand dollars from salaries, but only a small portion of it would find its way to the mission treasury.

I once knew a town of some two thousand population where there were but two churches, Presbyterian and Methodist. It was a good opportunity to test the consolidating plan. There were representatives of various denominations in the two congregations, but the congregations were not unusually large. There was plenty of money for amusement, and the opera-house was well patronized, but the religious enthusiasm was — minus. The Methodist minister received a meager salary; the Presbyterian, ditto; neither receiving as much as their brethren of a neighboring town where there were four pastors and the population one-fourth less.

Where churches unite because they are weak, one or two pastors may receive larger salaries than either of the many; but there will be fewer attendants upon the church services and less missionary work (home or foreign) will be done, and, as a consequence, fewer souls will be saved. And, after all, the end and aim of the Gospel is *not* that ministers may receive fat salaries, or church members sleep in cushioned pews, but that the poor as well as the rich may hear the Word of Life and be saved.

Mary H. Villars.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Workingmen's Clubs and Coffee-houses.*

IN May of the present year there was held in New York a Congress of Workingmen's Clubs. Delegates were present from clubs in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Millville, N. J., and New York City, representing twenty-five societies, each having from one hundred to one thousand members. Having attended the meeting, and seen something of the practical work of such clubs, the writer may be prepared to offer some suggestions concerning the importance of starting more of these valuable institutions. For more than forty years efforts have been made in England to establish clubs or institutions for the benefit of persons of moderate means. After many failures they have been firmly planted on a good financial basis, and there are now in operation in Great Britain about fifteen hundred workingmen's clubs. These societies are quite distinct from the building and coöperative societies, and have for their aim a few simple educational and social advantages, and indirectly to oppose the influence of the liquor saloons.

In this country workingmen's clubs have many aims, and include building societies, savings-banks, and some coöperative efforts, together with reading-room, library, and social hall. Some clubs, like that connected with the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, have a sick-benefit and burial fund. Other societies have a coffee and lunch room for the use of members and the public. With the great diversity of aims of American societies, the

feature of wholesome entertainment appears to be the first object. The working hours of the day are to every man and woman morally the safest. When the day's work ends, and there comes the idle hour between candle-light and bed-time, the man who works meets the hardest strain. Too weary from his vocation to engage in any set task, he looks for some relaxation, some recreation. The saloon door, turning on easy hinges, invites to warmth, society, and diversion. Here it is the club appears, and offers a better room, more entertainment, and the society of books, magazines, and his fellows. For liquor, which is neither food nor refreshment, the club offers its lunch and coffee room. Lectures, concerts, and entertainments open new doors into unexpected and perhaps undiscovered sources of amusement.

The Workingmen's Club, with its cheerful room, its library, its entertainments, and congenial society, is to the tired mechanic simply a sanitary measure. He must have amusement, and the saloon-keeper provides it for his own gain and the man's undoing. If for no other reason than this, more of these clubs should be established. The wise employer will gladly help by offering a room in the shop, or by becoming responsible for the rent of a room. Such clubs should be self-managed and self-sustained, and they will be a benefit to both employed and employer, for it must not be forgotten that he works best who has the blithest heart.*

Charles Barnard.

Educational Value of Summer Resorts.

IT is not necessary to go to Concord among the deep-thoughted philosophers, in order to attend a summer school. Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Mount Desert, and the thousands of favorite summer resorts in the mountains and along the sea-coast, exert on the tourist a peculiar and subtle educational influence. The courses at these schools are optional, the company is delightful, recitations are rarely heard, and examinations are unknown. The lessons are unconsciously learned, and the knowledge acquired is practical and adapted to every-day use. It is the school of the world; yet the summer term differs materially from the winter season in the cities. A stroller on the broad piazzas at the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, or at Rodick's, at Mount Desert, finds himself in the midst of a new and strange life. Seated in big easy-chairs at a shady end of the veranda, are seen the railroad king, the Baltimore merchant, the bonanza mine owner, the Texas rancher, and the Pennsylvania iron prince engaged in an earnest discussion of the business situation. Around the corner a venerable college president, an English lord, a poet of the Sierras, a novelist from the sunny South, and a New York millionaire talk science, literature, and the topics of the day. In another group a blue-grass beauty vies with a Boston blue-stocking and a St. Louis belle in capturing the affections of some Yale and Harvard

* Where workingmen themselves have not time or disposition to take control of such an enterprise, it may well appeal to the practical energies of the churches and charitable associations. What one such institution has accomplished in a saloon-infested metropolitan district may be ascertained from the managers of the Coffee-house of the Bible and Fruit Mission, opposite Bellevue Hospital, New York City.—Ed.

students. Off in another part politicians from Georgia, Illinois, and Maine engage in hot debates over the presidential contest. So it is at all the summer resorts. People from every section, of different grades of society, and of many beliefs and occupations, are thrown together during July and August, on a plane of equality.

This summer migratory movement, it must be remembered, has reached enormous proportions. I believe it is not stretching the fact to say that nearly two million persons leave their homes for a short vacation during the heated season. On their trip they are thrown in contact with many strangers. The rubbing together of these thousands, and the interchange of ideas, must leave an impression of wide-reaching but unappreciated value. The tourist stepping out of his home environment into this cosmopolitan summer life, comes in contact with new customs and manners, new standards of business and social etiquette, new modes of living and thinking, new subjects of conversation, and new topics of discussion. On the most stupid, ignorant, and thoughtless, this change of life must have some effect which will appear on their return to their homes. It seems to me that this throwing together of the business men and society people of the North, East, South, and West, must tend to create a greater national feeling, and lead to a more thorough appreciation, and juster estimate of the

power, capacity, and ability of each section of the country. It will serve to dissipate prejudices, overthrow foolish local traditions, lead to innovations in commercial habits and modes of living, and arouse a larger consciousness of the greatness of the United States, and the immense possibilities of its future.

Intercourse between the sections will enable men to gauge better the capacities of their own and their neighbor's locality, and to expend their resources so as to reach their highest value. It may be exaggerating the point to attempt to trace the industrial awakening of the South to a cause like this, yet it is not a wild assertion to declare that the visits of Southerners to Northern resorts in the summer, and of Northerners to Southern resorts in the winter, have hastened the day of the new birth in the South. They have brought to Northerners a fuller knowledge of the manufacturing advantages afforded by that section, and the influx of Northern capital needed to develop its resources has quickly followed. Every season the number of resorts seems to increase in response to a growing demand. The benefits of a period of rest and recuperation amid new scenes is at once admitted. The educational effects of the movement will, I believe, become more apparent as it gains in force.

Henry James Ten Eyck.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

So Wags the World.

JUNK-DEALER (to pin and needle vender).—There's that Jinny gone and married a jail-burrd, and her fayther's that mad that he wont spake to anyther of thim. Sure whoy should he moind? says I. Thim paupers is nearly jail-burrrds themselves; it's little differ I can see betwane 'em.

FOOTMAN (to housemaid).—Now think of a junk-dealer h'objecting because his darter's been and married a pauper! It's h'all in the mud together they h'are, thinks I.

SHOP-GIRL (to clerk).—The airs the servants give themselves! Jane Bryan wont look at that fine junk-dealer, and he's a handsome fellow, too, and earns as much as she does. He owns his shop, at any rate, and she works for a mistress; he's plenty good enough for her, I'm sure.

PETTY TRADESMAN (reading his paper).—Tut, tut, what foolish pride is creeping in among the lower classes. Here is a case of a girl disowned by her family, because she married a coachman. And she was only a shop-girl, serving customers at Macy's. Well, well, what is the world coming to?

EMINENT LAWYER (to friend).—Now, really, the bigotry of some people is perfectly astonishing.

Brown is in business for himself in a small way, after having been a clerk for twenty years. And now he actually refuses to give his daughter to young Smith, his book-keeper. Says his position unfits him to look at her. Ambition will be the ruin of this country.

YOUNG ENGLISH BARONET (to ditto).—Aw, yahs, I b'lieve p'rofessional men do object to their daughters mawwyng men in business. Cahnt see why m'self. If ye don't b'long to the nobility, y' know, ye b'long to the middle clahsses, and I sh'd fahncy it wouldn't make much diffewence who ye mahwied, p'wvided it wasn't in the lower clahsses.

PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD (to another Princess of Royal Blood).—I really do not see why Lady Hauter should object to her son's marrying that pretty American girl. To be sure she is a commoner, but he is only a baronet; not even a lord. Now it was quite another thing when the Princess Louise married a subject. That shocked me, I will confess, and yet I am not so very conservative.

CHORUS OF ANGELS IN HEAVEN.—Lord, all men are equal in thy sight. How long, O Lord, how long before pride, ambition, and envy vanish from the earth? Poor sinners all, forgive them, Lord, and send us to minister to them, we beseech thee.

Raja.

A Kiss in the Rain.

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
 A lassie in the town;
 Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
 Her laughing eyes were brown.
 I watched her as she tripped along
 Till madness filled my brain,
 And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—
 I kissed her in the rain!

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
 Like dew-drops on a rose,
 The little lassie strove to speak
 My boldness to oppose;
 She strove in vain, and quivering
 Her finger stole in mine;
 And then the birds began to sing,
 The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
 My heart is light below;
 'Tis always summer when we love,
 However winds may blow;
 And I'm as proud as any prince,
 All honors I disdain:
 She says I am her *rain beau* since
 I kissed her in the rain.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Private Theatricals.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES.

THE guests assemble. Down the stairs I steal,
 As if I'd dressed a century before,
 And pause, a courtly beau from head to heel,
 Close by the green-room door.

The fire-light glows within; the leaping blaze
 Shines on an eager face. What happy spell
 Summoned that sweetest glimpse of olden days,
 That arch and radiant belle?

Ready to play her part in quaint disguise
 Of powdered hair and old brocaded gown,
 She warms a dainty foot, nor turns her eyes
 Where, with an anxious frown,

Conning his book, our crafty Villain sits;
 Tall, handsome, honest, he's a wealthy squire—
 A trifle heavy—in our telling bits
 He rather misses fire.

I push the door, and meet a smile from each:
 My lady's eyes are lifted from the flame;
 The Villain keeps his finger on a speech,
 And greets me by my name.

I am the happy hero of the play,
 With Love, and Luck, and Valor on my side;
 I am to conquer everything to-day,
 I am to win my bride.

And I will win her! Ah, they do not know—
 Well may they praise me as I act my part!
 This courtship of a hundred years ago
 Is living in my heart.

Yet I can plead my cause without the aid
 Of studied phrases—they are poor and weak;
 Wait only till our comedy is played—
 This is no time to speak.

The actors hurry in, and one and all
 Appeal to me to listen or to look.
 The footman's livery is a size too small,
 The prompter wants his book.

My father comes to show his wrinkled face,
 And loiters nervously behind the scenes;
 I praise his baldness and his feeble pace,—
 He's only in his teens!

There are so many duties to perform,
 And at a moment's notice I must say
 Who is to see about the thunder-storm,
 And who takes in the tray.

Where is the fatal deed that must be signed?
 I give them all their answers, and by chance,
 Lounging beside the window, lift the blind
 And cast a careless glance.

Nothing to see—how heavily it rains!—
 Nothing but here and there a gliding spark,
 Where carriages along the country lanes
 Come rolling through the dark.

Beyond, there lies a world of gloom unknown;
 Our little space of glitter, warmth, and light
 Is but a many-colored bubble, blown
 On a black sea of night.

Well, let the bubble break without a sigh,
 And let to-morrow come, as come it will;
 I am the happy hero till I die,
 If she is with me still!

And when hereafter we recall this day
 Of painted, powdered courtship from the past,
 We'll laugh at stage and prompter, while I play
 The lover to the last!

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS.

All's over now. It was a great success.
 Our honest Villain did the best he could,
 Took pains, and plodded through his wickedness,—
 He's really very good;

And when he drove the lady to despair
 With darkly scowling threats and feigned alarms,
 I rushed upon the stage, defied him there,
 And clasped her in my arms!

An explanation followed. I embraced
 A few relations, quite unknown till then;
 Virtue was lucky, Villainy disgraced—
 We all were better men.

Then came my wrinkled sire—"Nay, I mistook—
 You wout bear malice for a blunder—zounds!
 Take your old father's gift—a pocket-book,"—
 'Twas twenty thousand pounds.

"Bless you, my children! She's a pearl, my boy!"
 The others gathered round for their farewell,
 And stood in attitudes, and wished us joy,
 And so the curtain fell.

They called us back. The laughing plaudits swelled
 To welcome us. That moment was divine—
 The token of my triumph! As I held
 My darling's hand in mine,

I seemed to feel her happy pulses beat,
As mine were beating in my joy and pride;
I trod the whole world underneath my feet
Since she was by my side!

And then — why, as we passed, I overheard
A hurried whisper, caught a meaning smile:
Enough — it was the Villain she preferred —
The Villain all the while!

That was the end, and here I am alone,
Dismally laughing at my sorry plight;
I listen to the wind's unceasing moan,
I gaze into the night,

Only to see my pale reflection cast
Upon the gloom. A bitter lash of rain
Falls, with a sudden fury of the blast,
On the black window-pane.

She loves him — loves him! She will be his wife!
And strangely I recall, as here I stand,
How in another world, another life,
I bowed, and dropped her hand.

What did I think of as I bent my head?
The fire-light flashed upon my buckled shoes —
Poor hero! Well, there's nothing to be said —
Was she not free to choose?

She did not know! With my whole heart I played.
What then? She thought I acted well, no doubt;
If Love came stealing through the masquerade,
How should she find him out?

She did not know! God bless her in her choice!
(Ay, and the Villain too!) No thought of blame
Shall ever lend its hardness to my voice,
When I would speak her name.

There will be other plays in coming years
When this is half forgotten; there will be
New scenes, new dresses, and new hopes and fears —
But this old play for me!

One can't be always learning things by heart;
Variety is charming — yet it palls.
"Zounds!" — (as the father said) — I'll play my part
Until the curtain falls!

Margaret Voley.

Virtue Its Own Reward.

THE King of Somewhere loved the Queen
Of Somewhere else most dearly,
And in his courtier Gobetween
Confided he sincerely.

The Courtier was a pleasant man,
Of readiest invention,
And always had some clever plan
To hold the King's attention.

The Queen was coy and hard to please,
As best becomed her station;
The King upon his bended knees
She kept in supplication.

No favoring answer would she give,
No smile of kind consenting;
And while the King was fain to live,
Yet life was all lamenting.

At last he prayed his courtier wise
To aid in his proceeding;
The courtier's ready wits devise
Plans worthy of his breeding.

He hastened to the haughty Queen,
And praised his Royal Highness;
So wily was this Gobetween,
He chuckled o'er his slyness.

The Queen was softened by his art,
And when her suitor tendered
His royal kingdom (and his heart),
She graciously surrendered.

The King and Queen lived happily,
In hand and heart were wedded;
As for the Courtier — let me see —
Oh, yes — he was beheaded.

Stanley Wood.

Marry Me, Darlint, To-night.

ME darlint, it's axin' they are
That I goes to the wars to be kilt,
An' come back wid an iligant shkar,
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those
Who die in defense of the right.
I'll be off in the mornin' — suppose
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man
In the eyes of the wurld as to fall
Ferninst the ould flag, in the van,
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear
Some iligant crape on yir bonnet.
Jist think how the women will shtare
Wid invy whiniver ye don it!

Oh, fvat a proud widdy ye'll be
Whin they bring me curpse home, — not to minton
The fact we can live (don't ye see?)
All the rest of our lives on me pansion!

W. W. Fink.

Madrigal.*

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

A MAIDEN, sorrowful and fair,
Jove heard one summer eve lamenting,
And to a birdling of the air
Transformed her: when, her woes still venting,
So sweet she sang in wood and vale,
He fondly named her *Nightingale*!

It chanced Love heard the bird one day
Upon a fair green hill-side trilling,
And stood entranced, her wondrous lay
His young and ardent bosom thrilling.
"Oh, great is Jove!" he cried — "but I
Can all his miracles outvie!"

Exclaiming thus, a soft, sweet spell
Love wrought with gentle power, transforming
The birdling of the grove and dell,
With all her trills and carols charming,
Into a lovely maid once more,
And *Lilla* was the name she bore!

Alice K. Sawyer.

* This little madrigal, written in the seventeenth century, was inscribed by the author to a singer named Lilla.

Equivocation.

WE lingered, in the act to part,
The last word still unspoken,
By the quick beating of my heart
The silence faintly broken.

So beautiful she seemed and pure—
Ah me! how I should miss her.
Unable longer to endure
My wish, I asked to kiss her.

A blush of deepest rose o'erspread
Her face, as if to mask it,
As, with a woman's art, she said,
"Why, Frank, you should not ask it!"

C. Soysmith.

The Reason.

UPON Corinna's cheek the rose
Doth make perpetuall holidaye;
Soe that it alwaies seemeth Maye
What place soe'er Corinna goes.
Yet, freshe and daintie though they be,
Her rosie cheekes are naught to me!

Corinna's eies are like the daye
That from the Orient comes afarre;
Surelie in alle the skies no starre
Is halfe soe radiant brighte as they!
Yet, shine they ne'er soe wondrouslie,
Her beaming eies are naught to me!

And, oh! her lockes, her lockes of golde,—
Well doe they know the subtle arte
To winde about a lover's heart!
Yet me such fetters shall not holde!
Though they be faire, yet I am free:
Her lockes of golde are naught to me!

For why? They can the reason telle
Who know the features of her minde;
Wherein if love, and wishes kinde,
And truth and sweetness doe not dwelle,
I care not then how faire she be,
For these are alle in alle to me!

Robertson Troubridge.

Not Long Ago.

NOT long ago she passed me by,
A little girl, demure and shy,
With rumpled hair and dancing eyes,
Whose glances strayed like butterflies.
But "very, very plain," quoth I.

Again we met. How time will fly.
I can't describe her though I try;
It seemed she'd stepped from paradise
Not long ago.

And now I cease to magnify
Her sovereign grace, or glorify
Her perfect taste. 'Tis hardly wise
For me to try to criticise
Her now. I married her—that's why—
Not long ago.

Sydney Herbert Pierson.

Uncle Esak's Wisdom.

THERE is nothing so scarce as good nonsense. You may find a hundred owls who can sit on a dry limb, look wise, say nothing, and be respectable to one monkey who can play the fool and do justice to the subject and himself too.

Whenever you see a man who can tell you all about the weak spots in his neighbors, you will find one who needs as much watching as an east wind does.

All the original thoughts have been uttered in the simplest words. When I read an abstruse sentence, I say, this writer has been stealing, and is trying to hide.

Propriety is proper, and I have seen people who were so proper, that their propriety was all there was proper about them.

Don't watch the weather, young man; you can't tell whether it will rain or not, and the worst of it is, it unfits you for other kinds of business.

There are plenty of people in the world who think they are wise, because they can ask questions that no one but a fool can answer.

We are happy, not in what we possess, but in what we have that others can't get.

If I were a rooster, and wanted to fight something bad, I would invite the other rooster to my dunghill, and then I wouldn't fight with him, if he came,—not if I could make a decent compromise.

The most repulsive aristocrat we have among us is a democrat gone to seed.

Very stubborn people are stubborn, not because they are right, but because they are wrong. The man who is right can afford to let the other fellow have the whole of the road, and he generally does.

There are plenty of people in the world who are always expecting to have their modesty shocked; they are as badly off as the man who never would eat a boiled egg, for fear it might be a bad one.

Lawn tennis is an innocent game, so far as I know; but, to play it well, an able-bodied young man must part his hair exactly in the middle, and have nothing else on his mind for the time being.

All cliques are narrow, and those who compose them are the same width.

The curiosity of mankind is too much for its sympathies; when a man breaks his leg, the first thing we inquire is: "How did he come to do it?"

Philosophy would seem to be the science of making abstruse things plain, but many of our cultivated moderns have reversed the order, and are satisfied if they can make plain things abstruse.

Human energy must have work, and if there are no elephants to catch, you will see mankind trapping mice.

All snobs are toadies, and invariably they are toadies to some other snob.

Wise men sit alone and look on, while fools hunt in couples and stir up the game.

My dear sir, old friends may be better than new ones; but if you don't make any new ones, as you jog along through life, pretty soon you are going to get left by the wayside.

The man with whom you can be familiar without losing your own or his respect is something more than human.

If you want to make friends, interest yourself in the affairs of others, don't try to interest them in yours.

The devil is not only a philosopher, but a great moralist, and, at times, even a penitent. No one can drop on his knees more artistically, none can weep more fluently and shed less tears.

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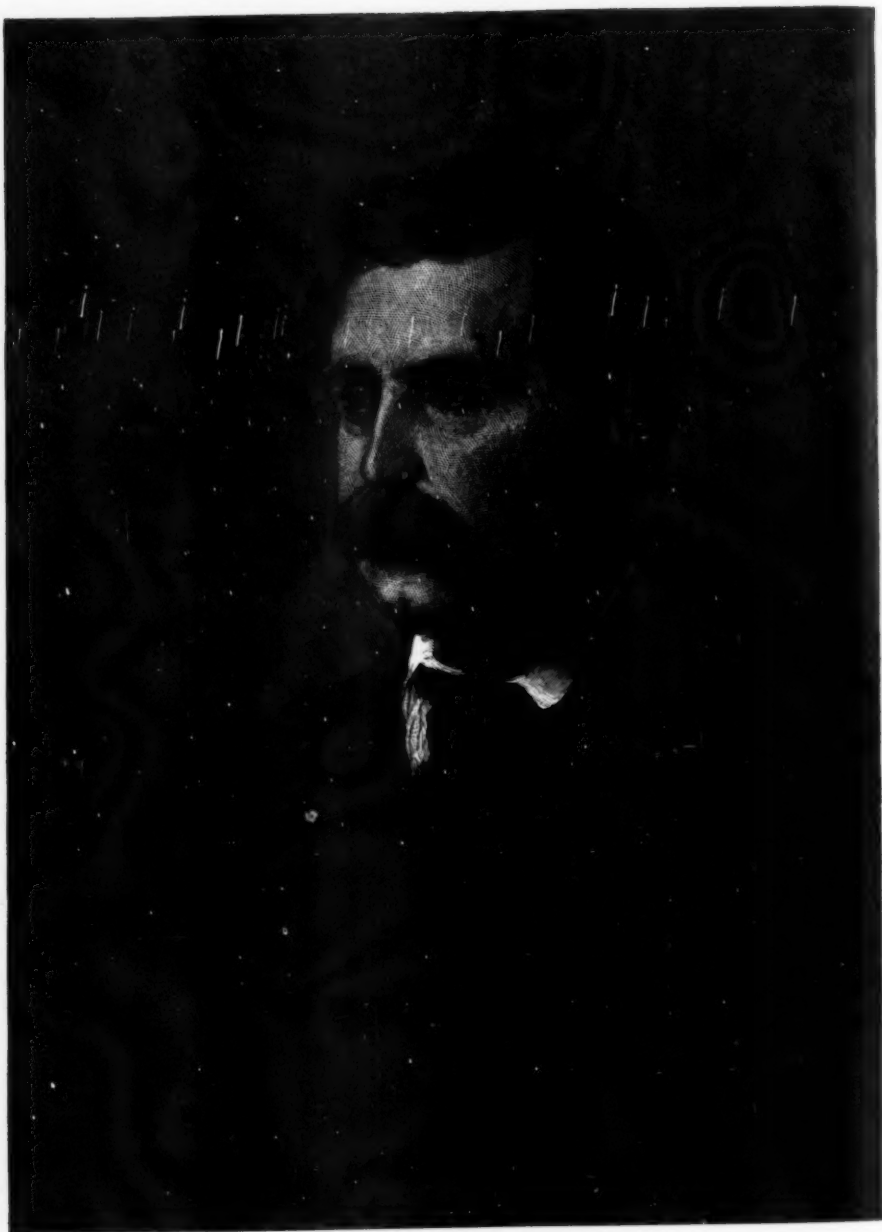
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Yours very sincerely,
Austin Dobson